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THE BOOKMAN

LIMITATIONS OF AUTHORSHIP IN AMERICA

By Hamlin Garland

FROM time to time during the last thirty years various literary critics, at home or abroad, have been putting forth sadly pessimistic statements concerning the shallowness of American fiction and the pettiness of American poetry. They have made much of our "thin and sandy social soil" as a barrier to rich and colorful æsthetic production. But in none of these papers (not even in those of my own writing) has sufficient emphasis been laid upon the influence of the publisher. For after all, authors write for publication, and the conditions which govern the distribution and sale of books and magazines have more to do with determining the form and spirit of a nation's literature than most historians are willing to admit. Authorship as an art may be free of such limitations, but in so far as it approaches a trade it must conform.

As one of those whose work has suffered from commercial considerations as well as from indifferent or unjust criticism, I wish to confess at the beginning of this article that although as an artist I have resisted more or less heroically the restrictions imposed upon me by the editor and the publisher, I have, as a man of family, been warped — to some degree — from my ideals. As novelist and historian I have conformed as little as possible, but I have conformed! — as we must all do if we are to maintain an apartment in New York City, and a house in the country with an automobile in attendance.

Moreover, there are other reasons why I am fitted to discuss this problem. I write from the vantage ground of forty years' practical authorship. I have been through the mill. When, as a youngster in Boston, I began to write it was on the basis of a small salary as a teacher of literature. As an author the money question did not greatly trouble me. Poor as I was, I was not dependent upon the editor for my living. It was possible for me to write in my own way and not in his way. As a matter of fact I went to

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the writing of my stories with no thought of the editor. I began each tale as I pleased and ended it at any point I thought fitting. I stubbornly wrote of elderly men, of homely wives, of the love of brothers, and the joy of comrades. The happy ending love stories had small place in my portfolio.

I was fortunate in another condition. The magazines of that time were magazines, and their editors were men of letters and not merely business men. If, after my stories were completed, I considered the matter of publication, I directed my manuscript to Thomas Bailey Aldrich of "The Atlantic", Richard Watson Gilder of "The Century", Henry M. Alden of "Harper's", and to other men of like literary interests and training. Magazines at that time were of comparatively small circulation and the advertising sections were subordinate to the literary contents. The editors sometimes permitted themselves, perhaps I may say often permitted themselves, to purchase manuscripts which they themselves enjoyed and valued rather than manuscripts which their advertising managers approved.

The fact is, the magazines of 1887 had only just begun to take on pronounced value as advertising bulletins, although certain shrewd managers were talking of the "200,000 circulation mark" — which was in those days the ultimate goal of the most imaginative publisher. The editor was still asking himself, "Will this article interest 20,000 regular subscribers?" and had not yet begun to say, "Will this amuse 2,000,000 casual purchasers?" In short, the monthly magazine was not yet a topical monthly journal.

Nevertheless, though none of us realized it, the day of the editor who edited for the few was ending. Men like Howells and Gilder, whose personal judgments made their magazines distinctive, beloved organs of a group of loyal admirers, were about to pass.

Well, what of today? All those secret editorial desires, those dreams of the far seeing young publishers of 1890, have flowered into the achievements of 1924. We have a score of magazines each with more than a million circulation. The editors and publishers of these journals ride to their sumptuous offices in limousines and get out their monthly advertising bulletins by the train load. They pay from ten to twenty times the amount I received for my short stories in 1890, and for such copy as will assist in their advertising campaigns they are willing to pay a bonus. They print this literature side by side with advertising in order that the virtues of certain brands of underwear, safety razors, and patent fertilizers may not be overlooked.

The young author of today finds the business of publishing a centralized and standardized industry. The managing editor glances out of his window in a twenty story building and beholds in imagination 20,000,000 possible patrons. He has built up a tremendous machine which drives him as he drives the author. Addressing himself to the task of winning — and keeping — 20,000,000 readers, he inquires with sleepless anxiety, "What does the public want?"

Let us be fair. The editor is glad, of course, if he can occasionally buy a story on its literary merit rather than on its possession of "pep" — but pep it must first of all contain. Lacking a faith that his readers will have time to catch a distinctive note or a subtle individual flavor, the editor is perpetually in search of manuscripts

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which embody the greatest common denominator, for at his elbow stands the advertising man and behind them both a group of stockholders. "Find out what the 20,000,000 want and give it to them", appears to be the present day editorial slogan.

This appeal to the public is all very well when the public is homogeneous in character and thoughtful in its appreciation, as it was (measurably) in 1890. The public to which the editor and writer of today address themselves is neither homogeneous nor high in its taste. During the last thirty years an enormous mass of old world peasantry has been thrown into our social group. Our public schools have been overloaded with the sons and daughters of these Europeans, and the result is a production of millions of hot blooded, half educated, half assimilated men and women whose appetites and extravagances offer a golden opportunity for the merchants and manufacturers of the country. Through them and their purchasing power the editor (and in the end the writer) is diverted, overawed, or corrupted. Millions of readers without literary taste or tradition or standards of any kind are at this moment buying what they like just as they are doing what they like, and their crude, sensual, greedy demands have turned most of our magazines and newspapers into broadsheet advertising bulletins, their editors into business agents, and their writers into clever purveyors. In not a few cases periodical editors and writers have become panderers to the baser appetites of their readers.

In this statement of deplorable changes I am supported by several of my editorial friends. One man with whom I have often discussed this subject recently said to me: "Most readers do not reflect — to think is painful — they only feel. They read fiction to glow, to throb. They demand easy reading — magazines filled with stories of quick business success — sketches of luxurious travel — tales of swift adventures —narratives which do not require the slightest analysis or reflection. These they get in heartsickening monotony in all of the most successful periodicals of the day. Careful workmanship, subtle humor, individual quality are all but lost in this mad hustle for colossal circulation and the money of the advertiser.

"Furthermore, in this almost universal corruption the illustrator is involved. His work is aggrandized out of all proportion to its value. He does not illustrate the story, he 'lightens up the page'. His work is highly paid for, but his art is exploited and it is also standardized. Run through the illustrations of the magazines of any month. Each artist appears to possess a set of lay figures — his own or some other's. The same beardless youth, bearing up the same smart suit, leans over the same slim girl clothed in the same desirable model of (advertised) women's gowns. The faces of these characters are insipid and their action for the most part shows no real relationship to the text.

"In short", my friend said, "the artists, like the writers, are merely advertising decoys. Their brushes help the sale of cosmetics, hosiery, and automobiles. Since each man is working to fill space, little thought and very little emotion are discernible in the schemes of these drawings; on the contrary they are as lacking in truth as the fiction which they pretend to illustrate. It is true that all artists are not of this degree of subserviency, but for the most part current illustration is addressed to the undiscerning eyes of readers whose judgments on wall

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paper or furniture the artist would scorn to consider. No periodical can survive, it would seem, without a silly or sensuous female face on the cover. I am sick of editing a magazine for the automobile trade."

To this caustic indictment I listened with close attention and substantial agreement. "And yet", I said, "all these effects are corollaries of our democratic society. The advertising bulletin is popular. It is the literature of the people."

"Well so it is", my friend replied; "but to my mind it is lower in appeal than it need be. It is *beneath* the average reader. It is a campaign conducted by those who exploit democracy, a commercial raid based on a postal privilege. It could not endure without government subsidy. These haughty trade bulletins insist that the government shall transport their bulky tons of advertising matter at a special rate — a rate which was intended to aid in the dissemination of literature and to assist in the education of the people, not to build up trade in household goods."

There is a disturbing element of truth in all of my friend's accusations. That the literature of democracy — in the sense of pleasing the millions — cannot be primarily reflective nor especially refined is unquestionably true of the present day. And the artist's work to be popular must be easily apprehended. In this cheapening appeal the novelist undoubtedly shares. For unless he is content to live in the country, or in a humble city flat (which he usually is not), satisfied to plod obscurely his unnoted path among his neighbors, he must forget Howells and Hawthorne and James and keep in mind the people he sees in the street cars, the girls in the subway, and the loafers along the railway platforms of country towns, for these after all are the judges to whom the popular magazine editor submits a large part of his wares. These are the buyers of the Sunday supplement, the readers of the wide, flat magazines, the purchasers of the cheap and hastily written books.

Here I reach the main point of my contentions. In this advertising campaign, in this submission of the writer's work to a wide and badly educated jury, lies the stern limitation of American authorship. These truths cannot be overlooked by any critic who wishes to be just as well as illuminating. The fact is, our publishers and managers, in their desire to reach the millions, are dictating to both artist and author. Whether they realize it or not they are a vast corrupting, standardizing influence. Standardization — that is the process.

How can it be otherwise? Do these editors say, "Here is a fine, original, beautiful and artistic piece of writing and I will publish it", or do they say, "This is good work but — will it sell?" Do the proprietors of these great publishing houses instruct their editors to read for taste and skill and grace, or for selling quality? In seeking "heart interest" — or, as some of them brutally say, "a book with punch" — does it not happen therefore that the manuscript with an original plot, the play with literary qualities, is returned because the editor knows very well that it will not appeal to the common denominator of his public? Do not many hasty, shallow books get published merely because they have a sensational appeal to the unthinking reader?

Honorable exceptions to these rules do exist. There are editors who are trying to maintain standards, but alas! they are daily sinking in relative

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commercial importance. There are still existent editors and publishers who can buy what they personally admire, but they are so few as to be lonely.

Just now, for example, books of short stories, no matter how excellent they may be, receive but tepid welcome from the publisher because the booksellers find them slow of sale. Since the booksellers deal directly with this much distracted and standardized public, their judgment is respected. Generally speaking, books with sombre coloring — unless written abroad — are definitely discouraged; tragic endings are tabooed. The author of such a book or play is asked to change the ending, or to liven the story up a bit, and he must comply or have his manuscript returned to his desk. The writer ought to be heroic and stand out against these demands, but he isn't and he doesn't. Anyone who asks, "What's the matter with American literature?" may find his answer in the office of the advertising manager, or the box office at the theatre, for that is the place where the mandates of America's democratic millions are registered.

If you say, these conditions existed in 1890, I shall have to admit that they did — in some degree. My contention is that these corrupting and limiting forces are greater at this moment than ever before in the world because we have a larger body of unthinking and undiscriminating purchasers than ever before.

I suppose I should rejoice in the fact that the passengers in the subway express from the Bronx are reading the penny dreadfuls of journalism, but actually I do not. In respect of all legal and political rights I hold to a democratic theory, but in literature and art I am an aristocrat. I honor the exceptional, I revere the man of originality, of insight, of taste. I am pleased when some of my own books happen to find moderately wide approval, but I should take it very hard if I were forced to address all of my writing to the unthinking millions of half assimilated Europeans. To feel the approving handclasp of my fellow craftsmen is my reward. I do not respect the judgments of shop girls and mechanics when choosing furniture, and I doubt the value of their judgment when it is expressed in praise of books — even those of my own writing.

No matter what the personal equation may be, my contention holds. The effect of the present campaign for enormous sale on the part of our publishers and editors is not only a cheapening and standardizing influence on American authorship; it forms an almost insuperable barrier against the rise of a nobly representative unhurried literature. If it is true — as I suspect it is —that present day American literature is on the whole disappointing and shallow, this state of affairs is due in large measure to the dictates of the millions who want easy reading, stereotyped humor, and flashy illustration. I permit myself to think that American literature should somehow be considered quite apart from its effect on the sale of underwear or safety razors. I even go so far as to assert that a story should be printed by itself for its own value, offered in such wise that it may be read with an eye single to the effect which the author had in mind. This is a good deal to ask, I will admit, for at the present time the work of our greatest writers is likely to be printed as a narrow rill of text wandering down a wide plain of advertising. There is one comfort — while the author is

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obliged to write for these periodicals, he is not obliged to read them.

According to the recent discoveries in southern France, man with an æsthetic ideal has been on this planet at least 25,000 years. During these years he has tried every possible way of going wrong. All forms of warfare, every conceivable kind of vice he has experimented with; and it is probable that at each stage of his advance he regarded his age as in some sense the final form and fruit of the centuries behind him. Nevertheless, change has gone on. The radicals of one age have become the conservatives of their successors. These changes will continue. Those of us who are radicals now are likely to be conservatives thirty years from now. Hence I am an optimist. I realize that nothing is permanent, not even the present stage of art in aid of the advertising bulletin. Just as free verse and Cubism are phases in the development of our vast democracy, so I recognize in this advertising literature only a phase. The limitations which this condition implies, the barriers which it builds up against a noble literature and a meritorious and significant national art, are only of this decade. They will give place to other limitations, other incitements, other conventions.

I sometimes comfort myself by quoting the old oriental who was wont to console his friends by saying, *"This too shall pass away!"* When I am too prosperous, too confident, too happy I check myself by repeating, "This too shall pass away!" And when there are all about me conditions which trouble me, national characteristics which disquiet me, I again say, "This too shall pass away!"

TO A YOUNG MAN

By Margaret Widdemer

WHEN you are old you will find God . . .
But you are young now, hard and free,
And even though God hides behind
All other things you ride to find,
Your warfare and your kiss . . . maybe
Beyond your vow that you are He
(That conquering and gracious new
Tall image you have built of you)
He is no God that you can find.

He shall come out beyond the shows
When Youth, that seems eternal, goes,
And face you everlastingly . . .
Only have care lest He should be
When you are old, and you must kneel
Before some God of flesh or steel
(Too tired to shape your world anew),
The God your hard youth shaped of you.

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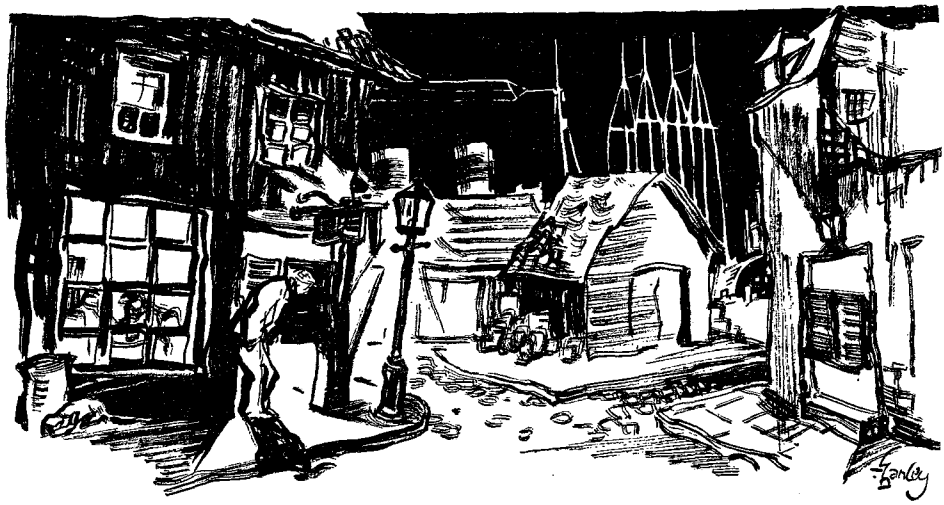

A LETTER FROM MICHAELIS KEREK

By Robert Roe

With Sketches by Frank Hanley

IT came suddenly, unexpectedly, out of a long, vivid silence. I was astonished and gratified and on the whole somewhat upset to be so abruptly shifted, by the sight of that misspelled letter in its direct, oddly foreign handwriting (almost like a letter in Russian characters), from the sprawling colorful desert to the sea — the sea, insubstantial and fluent, where nevertheless I had enjoyed a feeling of familiarity and human reality and warmth such as I had never known, or very rarely, elsewhere.

I looked back at it now from the uneventful procession of the slow long days at Cave Creek that, one after another, like tanned lazy giants, seemed to step over the far eastern mountains and lie down behind the western hills without ever doing anything, making no gesture but their steady stride, and with their eyes fixed on their certain purpose or on nothing at all. And it seemed to me that all that trip of nine months in a wind bag, a four masted schooner, was colored by and revolved around the personality of the man who was writing me from Sekondi, Gold Coast:

"Dear friend!"

"That exclamation point is typical of him", I thought.

All his utterances were exclamations. They did not come of any intellectual realization of their startling character. He wasn't in the least conscious of what he was saying; but he was undeniably eager to say it.

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His eyes flashed, his brown face shone with eagerness, and his long upper lip, a sign of wit, seemed to curl around a word and toss it whimsically at you or at the other fellow.

I would come into the forecastle after four bells in the middle watch, tired from the wheel, haggard and weary with the interminable monotony of the succession of watches — four on, four off — day in day out for fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, eighty six days from Frisco to Wellington and Wellington to Frisco: twelve thousand miles of ocean painfully traversed at the mercy of the wind and the vagaries of a sometimes drunken skipper. Preserving the decent regard for the rest of the watch below, I would quietly take a plate of apple sauce from the shelf where the night lunch was kept and, stepping warily to avoid the disturbing rustle of my oilskins, go to the table to sit down and eat in the light.

Michaelis's head suddenly appears thrust through the clothes that hang before it on a line, to dry and to shield his eyes from the light of the lantern hung against the wall. It is startling to see that lively head come out. The pan of apples is suspended, the spoon is poised.

"Better you don't eat them apples im light, Bob. Better take im dark. Tastes better so."

"Eh?" I am stupid, very stupid.

"Got meat in it."

Still I do not understand.

"Live meat", says Michaelis. "Always after fifty, sixty days plenty live meat in things like that."

We smile at each other then to show we are of accord and I move a little nearer to converse quietly, in whispers, so as not to wake the others. Our whispers, so earnestly censored in the dim light, in the repressed atmosphere of the forecastle between two resolute sleepers, partake of the provisional nature of a conference between friendly warriors before a battle, in sight of the enemy's camp — a sort of whispering post, as it were, a hurried consultation to say something real and definitive, time snatched by him from a short peace and by me from a tiresome vigil.

But the next day it is I who am lying in my bunk, awakened by the hearty shout of "Sleepers, turn out!" Listening to the wind blowing past my porthole, I am aware of an energetic argument. I stick out my head and see Michaelis Kerek, feet apart, shaking his fist not at Old Faller but at an elusive idea, a little tricky idea for which he has not yet found words.

"I bet you anyhow I am right. When man knows thing like I know this you couldn't argue with me. Woman ain't horse."

But Andro is a controversialist too, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to egg Michaelis to desperation.

"Yes, yes", says Andro, twisting over in his bunk and tucking a pinch of snuff under his bulging lower lip. "Woman is like horse. You don't beat horse, horse don't go. Same way with woman."

"Bob," Michaelis implores, "you hearit this Old Faller un you going to let him say thing like that. . . . Well, I tell you what, Old Faller, if woman is horse then you is nothing better wie pig."

Old Faller is not in the least disgruntled. "Hog, yes", he agrees placidly. "All sailors is hogs. Sure!"

"I tell you I am not hog", cries Michaelis, his eyes flashing. "I am man un got respect for meinself. I am sailor un work hard. You say you is hog because people tell you im

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port that is what you are. You believe man what wears good shirt un got soft hands better wie yourself, better wie uns. But I don't believe it like that. You is old style sailor un I am new whatfor I got some self respect."

That was his creed, if he might be said to have so conscious or so dogmatic a thing. Better call it an ardent belief.

We work together down in the hold in Wellington. While I climb about with a pot of red lead daubing all the bolt heads in the inner skin of the vessel, Michaelis, piling firewood for the forthcoming voyage, talks of old-country ships where "mate is dirtiest man what is on board. When you come on board un can't find mate you should just speak to man what is wearing oldest dungarees un got most dirt un grease on hands un face. Or maybe you see faller looks like a tramp on wharf un picks up rusty nails, old scraps iron. That is mate. Saves money for owners. Gets skipper pretty quick."

It is very quiet down in the hold. Peering through the brown light faintly dissipated by the sunlight streaming down through the small squares of the open hatches, one can see from end to end of this great bare space, empty of cargo, clean swept, and lofty; shaped like the inverted truncated nave of a gothic church with its walls curving inward as they descend. It seems very like a church, solemn and vast, mysterious and peaceful, with the great square simple columns of the braces. . . . After a while we sit down to smoke and of course we talk about the forthcoming voyage. Will it take us eighty six days to go back as it did to come down? Notwithstanding the shibboleth of "More days, more dollars", I look toward the prospect with a certain repugnance.

"Seems always like that", says Michaelis. "You are scared to do something but anyhow you do. When I am on sea I would like to be im port, un when im port to be at sea, un only wish it would take longer than ninety days go from one port to other. But after fifty days. . . . I tell you", he breaks off, "sailor is like this, Bob. You don't know nothing whatfor you know nothing about sea, but sailor what knows nothing else gets im port un knows nobody un after awhile goes in saloon, whatfor he knows will be sailors in there. Barkeep smiles un says, 'Hallo John, when you getit in?' He gives a drink. Then comes other faller, bum, what they call for goldfish. Says, 'Hallo Bill. You remember me? I sail with you once shipmates in four mast barkentine. What was her name?' Un sailor says, 'Oh, only four mast barkentine what I have been in, long time, is "Mary B. Winkleman".' 'Sure', says goldfish. 'We haved long trip, hey?' Un he talks about what he is being doing since then. Sailor is pretty sure he don't remember goldfish in 'Mary B. Winkleman', but after two drinks he don't care, neither. He is just glad to talk with somebody what is friendly. Pretty soon sailor is at sea again un broke, going to new port un hope he don't get there in no fifty days. But after fifty days he is thinking about port; maybe woman, booze, no turn out at night. . . . "

I try to remember, sitting in a drowse of stifling heat that beats back from the bare ground out of doors, when I first saw Michaelis.

I do not mean when he came aboard. This is quite distinct, for he replaced a Britisher who lacked a good many

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teeth, and who grumbled that he would not go a deep water voyage in a wind bag with greenhorns in the forecastle. So, while I contemplated whether I should further deprive him dentally, he took his dunnage and went away with it. For this I was sincerely glad, since I was the only greenhorn aboard.

But, except to be relieved that Michaelis had a mouthful of strong white teeth and that he was indifferent to my greenness, I paid little attention to him at the time he came aboard and took the upper bunk aft of mine in the small, triangular forecastle. He was just another one of these foreigners that I could not yet see. I liked them; I liked the alien breath that came from them, the savor of personalities developed in an atmosphere so utterly strange to me as theirs was. But it took a little time to classify and let emerge the more distinctive of these people, as they would, without any effort on my part.

They were simple to Michaelis, I know. He mastered them instinctively. And, at this distance of time, I am able to appreciate what he writes to me in his letter:

"I did not stay very long out of job in San Francisco, but Bergen started his old triks with wiskey un was broke after tree days. After shiped on board tree masted schoner bound for Melbourne Australia. Mr. Bergman our old 1 mate un Alecx also shiped on the same vessel. Johnson the Donkeyman went fishin to Alaska on board a coad fish schoner. Andro told me he is havin good laugh about Bergen un Alecx un is goin to have two monts rest."

This is exactly what all those people would do.

My memories of Bergen arise and I see him, a dark haired Norwegian with an impetuous full beard like a swarthy pirate, lying very drunk in his bunk and groaning. And Donkeyman, he with the broken teeth and the mysterious deep scar on his chin, forever breaking into the conversation with his whistling breath: "Oh Yeesus, when I was in fishing cutter out from port Pahry we had with uns. . . . "

And Alex will have another forecastle in which to carve with his huge square hands dainty little figurines in wood. Yes, Alex will have another set of shipmates to tell his lies to. Did we not once figure out that if Alex had been in all the ships he claimed to have sailed in, and for the length of time that he asserted, he must be sixty two? But on the shipping articles he was only twenty three.

And Bergman the mate would go to sea again because he had a daughter. I remember, one evening, standing by to sheet home a topsail that Alex was loosing aloft and having the mate tell me in a half humorous strain, but with some melancholy too: "Yessir, after fifteen years married there it is, all of a sudden, a girl, by Godfrey. So I come to sea again." Before that he had had a farm on Orcas Island in San Juan, the island county of Washington State.

But of all these people what I remember is something personal, something after all particular and private, and not easily more interesting than the souvenirs that stay with me of Michaelis.

His essence was something like a cosmic gust of wistfulness, of wonder, of playfulness and simple, terrible earnestness. He took at their own valuation the commonplace facts of existence, and by some chemistry of primitive soul processes in the

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"This cow was he-cow; what you callit bull"

face of these decrees unalterable to his imagination, he made one see a world as real as any artist ever has seen; twice as real as any I had seen myself.

Yes, a primitive, this man with the long face, the grey eyes that snapped, the curly hair. The waves, the ship, the sky, the faces of men and their ways all took on a strange and potent meaning when he looked at them. I have met others of whom I felt this to be true. But one wants evidence. They could not tell about it.

Where did he get the power that he had? I cannot say, but I suspect that the *swet birse,* the sacred grove of his country's ancient and pagan religion, had something to do with it. At any rate God, though perhaps a grotesque God, functioned in the universe for him.

I could not learn much about the *swet birse.* There were things there that Michaelis could not tell me of; that he did not know. He would sometimes look at me, when I asked him to explain about the Ramula *(swet birse),* with a slight dreamy contortion of his facial muscles whose meaning I could only guess to be race memories demanding to be uttered, for which he had no words.

Then he would leave off instructing me in his language — in return for Spanish lessons — and tell of things ordinarily adventurous, frequently romantic, sometimes consciously poetic. . . .

"I wish I could be like I was then, sixteen. Mein chum un I was afoot in Tartar country full of brooks. We workit everywhere, in mines un on farms un im evening, whatfor, we getit loaf black bread un tub buttermilch or maybe little wine im skin, un we goit out little ways from village un there make fire, eat, smoke, talk, make fun. Un then sleep with piece of rock under the neck un when we wake up we feelit each morning like we could turn the world upside

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down; each morning like we was just born."

But these are commonplace things robbed of the vitality of Michaelis's appealing personality, and so too would be, if told at this distance, the story of the little fleet that sailed from Kerich in the Crimea, the small brigs and brigantines with patched sails of many colors, and a tin bucket pierced through the bottom that was "all galley what they had"; or of the anxious skippers who went from group to group of the knavish beachcombers standing at the corners and before the grog shops of Kerich, bargaining for a crew and being cheated by the men who would borrow money on their promise to appear for sailing time; or of Michaelis's stay at Afon Monastery on the Black Sea, a genre picture surpassed only by his first introduction to an English vessel on which he stowed away, and where both skipper and engineer were anxious for his unpaid services and bargained over him until he naïvely chose the engine room because it was warmer and he had few clothes; of his escape from the ship in London and his visit to the Russian embassy where "all flunkies woreit ten thousand dollars' worth gold lace un couldn't speak one word in Russian"; of a tramp from Leeds to Hull and adventures by the way; of desertion in Galveston and of a summer spent on a farm in New York State — "Farmer thinks I am good cowboy whatfor when cow got away from him un wouldn't let nobody come near I tookit rope un coiled like heaving line un first cast I make fast on his horns."

"Cow is she; you don't know notting", says Andro scornfully.

"This cow was he-cow; what you callit bull, Old Faller; you shut up the big mouth."

"Is your mouth what is big. All time go ba-a-a!" And Andro makes a sound more like a bleating sheep than a lowing cow.

"When I hadit nose like yours, Old Faller, I would not baa like cow. I would trumpet like elephant what I seeit one time im zoo. Had a long nose but not so long wie yours, un more pink."

Andro can only moo faintly and take a pinch of snuff.

"That is right, Old Faller; pipe im mouth, snooze im lips, wiskey im belly un you don't ask notting from nobody."

"That is right. Nobody never do notting for me. I never do notting for nobody, un never askit."

Mail time, in the desert, comes just before supper, and now the giant who is called Thursday, the twenty second of July, has made his patient long strides across the valley and laid him down behind the western hill. By the light that faintly radiates from the ends of his blond beard I can just make out the words, "Dakar, Senegal, south via Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, nigeria, canerun, congo un Mossamedes, Angola last stop. . . . Here you could see some sights every day. . . . Write how are you getting on after left Georgette. . . . You told me that you wantit to go east un there was very good job for you. . . . "

Yes, Michaelis, I am sorry, too, I did not see you. But what actually happened to us all after the three days in the stream at Frisco, after the long wait in the hall to be paid off?

One after another we slipped out, holding our hands on the pocket where all that money was stowed that we had laboriously earned, and for Bergen and Alex at least "wiskey" played cruel tricks. We went suddenly, with hardly a farewell to commemorate our

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dissolution—for it was that, it merits so large a term. We slipped back severally into our secret lives, our secret thoughts, and our hidden aims, with never a bow or a sign to that invisible brotherhood that we had known. The bond of union could not outlast the ship that had created us as "crew"; and she, who went on doubtless to Europe, South America, perhaps even to Sekondi, Gold Coast, had ceased for each one of us and become nothing more substantial than a memory of what we could not define but only cherish. One of us, at least; no, two of us; for have you not written, here at the end where paper was getting short, "Your old shipsmate"?

Now I see, glancing through the window of the desert home, that the sky is all peppered with stars and charged with constellations that, one after another, with an immense equipoise, swing grandly up out of the hills and the immeasurable darkness of the desert. But — if only for a moment — I sit on the forehatch, on a warm night under the line, welcoming with the rest of the boys the breeze that pours down from the great foresail stretched solidly full of wind that comes snoring out of the southeast trade. Over our heads the enormous boom rises a little, gently, as though it weighed a feather, and, as the vessel rolls its four strained masts against the lighted starry sky, sways down again with a gentleness that the main, mizzen, and spanker all take pains to follow. There is a single clank from the four boomtackle blocks upon the rail, lifting and falling all together, and then the night is still.

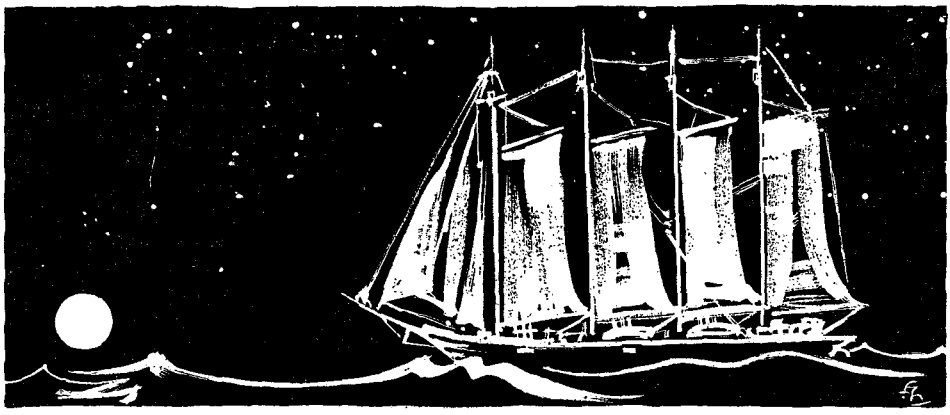
"How many, many stars there is", says Michaelis, lying on his back. "Could man ever count where there is so many, Bob?"

"I think they have been charted, but if you were to stand on that highest one that you can see — the little twinkler yonder — I'm told that you could see as many more, and repeat the operation indefinitely."

"I would like to know all about that", says Michaelis.

"What good it would do you?" asks Old Faller. "Stars is like Portugee man o' wars. Look over side un count. You is always wanting someting what don't do you no good."

"Stars ain't Portugee man o' wars", says Michaelis. "Don't talk like crazy old faller. But I got to know things when I can. More what I learn more I want to know, un got to knowit, until I am dead."



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THAT LITERARY WANDERER, E. V. LUCAS

By Grant Overton

FOR a man whose air is so leisurely —whose literary air, that is, gives every aspect of leisure—Edward Verrall Lucas has written a perplexingly large number of books. Perhaps he is the living witness of the efficacy of making haste slowly. If one were a murderer, for example, one would do well to move away without haste (circumstances at all permitting) from the scene of his crime. How often is haste, or even the appearance of haste, fatal! In the unchanging words of the changing fire commissioners of the City of New York, in case of murder walk, do not run, to the nearest exit.

Mr. Lucas's murder was committed at the outset of his career and he has been traveling from it by easy stages ever since. After close on thirty years, the dark moment may be said to be below the horizon. But in his literary youth he called in and slew his first book, a volume of poems. And although the number and variety of his books since is such that he has had to put them, for the reader's guidance, under eight classifications, he has still to give us a book of his own verse.

What, then, has he given us? What not, were more quickly answered. His ten novels, being of a special character, he very fittingly designates as "Entertainments"; his thirteen volumes of "Essays" slightly outnumber his books in any other class; he has compiled eight "Anthologies" and written eight "Books for Children"; has four collections of "Selected Writings", two "Edited Works", and five works of "Biography" to his account; and is the author of seven books of "Travel", the well known "Wanderer" series. The most scholarly of his fifty seven books—total as above—is "The Life of Charles Lamb", which is definitive. The most popular must be "A Wanderer in London" and "More Wanderings in London", unless it be his first published book of all, the anthology called "The Open Road", put forth in 1899 and republished in England and America in 1923. The most amusing— ? There could be no agreement, though it is possible that later a majority might decide upon his newest novel, "Advisory Ben".

(Something is wrong with the reckoning. For the total of fifty seven and the eight classes do not contain the little treatise on "Vermeer of Delft", with its charming reproductions of paintings by Vermeer. There is, besides, no way at hand of accounting for at least fifty seven more books in which Mr. Lucas has had some hand —as, for one instance, the English edition of Christopher Morley's "Chimneysmoke", where Lucas provided the striking preface. However—)

Very evidently the work of E. V. Lucas must be examined in categories and by considering one or two examples under several of the heads; and then, perhaps, the glimpse of his personality afforded us may be lit from within as well as without. It will perhaps clear the ground if we point out in preliminary that Mr. Lucas is one of the editors of "Punch" and has for

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long been a reader and literary adviser and director for the London firm of Methuen and Company, Ltd. — a house of great distinction. He has done much journalistic work. As would be inferred from "Vermeer of Delft", he is something of a connoisseur of painting, and as will be shown, he is much more distinctly a connoisseur of literary curiosities.

In providing his "entertainments", as he terms his novels, Mr. Lucas has had in mind a structure always consistent, always graceful, generally amusing but of very real strength. His fictions may be compared to trellises set up with care to support as a rule no more serious burden than rambler roses or some other innocent vine. But it has occasionally happened that the trellis has been climbed upon by a plant of more rugged growth and heavier weight, and the trellis has never failed to sustain the spreading story. It might be apter to say that the plant has sometimes put forth an unexpected flower—instead of the unpretending rambler blossom a rose more disdainful—and still the frame has seemed eminently in keeping with the whole design.

Characteristic is the device employed by Mr. Lucas in his most recent book of this sort, "Advisory Ben". Benita Stavely is an attractive girl who struggles with cooks and other domestic matters until her father remarries, when she finds herself free to select an occupation. She starts an advisory bureau to assist harassed householders. The Beck and Call, as her office is styled, soon justifies Ben's venture by its popularity. It is approached through a bookshop below and to it come all manner of persons for counsel as to dogs, cooks, birthday presents, and matrimony. The bookshop is kept by two young men. Ben's crowning performance before she says "Yes" to one of the young men in the bookshop is the finding and furnishing in three weeks of a large house for a rich American. Now there are present in this engaging novel the two requisites of Mr. Lucas's art as a fictioner: first, the amiable pretext or excuse for the tale, the slight but bright invention, which is of course the notion of the Beck and Call itself; and second, the strength, erectile, tensile, and otherwise in the elaborated structure. For although the scheme of the story is slender and the design of a gay simplicity, the situations developed by Ben's venture sometimes enable the author to touch considerable depths of human feeling. But the airy scheme, the graceful trellis, does not break. I do not mean that no strength is due to the character portrayal; much is due to it. Obviously, if Ben were a flitterbrain, if Mr. Lucas could give her no depth of feeling or not enough personal sincerity, his story would crash. But Ben without the Beck and Call would be Ben without opportunities to enable us to realize her quality. An idea is at the bottom of all.

The same virtue of idea or scheme is the technical triumph of "The Vermilion Box", in which Mr. Lucas uses the familiar red letter box of England as his device. He says, secretly, "Open Sesame", and the mail box opens to give us a series of letters between friends, acquaintances, lovers, relatives who are all entangled in the web of the world war.

"Verena in the Midst" also employs effectively the device of interchanged letters to develop the tale, and surely not even the expedient of the Beck and Call is better conceived than the tale of the adventures of

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Uncle Cavanagh in giving away his wife's property ("Genevra's Money"). There are bits about the Barbizon school of painting and there is a surprising deal about religious concepts in "Genevra's Money", but I have yet to hear it said that this informative and speculative matter obtrudes itself or overweights the book. It dwells comfortably alongside the high comedy of Uncle Giles (whose sole intellectual accomplishment is the verdict, general and specific, upon persons he doesn't understand: "He's a nasty feller") because Mr. Lucas had the courage, not of his convictions but of his ingenuity, in the first place.

That he has convictions can scarcely be doubted by the careful reader; the nature of them can scarcely be missed by the thoughtful one. They may now and then be stated more plainly in his books of essays, for the nature of the essay exacts that, but they cannot be put with more poignancy.

It would not be difficult—it would in fact, be ignobly easy — to point to this essay of Mr. Lucas's as indicative of the power of pathos, that one as showing the exercise of comedy, another as the evidence of a controlled irony which are his. So one might make a swift and triumphant recapitulation of the gifts and qualities of a literary personality among the most rounded of its time. But I had rather not be facile, for the sake, if possible, of going more surely. "Most of the other essays are exceedingly light in texture", observes Arnold Bennett, in a comment on "One Day and Another". "They leave no loophole for criticism, for their accomplishment is always at least as high as their ambition. They are serenely well done." But—"it could not have been without intention that he put first in this new book an essay describing the manufacture of a professional criminal."*

Nor, I think, was it without intention that "Giving and Receiving" closes with that quietly expressed but piercing account of a bullfight, "Whenever I See a Grey Horse . . ." The word "whimsical" has come to have a connotation exclusively buoyant or cheerful, although the habit of fancy —it is far more habit than gift—may be indulged in any direction congenial to one's nature. Mr. Lucas is whimsical enough in the series of tiny fables ("Once Upon a Time") composing the last section of "Cloud and Silver". But one of his "whimsies" is savage in its scorn of the hunters of pheasants, another calmly reckons the totals of five years' expenditure on cloakroom fees for a hat and stick, and a third of the twenty, called "Progress", is so brief it is better quoted than characterized:

> Once upon a time there was a little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.
>
> "Thoroughly bad", said his father.
>
> Once upon a time, many years later, there was another little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.
>
> "I don't know that one should exactly say that", replied his father: "we ought not to be quite so sweeping. But he certainly had his less felicitous moments."

This, like much of Mr. Lucas's expression in the essay, is far too perfect to be spoiled by an embroidery of analytical adjectives. Llewellyn Jones very properly cites the opening paragraph of the essay, "Of Plans for One More Spring" ("Cloud and Silver"), as a fine illustration of "what an emotional effect Mr. Lucas can achieve from the simplest materials".†

Books and Persons, page 153.

†See pamphlet, *E. V. Lucas: Novelist, Essayist, Friendly Wanderer*. DORAN.

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The essay was written in February, 1915.

> It is much on my mind just now that I must not waste a minute of the spring that is coming. We have waited for it longer than for any before, and the world has grown so strange and unlovely since spring was here last. Life has become so cheap, human nature has become so cruel and wanton, that all sense of security has gone. Hence this spring must be lived, every moment of it.

It will be found that in his moments of most entire abandonment to comedy Mr. Lucas is clearly engrossed in the problem of human nature. "The Battle of the Mothers", in "Giving and Receiving", is laughable throughout; but the recollection is deepened by the very gentleness of the satire. An Archdeacon enters a club and explains to friends that he has been on a motor tour with his mother, who is ninety one and "in the pink of condition" and delights in motoring.

> "Well", said the testy man, "you needn't be so conceited about it. You are not the only person with an elderly mother. I have a mother too."
> We switched round to this new centre of surprise. It was even more incredible that this man should have a mother than the Archdeacon. No one had ever suspected him of anything so extreme, for he had a long white beard and hobbled with a stick.

The highly diverting dialogue ensuing would be forgotten as quickly as read were it not the quintessence of that amiable self conceit common to us all. A similar effect is the secret of "The Snowball", in "Luck of the Year", where a man ponders what to do with a good luck chain letter—poohpoohs it, figures its rapid and enormous multiplication in a week, ponders the letter's promise of good fortune, begins to jot down the names of nine friends, reaches toward the wastebasket, draws back his hand—. Occasionally, indeed, these essays of Mr. Lucas's compose themselves perfectly as short stories; if, as I suppose, the work of Katherine Mansfield and others has taught us that a short story need not be the jack-in-box of plot. Such, in "Luck of the Year", is "The Human Touch", which deals with a single horse cab driver among the battalions of taxicabs. "When the express arrived he galvanized his horse and began to make alluring signs and sounds as the passengers emerged; but one and all repulsed him." Equally a short story, and a very good one, is "A Study in Symmetry", in "Adventures and Enthusiasms", where the conceit of a painter of portraits is gently punctured.

"Unless my judgment is much at fault, there has written in English, since the death of R. L. Stevenson, no one so proficient in the pure art of the essayist as Mr. E. V. Lucas", says Edmund Gosse at the beginning of "The Essays of Mr. Lucas", in his volume "Books on the Table". This essay on an essayist should be consulted either in Mr. Gosse's own volume or in F. H. Pritchard's "Essays of To-day: An Anthology". No more authoritative or more charmingly stated estimate of Mr. Lucas as an essayist is known to me.

Taste. It is an underlying quality with Lucas, after all. I do not say "catholicity of taste", for it seems to me redundant. A taste which should allow itself to be fenced in would soon shrivel and die for lack of exercise; for what is taste but the faculty of selection constantly exerted and how can one have it except by its unremitting use?

His taste, then, distinguishes Mr. Lucas as a connoisseur of literary curiosities, which, when taste is shown, become also human concerns. "The

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Innocent's Progress", in "Adventures and Enthusiasms", a description of an obsolete book of manners for the young, is a lesser example of Mr. Lucas's taste; his candid rejection of English slang because it is undescriptive, and acceptance of American slang because it applies and illustrates, is the application of excellent taste to a strictly contemporary point*—and no test of taste is more exacting. The essays on "Breguet", the great French watchmaker, in "Giving and Receiving", and on Hans Christian Andersen and John Leech ("Adventures and Enthusiasms") are to many readers of more importance than a modern topic like "Telephonics" ("Adventures and Enthusiasms"). For while taste must choose, and help us to choose, among the things of the hour, its service in the rescue of the past is an education in taste as well as an enrichment of the present.

Mr. Lucas (to illustrate) never practised his literary connoisseurship to a more humane and generous end than when he gave us, in 1916, "The Hausfrau Rampant". This, like his edition of Charles and Mary Lamb, is an edited work. Julius Stinde (1841-1905), a native of Holstein, Germany, was originally a chemist and the author of an elaborate treatise on "Wasser und Seife" (Water and Soap), to which he affixed the name of his charwoman, Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz, as author. Later it occurred to Stinde to write a satire on the typical middle class Berlin family with marriageable daughters; he elevated Frau Wilhelmine to the ranks of the bourgeoisie and began a book, or rather a series of books, which became as popular in Germany as Dickens in England. England, France, and America all uttered praise of "The Buchholz Family" in the 1880's, and with good reason. The work, outside of Germany, had been lost sight of for nearly thirty years when Lucas, rendered sleepless by a struggle with mosquitoes one night in Venice, came upon the first volume of the English translation in his landlord's library. The quality was such as to make him hunt up the other three English volumes; and from the work as a whole he selected the most entertaining passages, "joining them together with some explanatory cement". This is "The Hausfrau Rampant". It was, of course, with a purpose that Mr. Lucas published "The Hausfrau Rampant" at a time when feeling in England and America ran high against the country of Stinde. The purpose will be obvious to anyone reading Lucas's introduction to the book. No imaginable eloquence could be so effective as the word portrait of Herr Stinde there presented. The possession of taste carries its own courage with it.

One could go on, as it were, indefinitely, but with Mr. Lucas as guide never indefinably. Such an anthology as "The Open Road" knows what many an anthology never knows—readers who return to it again and again because it is inclusive without being indiscriminate. The impressions of India, Japan, and America in "Roving East and Roving West" are among the most valuable any traveler has put down because they are single impressions and because, with Mr. Lucas, to see is to choose, as with a painter. It is when he comes to consider work where a fine talent has already seen and chosen, as in his "Vermeer of Delft", that he becomes singularly luminous; with the ground cleared, he can give his enthusiasm rein. His "Wanderer" books on London, Paris,

*"Of Slang—English and American", in *Cloud and Silver.*

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Venice, Florence, and Holland are digressive in the sense that the longest way round is the shortest way home—in other words, the associations of a scene are the shortest cut to enabling us really to see it.

But a few words must be said about E. V. Lucas, the man.

"A youngish fifty, perhaps", wrote Robert Cortes Holliday*, meeting him in 1919 or 1920 in Chicago. "Rather tall. A good weight, not over heavy. Light on his feet, like a man who has taken his share in active field games. Something of a stoop. A smile, good, natural, but sly. Dark hair, shot with gray. Noble prow of a nose. Most striking note of all, that ruddy complexion, ruddy to a degree which (as I reflect upon the matter) seems to be peculiar to a certain type of Englishman." Mr. Lucas spent several days in Chicago on this visit, but only about four persons knew it at the time. Mr. Holliday noted that Lucas studied his menu card "with deep attention" and was particular about the service of the dinner when it came. He was not on a lecture tour and inquired about recent literary visitors from England, appearing to be "much amused at the number of them". He punned twice, badly, spoke admiringly of American humor and especially of the work of Don Marquis†, and remarked on the number of American words "which mean so much, and mean nothing at all, like 'cave-man' and 'mother love' ". It also appeared that Lucas could do no writing in a hotel room.

Like nearly all authors, he has an inexhaustible store of gossip about other authors.

"He has a kind of mischievous cruelty in his dissection of humanity", a distinguished novelist once remarked, speaking of Lucas's conversation. "But he is extremely good company", came in the next breath. This observer added: "I always think that the best picture of Lucas's character is to be found in Bennett's 'Books and Persons'." Here it is:

> Mr. Lucas is a highly mysterious man. On the surface he might be mistaken for a mere cricket enthusiast. Dig down, and you will come, with not too much difficulty, to the simple man of letters. Dig further, and, with somewhat more difficulty, you will come to an agreeably ironic critic of human foibles. Try to dig still further, and you will probably encounter rock. Only here and there in his two novels does Mr. Lucas allow us to glimpse a certain powerful and sardonic harshness in him, indicative of a mind that has seen the world and irrevocably judged it in most of its manifestations. I could believe that Mr. Lucas is an ardent politician, who, however, would not deign to mention his passionately held views save with a pencil on a ballotpaper—if then! . . . Immanent in the book ["One Day and Another"] is the calm assurance of a man perfectly aware that it will be a passing hard task to get change out of *him!*

And here is more testimony, to the same general effect:

> E. V. Lucas always reminds me of Kipling's "cat that walked by itself". He knows everybody, but I have often wondered whether anybody really knows him. He is an amazingly busy man—the assistant editor of "Punch", the literary director of Methuen's, the writer of almost countless charming and distinguished essays, to say nothing of novels and travel books. As a writer he has the appealing urbanity of Charles Lamb, of whom he has written far and away the best biography in the language. But I do not think that there is much of Lamb's urbanity in E. V. Lucas the man, the gentle-voiced, modern, rather weary man of the world. The humor of the Lucas essays is sunny and kindly. The humor of Lucas himself is cynically tolerant.
>
> I have said that Lucas knows everybody. The only circles into which he never goes are literary circles. Where professional writers are gathered together, there you will never find E. V. Lucas. He prefers actors and prizefighters. There is a story that

**Men and Books and Cities,* pages 196-203, 206.

†See "Stories and Humorists" and "Chicago" in *Roving East and Roving West.*

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Lucas once gave a dinner party at the Athenæum Club to which he invited Carpentier and Harry Tate. I do not altogether disbelieve that story, but a bishop ought to have been included in the party to make it complete.

Lucas loves cricket, and is a good man to dine with. His talk is stimulating and his taste in wine perfection.*

Possibly E. V. Lucas's closest personal friends among writers in America—certainly his closest temperamental affinities—are Don Marquis and Christopher Morley. Occupationally, as the sociologist would say, he is allied with such fellow editors as E. T. Raymond and A. A. Milne and with such publishers' literary advisers as—not to go back to George Meredith, who read for Chapman and Hall—Frank Swinnerton, who reads for Chatto and Windus, and J. D. Beresford, reader for Collins.

*A writer in *John o' London's Weekly*, London—possibly Sidney Dark. Reprinted in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of March 3, 1923.

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1921 *The Life and Work of E. A. Abbey, R.A.*
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1912 *London Lavender*
1914 *Landmarks*
1916 *The Vermilion Box*
1920 *Verena in the Midst*
1921 *Rose and Rose*
1922 *Genevra's Money*
1924 *Advisory Ben*

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1909 *One Day and Another*
1911 *Old Lamps For New*
1913 *Loiterer's Harvest*
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1916 *Cloud and Silver*
1917 *A Boswell of Baghdad*
1918 *Twixt Eagle and Dove*
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1923 *Luck of the Year*

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1904 *Highways and Byways in Sussex*
1905 *A Wanderer in Holland*
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1914 *A Wanderer in Venice*
1916 *More Wanderings in London* (in England, *London Revisited*)

WRITTEN WITH C. L. GRAVES

1903 *Wisdom While You Wait*

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TWO POEMS

By Amy Lowell

The Humming-Birds

UP — up — water shooting,
Jet of water, white and silver,
Tinkling with the morning sun-bells.
Red as sun-blood, whizz of fire,
Shock of fire-spray and water.
It is the humming-birds flying against the stream of the fountain.
The trumpet-vine bursts into a scatter of humming-birds,
The scarlet-throated trumpet-flowers explode with humming-birds.
The fountain waits to toss them diamonds.
I clasp my hands over my heart
Which will not let loose its humming-birds,
Which will not break to green and ruby,
Which will not let its wings touch air.
Pound and hammer me with irons,
Crack me so that flame can enter,
Pull me open, loose the thunder
Of wings within me.
Leave me wrecked and consoled,
A maker of humming-birds
Who dare bathe in a leaping water.

The Sand Altar

WITH a red grain and a blue grain, placed in precisely the proper positions, I made a beautiful god, with plumes of yard-long feathers and a swivel eye.

And with a red grain and a blue grain, placed in precisely the proper positions, I made a dragon, with scaly wings and a curling, iniquitous tail.

Then I reflected:
If, with the same materials, I can make both god and dragon, of what use is the higher mathematics?

Having said this, I went outdoors and stood under a tree and listened to the frogs singing their evening songs in the green darkness.

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EMERSON'S ESSAYS—A GOSPEL OF REVOLT

By Floyd Dell

Mr. Dell's article is the fifth of a series in which various of our younger critics will attempt to express the reactions which well known books of an earlier generation would arouse in them, were those classics newly published today.

THE younger generation has found its perfect protagonist at last. After many feverish and only half intelligible utterances of rebellious protest from the group of our younger enthusiasts, which held the hurrying crowd only for a puzzled moment or two, Ralph Waldo Emerson has mounted the soap box, and holds us spellbound. No wonder if the previous speakers are not eager to acclaim him their leader and spokesman! Their spokesman he is nevertheless, summing up all their fainter and more querulous voices in his eloquence. He has caught the ear of the crowd; and if the older and staider ones shake their heads and go away, youth stays to listen. He speaks to their hearts.

He is of New England, and there is a touch of the stubborn rustic in his speech; he seems reassuringly not one to be too much impressed by alien influences. Yet he is not such a New Englander as he seems; like all the younger generation, he has gone abroad, in libraries if not in ships, seeking his own; and if he has found it in the pages of German philosophers and East Indian seers, rather than in the Café Royal and the Café Rotonde, it is alien nevertheless; or was—he has made it surprisingly his own.

Mr. Emerson does not scold or argue; he asserts, oracularly. And youth hearkens.

> Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Dangerous doctrine, no doubt; but it is what youth delights to hear.

> Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing at last is sacred but the integrity of your own mind. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser, who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the Church. On my saying, What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions if I live wholly from within? my friend suggested,—"But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong is what is against it.

It would be difficult to go further than that in frank individualism; and no wonder that Professor Stuart P. Sherman stands aghast at this doctrine of frank moral anarchy issuing from the heart of that New England of which he has constituted himself the interpreter in Urbana, Illinois. Yet Professor Sherman does not know what to reply; doubtless he would like to denounce this dangerous doctrine as an importation from Germany—which it is—but it would be no use; it has a Yankee twang to it that Pro-

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fessor Sherman himself cannot muster! This individualism seems learned from the granite hills of New England, and not from some Hunnish philosopher.

But there is another reason why Mr. Emerson is so hard to answer. And this reason constitutes his difference from, and his preeminence over, his fellow rebels. They talk like rebels; their voices become hoarse, or shrill, with protest and defiance. They suggest weakness, helplessness, impotence. But Mr. Emerson is sure of himself; he looks backward into the past, and finds himself befriended and companioned by all the elect; he looks forward into the future and sees a world remade according to his wish; so he does not fret. He has the serenity of the victor. These base things will pass away, but his ideas are eternal. "A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition, as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he."

And that is why Mr. Emerson is the popular leader of insurgent youth. They have a need to be delivered from their sense of helplessness, of hopelessness. He comes to them bringing tidings of victory; he bids them be of good cheer. It does not matter, he tells them, what your family or your neighbors think of you: "What I do is all that concerns me, not what people think." He bids our young rebel not "skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him".

It has been a mistake of most of our radical young intellectuals to suppose that what was most required was an elaborate destructive criticism of contemporary institutions. No doubt this has its use; but any sensitive growing boy or girl can hate the present scheme of things without tutoring; they do not need to be told that the world is ugly, and still less that ugliness is omnipresent; they believe that all too readily. They need to be told that their own wishes have some significance, that the beauty in their own hearts need not be trampled in the mire. And—what our radical young intellectuals do not know—these young men and women are to be found not only in circles already professedly bohemian, but all over the country, in Kansas no less than in Greenwich Village. Mr. Emerson can talk to the boy and girl in Kansas as the rest of them cannot. Many a youth will take heart from these essays, find here his Bible, gain a measure of serenity and repose in the midst of a hostile world, and resolve to live henceforth according to his own lights, and not those of the local Chamber of Commerce!

One reason why Mr. Emerson is able to address the youth of Kansas is that, retaining his habits as a former clergyman, he speaks familiarly of God—and assumes always that God is on his side. But this "God" of Mr. Emerson's is not one who is interested in prayers or creeds. "As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect." I should hate to put a weapon in the hands of Mr. Emerson's bewildered enemies, but it must be clear even to them that Mr. Emerson's "God" is himself, or more properly, his unconscious, that deep reservoir of strength which is so much larger than our surface selves. Let them point out, if they will, that this unconscious may be full of evil instead of good; Mr. Emerson has already replied to them: "If I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil."

But the youth of Kansas are not

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bothered by that possibility; they find no difficulty in believing that what they want to do is good! In that respect they resemble us all; and Mr. Emerson has set them free to follow their impulses fearlessly, making their own laws, learning their own lessons, and having—as he particularly advises them—no regrets for any mistakes they may make. Well, it opens an interesting vista for the next generation!

What, I wonder, will our conventional world do with this eloquent teacher of rebellion? They cannot very well denounce him as a blasphemer, for he has done only what all rebels up to the present have done—adopted God into their party! I think I know the answer: they will play that same trick on Emerson—they will adopt *him*! It sounds fantastic today, when Emerson's name is synonymous with youth and radicalism; but wait some eighty years! I promise you that the radicalism of Emerson will have been forgotten; that the Professor Stuart P. Shermans of that day will refer to him as though he were one of the pillars of convention and respectability; that aspiring and rebellious youth will be scolded in the name of Emerson and told to shut up and respect its elders; and finally that youth itself will believe this preposterous lie, and never open the covers of Emerson's essays!

A strange prophecy; but this is a queer world!

IN REGARD TO RINGS

By Annie Higgins

IF I had never had a ring
To bind my finger and to cling
To the thin flesh and blood of me,
I suppose that I should be
Thinking now of buying one.
Perhaps I'd want to watch the sun
Brighten an opal on my skin,
Or long to see the light pour in
A ruby's depth, making it fire.
Perhaps I'd have a chaste desire
To see and feel a pearl complete
Its beauty from my body's heat.

But rings are only little bands
Of brightness clinging to your hands,
When they are yours and you have worn them,
Slipped them on your fingers, torn them
Off again, by night and day.
You like them in a quiet way,
And though you wouldn't do without them
You don't excite yourself about them.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXIX: THOMAS BEER

With a Caricature by William Gropper

ON first seeing Thomas Beer one becomes the victim of a strange but symbolic mirage. It seems as if one were transported back into "the fabulous Forties" and were looking at a dignified dandy of the period. The auburn side whiskers are there, and the hallucinated eye beholds a high black stock, a ruffled shirt front, a plum colored jacket, and pantaloons strapped under boots with elastic sides. From his fob hangs a bunch of seals and in his right hand he carries a tall, ebony cane with a gold knob. He bows ceremoniously, and with early Victorian decorum engages in the politest of polite conversation. If a lady were to faint one could see him stooping solicitously to tender smelling salts, his gaze chastely averted, should the inevitable ceremony of unlacing her stays be performed. It is natural for him to sit on at the mahogany, after the ladies have retired to the drawing room, to enjoy with the men the wines for which he has a cunning taste; and the modern habit of coeducational drinking seems somehow to be a violation of his instinctive pruderies. If he were ordered to go into the garden to smoke, he would acquiesce, as was the habit of his period. In the society of women he feels that a certain formality is desirable, and thus he stands around stiffly making small talk when the gentlemen have rejoined what his contemporaries used to call the Sex. None the less, a monstrous fine fellow, egad!

Such is the aura which surrounds this figure strayed into a period which will be proud to claim his works, for all their indifference to current interests and tendencies. The man himself has been described as resembling Henry James in the days of his youth, but Thomas Beer has been fashioned out of clay that presents a stronger, a more masculine outline than the capon-like flabbiness of that eminent spinster of letters. A short, broad shouldered frame, on which is set a powerful head; out of the intense pallor of the face brown eyes with twinkling shafts of light contemplate the scene with quizzical humor; a determined chin and jaw which strive subconsciously to assert themselves against the pressure of an imaginary stock, and are thus thrust forward from time to time with aggressive motion. A certain stiffness of movement and formality of address are intimations of that earlier incarnation of his, and his drawling speech corresponds to a real or simulated detachment from the life of his time. He always professes to have enjoyed the part rather than the whole, and his depreciatory adverbs and adjectives frequently usher in words intended for praise. His imagination is visual; thus his favorite expression when he wishes to introduce a scene in which he was concerned is the abrupt formula: spectacle (pronounced in the

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French manner) of . . . . then follows a sardonic picture of some English literary giant haggling for American dollars before condescending to the transatlantic foreigner, the florid drawing room and appropriately dull company of a *nouveau riche*, or the alcoholic mazes and gyrations of a late party. His profound *ennui* frequently takes refuge in "etcetera, etcetera" (also articulated after the French), whereby he sums up all that he might have added to his narrative. He is distinctly bored, it would appear, and he cannot refrain from standing constantly with arms outstretched, in the attitude of one who is crucified on his own boredom.

In spite of his legal training there is nothing of the jurist about him, but his experiences in France with the Eighty Seventh Division have left their imprint on his mind. He insinuates, with that self depreciating humor of his, which is one of his most endearing traits, that the uniform of a first lieutenant did not render him as irresistible as tradition supposes the trappings of war should do. He would rather exchange his business suit for the flowing cape, the cane, and the dandiacal accoutrements of the early years of this century. Khaki had no lure for him, but he was resolved to get into the American Expeditionary Force, in spite of all rebuffs, and he did so. His view of that great adventure corresponds neither to the energy he displayed in achieving his purpose, nor to the post bellum tradition of disillusionment. The heights of patriotic rhetoric are as alien to Thomas Beer as the depths of disgruntled radicalism. He maintains an air of disrespectful aloofness which is friendly to no party and the enemy of none. He seems to have been uninterested in either Germans or Allies, but intensely diverted and irritated by the contemplation of human grandeur and imbecility in a concentrated and panoramic form. Innumerable "spectacles" and "etceteras" (*à la française*) punctuate his account of military life, followed by vivid evocations of official stupidity, masculine endurance, the eternal femininity of gallant women, and the marvelous fantasmagoria of Europe just dragged back from the edge of an abyss. On the whole, Thomas Beer was rather bored by the war, but found it amusing in spots.

As befits a man of such detachment, he prefers to dwell in a monument of mid-Victorian architecture within reasonable, but not too reasonable, distance of Manhattan. In a turret of this imposing structure is the room in which he works, above the bustle of domestic life below, its magic casements opening out onto the waters of the Hudson, if not onto fairy seas, forlorn. To Yonkers he retreats much as Queen Victoria retired to Windsor Castle or Holyrood when the festivities of London became too much for her. Women have turned pale and strong men have been dismayed when his native resolution has caused him to make that pilgrimage in the crepuscular hours before dawn, when a room at the Club, the host's spare bedroom, or even a shakedown on the sofa appeals to the errant soul of a softer generation. These nocturnal expeditions, like the New York subways, may be intensely uncomfortable, but there are no accidents. Thomas Beer never fails to reach his haven, where he remains in seclusion until the still small voice of his social conscience is heard over the telephone announcing his impending arrival in town.

Notwithstanding this agoraphobia, this aversion for too many crowded

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Thomas Beer

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hours of crowded city life, he has no predilection for the country. When circumstances compel him to take up his summer residence on the island of Nantucket he is unmoved by the sight of the soundless Atlantic which rolls in at the very feet of his villa. He occasionally displays a vague interest in the more ingenuous exhibitions of Siasconset's naïve bathing beach, but the golf course knows him not, and he has never been known to walk farther along the bluffs than is required to call at the post office, or visit the older colony of visitors. For the man has a characteristic affection for what is mature and settled; he eschews the restlessness of youth. His discourse is rarely of women, but when a note of admiration and enthusiasm is heard it is always in praise of the ripe charms of some opulent matron, or the beautiful old age of a grandmother who in her day turned the heads of all the young bloods. He will eagerly turn to such, away from the entreating or wondering glances of the modern girl. If she would only hide her shapely, silken legs beneath a crinoline, and assume the virtue of maidenly modesty, she might cause Thomas Beer to forswear his allegiance to the past. When confronted with the young women of the jazz age his motto is: *oderint, dum metuant.* He would rather they disliked than loved him, but perhaps he maintains a skeptical hope that some middle course may prove possible, though he sees little to justify that belief. We live in an incautious and forthright age where such matters are concerned.

It is significant that Thomas Beer's first book, "The Fair Rewards", although it carried its story up to yesterday, was essentially a story of the past. The life of Mark Walling lies between the period when "The Prisoner of Zenda" was first produced at the Lyceum Theatre and the opening of Sem Benelli's "The Jest" at the Plymouth. It is the first stage in the author's procession backward through the years that separate him from the epoch in which his own avatar took shape. A slender fable, it is true, but held up by a style already personal, if not yet fully evolved: "After dark Broadway was tolerable! Then the revolving people were shapes of no consequence and, with a little mist, these lights were aqueous, flotillas of shimmering points on a hovering, uncertain vastness. Now, the roadway was a dappled smear of bodies wheeled and bodies shod. The sidewalks writhed, unseemly." Here are undertones of the harmonies to be developed in "Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters", which has given Beer a definite place in our contemporary literature.

He has used Crane as a pretext for creeping back another decade or two, and it is with obvious verve that he allows himself to revel in the period of the Eighties and early Nineties. As a literary biography the book is unique, and more would have been heard of it in the women's clubs had its author won his victories on the playing fields of Eton. But, without any taint of Teutonic or Mediterranean heresy, he is the very opposite of an Anglomaniac. "An American writer", he says, "is safest abroad when he has somewhere left in storage his entire critical sense and has for the voyage replaced it by an emotional willingness comparable to the felicity of a noticed puppy. He may then roam in his destined character, giving neither pleasure nor offence to men who will accept his admirations and hear his raptures as mature women accept the flowers and phrases of some harm-

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less schoolboy." Here shows that streak of irony which gives a special savor to his conversation. The sentence, too, is an illustration of a state of mind which preserves Beer from the excesses of enthusiasm or indignation, between which the average American usually oscillates when abroad.

"Stephen Crane" is, within certain limits, a complete expression of his literary personality. It is written in the manner of his own conversation, minus the "spectacles" and "etceteras". His apparently inappropriate but actually expressive adjectives stand out effectively: "a drawing room that glowed, by night, under the jets of a *monstrous* chandelier", "this *polychromatic* paradise", "a boudoir of *shrieking* velvets and enamels", "the *gelatinous* grandees of New York", "Loti's *wailing* grace", the Bowery, "a *glamorous* sink", with an "*honest* average of three saloons to the block", "*laborious* prostitutes strolled from sunset to dawn on selected beats". The orotund accent of Beer's social commentary is clearly discernible in this description of Henry James:

> He was so kind. From the sacred fount of his self-adoration there yet welled on gifted folks those pools of tender correspondence and those courtesies a trifle tedious, one hears, but rendered with such grace. . . . He was no longer a man. Henry James was a coloured and complicated ritual that demanded of spectators a reverence unfailingly accorded. People who swooned under the burden of his final method, sat and sat in pleasure while that astonishing egotism bared in slow phrases its detached and charming appreciation of its own singular skill. . . . . Critics, mired themselves in verbal anguish over his successive novels. This plain and limited old bachelor commanded the world to respect him, and the world obeyed. He was so kind. . . . . This master of groomed circumstances had found out a sunny garden where poisons blew as perfumes too heavy for a refined sense, and crimes were shadows, not clouds, that swept across his shaved and watered turf. Such is the quintessence of his style.

Spectacle, as he himself would say, of Thomas Beer lounging stiffly, with arms uplifted in a crucified attitude, and discoursing of men and manners, of books and persons. From his pocket there protrudes a huge box of monstrously fat cigarettes which he consumes incessantly, at his elbow on the mantelpiece, against which he loves to recline, stands a tall Tom Collins. When some indecorous remark is interjected he clutches his face and hides his expression with tragic hands. He moves with the ponderous gravity of an oriental deity, but the talk that drawls from that humorous mouth has all the deliberate charm that is apparent in his "Stephen Crane". He has composed for himself an attitude toward life, and his style is now a reflection of that attitude. Whether his theme be the unconscious humors of camp life in the south, the garish joys of Rosie Lewis's Cavendish Hotel in London, the problem of making an impecunious British author feel at home at the Maison Basque, the devious and tortuous process of procuring a preface from Conrad, or the grandeur and decadence of "the mauve decade", Beer's talk has an identical and singular charm.

In "Sandoval", his new novel, he has escaped back to New York of the period just after the Civil War, with Dobbs Ferry as its social centre, and Thor Gaar, another incarnation of the author's atavistic yearning for the light of other days. Its publication will shortly reveal the immense stride that Beer has made since he wrote "The Fair Rewards". The man and his manner have clearly emerged from the mannerism, and a real literary personality is the result, a personality which is stamped as clearly upon his

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life of Stephen Crane as if it were his own story. Dandies as men of letters were a phenomenon of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but D'Orsay and Brummel, and Barbey d'Aurevilly and Byron earned the first title primarily because of their clothes, which were not always mirrored in their style. With Beer the process is reversed; it is as a man of letters that he is a dandy, for his literary and intellectual personality is cultivated, ornate, elaborate and altogether striking, dandiacal in a word. And so it always evokes that shadowy aura, of an insolent and formal young man, with high black stock, ruffled shirt front, a plum colored jacket, and pantaloons strapped under boots with elastic sides. From his fob hangs a bunch of seals, and in his right hand he carries a tall ebony cane with a gold knob . . . the sartorial ghost of his former self. . . .

IN THEIR GLAD PLAYING TIME

By Thomas Moult

IN their glad playing time, like windflowers down the billowy April blowing,
The children come where the grass grows deep;
Bewitched in the dream of their frolic and laughter, to this green glowing
Sun field they come, and along the cool
Green hedgeway, nor knowing
That here, under the grass and the windflowers, the strong and the beautiful
Lie in their sleep.

Why should we speak of the sleepers to these, the winsome and white
Girls dancing and the mischievous boys, why should our shadow fall on their game?
They are so heedless of life and lavish with Time, already they outrun
The flying hours past the edge of their eager sight
In their little brief flush of brightness, their light.
They would only look into our old eyes with eyes quickly troubled, they would go whence they came
And forget in the sun.

But one, perchance, might linger and speak as a child speaks, with words wonder-bound,
Ah no, we would answer, they sleep forever:
And all that is lovely and yours is theirs as they rest, the rain
And the sun unfailingly soak and sweeten this secret ground.
Nay child, their sleep is sound,
Neither do they feel, they hear not the birds, nor see the trees again.
But the green-golden loveliness never
Shall desert them, nothing deserts them but pain.

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PUBLISHING AS A VOCATION

By George H. Doran

MAY I at once predicate all I may have to say upon the fact that I am dealing with the publisher of what is termed general books; that is to say, books which you find in bookshops and distinguished from law books, medical books, scientific and technical books, and school and college textbooks. All these other branches of publication are highly important and very interesting as vocations, but as a general rule by publishing business we mean such businesses as those represented by my own house, Charles Scribner's Sons, D. Appleton and Company, Harper and Brothers, and similar houses. It will be necessary to bear this distinction carefully in mind, for altogether different methods of approach, distribution, and sale apply to those other branches of publication. Publishing is a great vocation, one which adorns rather than is adorned by the individual. It is neither altogether commercial nor is it altogether professional. It is a curious and necessary combination of the two. To be purely professional and æsthetic, to publish only for the gratification of personal taste or desire, is to invite failure in a commercial sense, and I am not so sure that in the ultimate it would not mean artistic failure, for only an endowed protagonist may at all times seek to impose his own ideals and ideas and prejudices upon a public.

Even such great editors as Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana required the support of the news columns and the advertising columns, to broadcast their editorial convictions. So a publisher of books must, if I may use the parallel, be a mixed farmer, sow first in this field and then in that, and rotate his crops, if he is successfully to distribute his product; for after all publishing, like any other line of merchandising, must accomplish distribution, to attain success in any degree.

Publishing in its essence is one of the most important industries in our social and national life. It is the accepted means for the diffusion of knowledge. The book is permanent where a magazine or a newspaper is perishable. The book upon book which ultimately takes the form of a library becomes a gallery of friendships and counselors. Books aid greatly in the assimilation of common ideals and in the promotion of higher ideals. And in reckoning the value of publishing to society we may not lose sight of the great entertaining and relaxing value of a good work of fiction, nor the inspirational value of a fine poem or a clever essay. As the means of expressing the spirit of a birthday, commencement, or Christmas greeting, there is no more suitable gift than a well chosen book. To the shut in or hospital patient what more welcome remembrance from friend to friend than a book? Even from the cradle most humans have taken delight and gratification and knowledge by means of books.

Right here let me make a statement of the case for fiction. It is an affectation upon the part of some to

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speak discreditably of fiction, and as a minor branch of publishing. The fact is that not less than seventy five per cent of reading in the English language is fiction. Again, ask anyone, literary-wise or not, who are the great writers of America or Britain, and ninety nine out of one hundred will name only the writers of fiction; which goes far to prove that fiction is the great modern form of written expression and must be so reckoned.

The average publishing house has four separate and distinct departments, all necessarily closely interrelated. These divisions are editorial, manufacturing, promotion and sales, and accounting. With these several departments I shall now deal.

The editorial department is in charge of an editor in chief; in my office he has four assistants in addition to a large corps of experts upon whom he may call for special reports upon any given manuscript. In his office manuscripts are received, read, considered, accepted or rejected; those accepted being made ready for the printer under this same editorial direction. The process in his office may be of interest. From all over America, and indeed the world, manuscripts are voluntarily offered for publication. Immediately upon its receipt the manuscript is acknowledged and placed in line for a first reading by a junior editor, and a written report is passed on to the chief. If he considers it worthy of further attention he either reads it himself or in turn passes it on to some specialist in the subject involved. In the event of acceptance a contract is prepared and forwarded to the author for acceptance and signature.

In most publishing offices it is safe to say that not more than one per cent of manuscripts are accepted, not because they are not worthy but because a publisher's output is naturally limited and many manuscripts offered do not come within the scope of the particular publisher's policy. Certain authors are regularly published by the same house, and these manuscripts are either contracted for in advance or are automatically accepted upon presentation. Such authors on the list of my Company would include Arnold Bennett, Irvin Cobb, Hugh Walpole, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Frank Swinnerton, Donald Ogden Stewart, and many others.

The editor must have a complete vision of the book from manuscript copy to the actual finished book upon the booksellers' shelves. He must have tact and decision in dealing either in person or by letter with his sources of supply, the authors. He may and does initiate ideas for authors or suggest improvements upon the work submitted. He must hold himself ready at all times to receive and interview writers and literary agents. He must, in a larger publishing house, be a trained executive equal to the firm direction of his assistants; and when the day is over he leaves for home with a bunch of manuscripts in his bag—an editor's day is never done.

From the editor the manuscript proceeds to the manufacturing department, one of the most detailed of occupations within my knowledge. The chief manufacturing man in a publishing office occupies the same relation to his product as an architect to his building. He must be a man of taste and ideas, and with courage enough to depart from the conventional without being grotesque. He must be a merchant, for he has to buy paper, composition, plate making, press work, and binding from his contracting agencies (for few publishers own and

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operate their own producing plants). Eternal vigilance is essential in the successful manufacturing man, for more money can continuously and needlessly be lost by blunder in this branch of publishing than in any other. But his day's work is done when the whistle blows.

The next step comes when early proofs of the book are placed in the hands of the advertising and promotion men, who have to consider the oncoming book from the several angles of magazine and newspaper advertising, special publicity (which involves the cultivation of the specific group or groups to which a particular book would appeal), and the actual selling of the finished book either by traveling salesmen or by mail — these two being the most largely used methods of the modern publisher. Immediately the proofs are received there are prepared long and short digests or descriptions of the book—elaborate précis of each book for the use of salesmen and editors—special data sheets concerning the author, his activities, and the particular book under consideration. At the same time there is prepared copy for the outer paper jacket of the book, that the public may be quickly acquainted with the classification and quality of each volume.

The whole question of book promotion is quite formidable and really calls for exhaustive treatment. It is the great problem of publishing. Ivory Soap and Gillette Razors and Spearmint Gum lend themselves to known principles of advertising. Results may be traced and a certain percentage of profit be reserved for continued publicity on the identical article, again with known and cumulative results. But each day or each month along comes a fresh lot of books to be sold, not by intensive, broadcast newspaper campaigning (for the margin of difference between cost and wholesale selling price does not permit of such methods), but by special publicity means from the publisher's office: news articles concerning the author, special articles dealing with the book for the literary supplements of the dailies, numerous free copies of the book to those influential in creating and developing an interest in this particular book. The task of the promotion man in a publishing office is a difficult but absorbingly interesting one, which very frequently has proved to be a stepping stone to much more pretentious and lucrative work.

Parenthetically I might add here that there is a very fair comparison between the exploitation of a play and the exploitation of a book. Much the same methods of introduction are employed. Both are considered as the basis of news items for the general public; hence the great attention paid to the drama and literature in most journals of consequence. With the play, the audience resulting from its first promotion and the normal demand of regular theatregoers must pass on its approval and enthusiasm, or no sort of further promotion or advertising will make that play a success. So with the book. A publisher has a limited fixed distribution for every book he issues; there are some buyers for practically every book published; but if this first distribution does not create its own widening circle of interested enthusiasts, that book will be short lived. Let me cite two instances. Some years ago I was interested in the publication of a startling and sensational book on the new condition in China at the height of the Boxer Rebellion. Newspaper space that could not have been bought for fifty thousand dollars was devoted to

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its announcement and promotion. We printed twenty five thousand copies. We sold less than two thousand. The public did not want that book. Years later there came to my desk a modest little book in advance page proofs. It was accompanied by a letter of commendation from my friend Frank Swinnerton. I took it home, read it aloud, and liked it well enough to cable acceptance and order a first printing of five thousand. They disappeared like snow before a summer sun, as soon as the public sensed the book's novelty and humor. We continued printing, just about keeping up with the demand, until within three months almost two hundred and fifty thousand copies had been sold. That book was "The Young Visiters" by Daisy Ashford, with an introduction by Sir James Barrie. That book the public wanted. Relatively no advertising was done for it. These two instances, merely to indicate the real problems of promotion and the difficulties of the man in charge.

With all its multiplicity of detail and worry publishing is assuredly a most interesting and stimulating occupation. Practically every day is a new day in a publishing office. The daily mail is filled with the romance of things done and new things to be done. The record of things accomplished is manifested by the orders for books from all over America and beyond. The regular publication dates in a publisher's office are as exciting and interesting to the participants as a horse race. The starters are six, eight, ten, or more, as the season may demand. The results are at once as certain and uncertain as a race. The trained and developed writer easily outdistances the newcomer. But the real thrill comes when the publisher's confidence in a dark horse is justified by a great running. As a matter of fact, I know of no greater thrill than the discovery and the bringing to popular success of some new writer.

Also there is great opportunity for initiative and originality—it would be difficult to think of any other commercial pursuit offering more along these lines of individual effort and expression. There are countless openings for the display of merchandising genius, easily leading to most attractive contacts with some phase of life.

Like all other relations to life where there are points of high enthusiasm and thrill, there can be and doubtless are points and periods of compensating depression. I have never found them, and my experience is that where anyone has found routine and monotony in publishing that person is not instinctively a publisher and should quickly take to some more evenly moving pursuit. He has no romance in his soul.

Conditions under which work is done in a publisher's office are most congenial. Associates and associations are peculiarly and happily agreeable; without facts or figures to substantiate my statement I would hazard the opinion that in no other occupation in commercial life are contacts both within and without the organization more desirable. Opportunity is freely offered for the doing of one's best work, but here the individual must assume the responsibility, for it is very much a question of the personal equation, application, and appreciation of the task in hand. Modern business has taken full cognizance of the necessity of plenty of light and fresh air. Good economics, if not generous consideration, exacts of every merchant today convenient and healthful surroundings, limited number of working hours in the week, and adequate vacation periods. Good

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health is the greatest asset for the individual or for an organization. It has come to be the general practice of all sound merchandisers to close their places of business on every legal holiday, to arrange for extended week-end closing—as, for example, should the Fourth of July occur on a Friday, to shut down from Thursday evening until Monday morning—, to have as little as possible of overtime work. All this not in a spirit of benevolence but rather as good business wisdom. It is not the number of hours but the intensity and efficiency which count, in the run of a year's work.

The question is frequently asked: is college education essential to successful publishing? The answer is Yes and No.

It is quite true that many successful publishers and many men in other businesses have come up from the ranks and have had no college education. Real genius takes no reckoning of college courses. My own experience is that it is rather difficult to persuade the average college graduate that the learning of the humbler details of publishing is absolutely essential to success. Looked at in perspective, publishing is sublimated commerce. The finished product as it appears upon booksellers' and library shelves carries no evidence of the travail through which it has passed on its way from manuscript to bound book. Yet I do not know of any other business where there is so great or so varied an amount of detail; nor do I know of any other business where the mastery of detail is more necessary to success. I present this aspect of publishing to all applicants for positions, and I find very few among the college men who are willing to begin at the bottom and learn how stocks are kept, how books are packed and shipped, to whom they are sold and at what prices and upon what terms. The impression seems to pervade that somehow or other books like trees grow and flourish and give shade and supply beauty, and need to be tended only in their finished state. But publishing is on the contrary a business of downright hard work and application. I grant at once that a college trained mind is better than a mind untrained; that the college man starts off with a favorable handicap, if only he can for the moment forget the academic and think of the practical, get right down to brass tacks and say, "I am going to know all about this business *plus* my college training."

Assuming, then, that the young man is willing and honest enough with himself to begin at the beginning, it is safe to say that the very best education he can get is none too good for the modern publisher. While business training is essential in all successful selling, the publisher who succeeds today must know more about his wares than the cost of the materials that make them, albeit he should know this as well. To paraphrase: success in publishing depends rather more upon what to produce than how to produce it; although here again there should be an adequate sense of fitness of things—a detective story must not be made to look like a prayer book nor a book of dainty verse like a dime novel. On the whole, then, college training applied intelligently to basic knowledge of any business should take a man further and more quickly than the absence of it. But it is all terribly up to the individual.

Another question comes often to the publisher and it is this: how can I or how can my son enter the publishing business? And the answer is simply: apply to a publisher as you would to

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a bond selling house. Make it quite clear that you are in earnest and ready to begin at the beginning of things. If you have the right approach and application you will not be long at the bottom—publishers are yearning for intelligently ambitious young men of initiative.

May I suggest some kinds of work and study which might be employed concurrently with a school or college training to lead up to book publishing? Aim to have a fair knowledge of general literature, for to have an appreciation of what is being read today is an excellent background for the prospective publisher. To this end study publishers' catalogues, read literary journals and the trade papers of publishing; visit bookshops, browse around among books wherever you see them; get the feel of a book and some sense of its manner of production. Some vacation take a job in a printing office: be a printer's devil, if necessary, but get a practical idea of the uses of type and the time it takes for an operation in the printer's shop. If possible get an opportunity to read proof, that your mind and eye be trained to accuracy, for the crime of publishing is faulty text.

You may not quite like this idea, but it is a good one. Some summer ally yourself with a really good subscription book house and go out among the ultimate consumers. Discover what they are reading and what they would like to read, know the people for whom books are published. You may only pay expenses, but you will learn a lot.

And one other suggestion. At the Christmas holiday season booksellers everywhere are looking for intelligent temporary assistants. I commend this as a means of acquiring a first hand knowledge of how books are distributed and again of feeling the pulse of the bookbuying community and realizing the sort of books that may most profitably be published.

Right here let me make the distinction between the desire to be a publisher and the urge to be a writer. Many applicants sadly confuse these two objectives. As a matter of fact, a publisher (or at least I as a publisher) does not want writers in his employ, for they have ambition independent of their job of publishing and with the first measure of success abandon the practicalities of publishing for the lure of authorship—and the publisher has spent months and years in a vain effort to create a colleague. By all means develop the faculty of writing, if it intrigues you, but do not try to be both publisher and writer. It cannot be done.

As a stepping stone, publishing leads you almost anywhere you may choose to go. Many of our ambassadors have been publishers. Society welcomes with open arms the accomplished publisher; in fact, there is no place closed to the publisher who is really in earnest over his vocation.

It would be daring of me to suggest qualities of character desirable in a publisher, but as I conceive it a publisher must have a genuine and catholic interest in literature and a real desire to make known the best and most valuable contributions to the science and happiness of life and living, whether the means employed be a serious treatise or a book of fiction. He must be sensitive to the movement of life about him, must know the currents of opinion and the trend of thinking, and either supplement the truth of it or seek to stem the tide of error, not as a propagandist but as a publicist. He must be a patriot and abhor sedition. He must have courage

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and be perfectly willing to publish a good book in the face of a known financial loss by reason of such publication. He must be beneficent and be willing to publish first books of promise even though there is no hope of immediate success. He must have vision enabling him to see the turn of thought or to assist in the turning. He must have a certain flair for the right thing to publish at the right time. He must have a fair sense of finance and a great sense of financial obligation, alike to his commercial creditors, his bankers, and his authors. Most important of all, perhaps, is his choice of colleagues. Each great publishing house has been in large measure the expression of a personality, which personality is in turn diffused throughout his organization down to the very office boy; and it is this spirit which must be inculcated and developed if a publishing house of prominence is long to survive its founder. For myself I can truly say that after forty years of experience I feel as though I have only made a beginning, and the real ambition of my life is to pass along to my successors a well prepared foundation and a suggestion of the structure I should erect were I given the generations to come.

Just now America seems to have taken on a great fresh and permanent impetus toward the reading of books of the better sort. There never has been a time when more or better books have been read. Bookselling as an enterprise has been reestablished in a position approximating its dignity and deserts, and yet the surface has been only scratched. I look for a great and continued expansion in the business of book publishing, confident of a future of so much greater result than anything hitherto accomplished that I am jealous of the youth of today who is to see the greatness of tomorrow's publishing.

With this expansion comes the demand for more men and women, and most naturally comes the question of compensation: how does it compare with earnings in other occupations? A difficult question but rather readily answered. To begin with, in any business the tyro is a liability and not an asset; so when we offer a young man twenty five or thirty dollars a week it is our contribution to that young man's self respect during his kindergarten period. Before long he emerges into his own nook: he develops initiative and vision and tact and sense and his rewards up to a point are as great as in any other line of merchandising, or he becomes a clerk and there remains with an occasional *raise*, more as a reward for length of service than for the expression of any genius other than that of fidelity. In publishing as in every other business we are seeking the men to whom we can pay, based upon their productive capacity, salaries of five, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand dollars a year. The middle rungs of the ladder are crowded. There is plenty of room at the beginning, and more at the top.

Publishing is in its very essence the pursuit of a gentleman—not at all in the snobbish sense. If by chance any other than a gentleman essays to adventure into it, either he becomes a gentleman or he gives up publishing. The relationship which develops between a publisher and his authors very frequently resolves itself into a contact as intimate and confidential as that between lawyer and client or doctor and patient. Advice is sought upon all manner of subjects from the literary to the legal, for a publisher must fortify himself upon all delicate

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points of law involved in copyright and contract requirements. And here is manifested perhaps the highest point of the professional nature of the publisher's obligations, to which must be added a personal integrity and probity beyond the reach of the breath of distrust, since he becomes the steward of the financial and literary affairs of his authors. In a publisher's office people of all social strata meet upon the simple human level of a common endeavor, the background of which is to produce some work of real importance to the world.

In publishing circles in America there are several organizations designed to promote the general interest in publishing and bookselling. First in importance is the National Association of Book Publishers, with headquarters at Fifth Avenue and Thirty Third Street, New York. This Association numbers among its members practically all the leading publishers of books in the United States. Its principal and avowed purpose is to create a greater interest upon the part of the public in the reading of books, and this is accomplished by very successful efforts to stimulate the booksellers of the country to greater activity. Largely through its instrumentality, during the year 1923 one hundred and seventy four new bookstores and book departments were started in one hundred and twenty four cities and towns. The college bookstore association is a direct outcome of the activities of the National Association, with the result that many college bookstores are now selling general books as well as textbooks. Many magazines and newspapers have been induced by the Association to establish regular literary pages. In the College of the City of New York, under the direction of the Association, there has started a collegiate course in bookselling. These facts are submitted for the double purpose of demonstrating the increased interest in bookselling and also because conceivably they may suggest an outlet of activity for someone who, attracted to the business of distributing books, for some reason or other is not able or willing to go to the large cities where publishing is chiefly done. The literature of the Association, covering many interesting phases of the marketing of books, is available from the secretary for all who would be seriously interested in the field of publishing.

The Publishers' Lunch Club, a purely social club, is made up of two members of each of the more prominent publishing houses. It meets monthly and has been the means of developing a fine fraternal spirit among the publishers of America.

There are several junior organizations, such as the Advertising Club, made up of the publicity men of the various publishing houses, who meet frequently to develop ideas for greater, more effective, and more economical methods for the promotion of the sale of books; and the Credit Conference of the treasurers and accountants of the publishing houses, where the credit standing of debtors is considered and where really helpful plans are conceived and worked out for the benefit of any bookseller who has a hard time of it financially.

There has grown up in American publishing a perfectly marvelous spirit of fraternity and cooperation, which has in turn developed a sense of integrity and mutual respect the like of which is not to be found in many branches of business, either in our own or any other country.

Measured by the standards of great business, the unit of all the publishing

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done in America would be but a very small percentage in the vast trade of the United States; yet so potent is its influence that it has come to be held in very high regard by the public at large. To prove my case let me ask you: can you think of leaders in any other industry held in such respect and esteem as those great names in American publishing past and present: Scribner, Appleton, Holt, Houghton, Mifflin, Ticknor, Fields, Macmillan, Randolph, Harper, Dutton, Putnam, Dodd?—to mention only a few and not to mention at all a vigorous oncoming generation of younger publishers already writing their names large in the history of the craft in the United States.

The benefits accruing to those engaged in any capacity in a publishing office are many and varied, if only the individual cares to advantage himself of the opportunities presented. In almost any branch and at almost any time the attention upon business may be made a process of easy and enjoyable education, and this in turn is reflected in a real development of that individual who simply lends himself to the influence of his environment. Anyone may easily take to his family circle the truly interesting incidents of the day—a new book from a new author, first to be enjoyed within the rather limited circle of the publisher's office until released for general sale—and even beyond the family circle and into his community an observant man in a publishing office may take to his fellows much of constructive help and entertainment.

By this time I fear you must have me labeled as a congenital optimist, for I have pictured publishing in rather attractive colors. Of course there are pitfalls and failures. There are grey days when one's efforts do not seem to bring the reward adequate, and I should be failing in a true presentation of my vocation if I did not properly stress these disappointments; but on the whole it is a pursuit in which the joys far outweigh the sorrows.

Even the most industrious and successful of publishers can do little more than make a fair start within the productive years of his lifetime. It should be his particular effort and obligation to surround himself with colleagues who will succeed him not alone in activity but in the spirit in which the house has been founded and carried on by its founder. A publisher can find great joy in his business—he may always be gloriously and enthusiastically busy and happy. He may not acquire great wealth as measured by other enterprises, but always he may have all the comforts and moderate luxuries of life.

Publishing is the most absorbing and fascinating occupation given to man to enjoy. It brings to the publisher adequate compensation and a distinction not enjoyed by other superficially more important occupations. The really devoted publisher could not be persuaded to exchange his lot, his circumstances, and his opportunities for all the wealth of greater enterprises.

Publishing has its great rewards for anyone who, as Robert Louis Stevenson says, is content "to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy"—and this is publishing.

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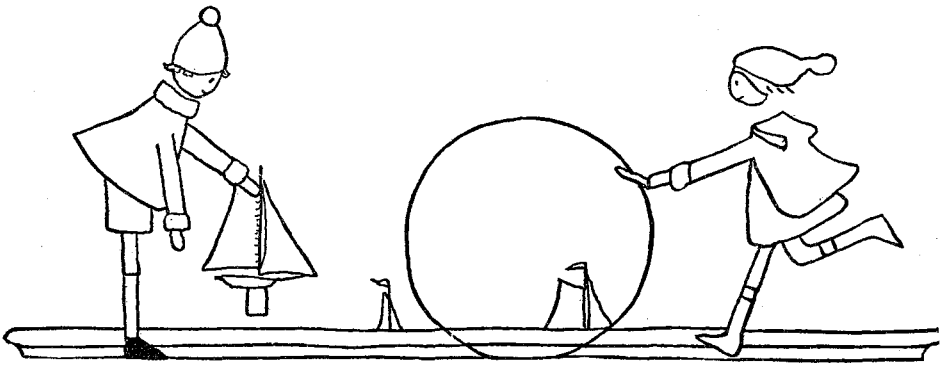

The Luxembourg is a jolly place
To roll your hoop, and to run a race
With a gallant yacht, and win, of course,
Or caper about on a mettled horse!
—From "A Paris Pair"

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF THE SPRING

By Anne Carroll Moore

THERE is ample precedent this year for the future publication of a fair proportion of children's books in the spring.

The lists of some publishers announce several titles, others two or three, with new editions of such favorites as Eliza Orne White's delightful "Little Girl of Long Ago" and Abbie Farwell Brown's "Lonesomest Doll". One, at least, of these two New England authors is writing a new children's story. The variety and range in the books listed indicates that the claims of boys and girls as readers and purchasers of books, rather than as the mere recipients of them at holiday time, are being considered.

I believe this is one of the most important signs of a time in which a book written for the children of one country may command almost immediate attention in other countries, if it is good enough to justify an effective introduction. But what constitutes an effective introduction to one book may be entirely inappropriate for another. This is understood in considering books for grown ups. It is time to stop pigeonholing children's books, if they are to play the part they seem destined to play in creating and extending genuine international sympathy and understanding. They must be treated less like holiday toys and portable educational equipment, and more like books from the very beginning. Less concentrated seasonal publication, better informed advance announcement of fewer titles,

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and a further development of discriminating reviews of individual books are bound to restrict the use of the juvenile tag to the type of book to which it belongs by every inherited right and implication. As a convenient trade distinction it will doubtless persist; that it should continue to stand in the way of fresh creative writing is inconceivable in the face of the crying need all over the world for new forms of beauty, wit, romance, and reality, as well as for the wider distribution of those children's books which have already proved their claim to a high place of their own.

We have a unique and priceless possession in the best of our children's stories of American life. Written for the delight and out of true love of our own children, they have enlightened, cheered, and amused millions of immigrant fathers and mothers of the children of other countries. In translation they have passed to countries so utterly different, in customs and traditions, from our own, that we might wonder by what token the same stories are loved and remembered, if we did not so often hear from the lips of travelers, "I have always loved your children's stories. They are of American life, yet they appeal to the universal heart. Will you be so kind as to show me two or three books by recent writers who are as good as your Louisa Alcott and Mark Twain? I should like to take some of the new books home with me but I feel confused by the numbers I have seen in the shops. They seem so much alike."

I was thinking of such inquiries as this when a promising young writer came to tell me that he could not face writing another children's book. He had published two.

"It's not the children", he explained, "and it's not the form of writing. I've done nothing in which I've felt more satisfaction than in my children's stories. It's what happens to the books and to me personally. It's the silly form of the advertising. It's that column, 'Juvenile', at the end of all the reviews—a regular death trap for a writer, that column! every kind of book jumbled in together with no appraisal of anything. Worst of all, wherever I go, and especially where there are children of any age, I am no longer free to pass along *naturally*. I am singled out and introduced in a way to make me wish I had never been born. There's no escape; I'll soon be tagged 'juvenile author' for a fixed age limit. I'm going to beat it before I begin to hate children."

"Oh, no you're not", was my reply, for he was by no means the first to come with a similar tale. "You are going to stay and play St. George. 'Juvenile' is a somewhat scaly but not an invulnerable dragon. The publishers' spring announcements prove that. Have a look at their headings and take heart: Books for Boys and Girls, Fiction for Men and Boys, Books for Young People, Children's Books. One publisher even announces two important children's books under no specific heading and gives each of

Morning and May
—From "Come Hither"

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them an adequate descriptive note. Other publishers have been doing it for some time."

"For well known poets, novelists, historians, or scientists", said he; "but what possible chance has a free lance writer who has not arrived at distinction in any field if he or she happens to write a successful children's book first? Answer me that after you've told me the names of the authors of the two books listed without a heading."

I handed him the list and he read: "'Peacock Pie' by Walter de la Mare, with forty pictures in color and line by Claud Lovat Fraser. I might have known it!" he exclaimed. "One has absolutely no chance, of course."

"I think you have the biggest chance in the world", I said, "if you keep straight on working and appraising everything you do on the basis of sound criticism. Writing for children, like daily living with them, requires the constant sharpening of all one's faculties, the fresh discovery of new heights and depths in one's own emotions, the saving conviction that children have as many and as varied tastes in reading as grown ups. Kenneth Grahame says they have just as much 'sense', that it is only 'experience' they lack. In the matter of their reading, I think they have more sense since they are entirely unconcerned with other people's opinions of books. When they are bored they stop reading the book. 'I didn't like that book', is reason enough and it admits of no arguments.

"You probably need an entirely new lead for your next book. Why not surprise even yourself and try something nobody associates with you?"

"There's one thing I've always wanted to do", he began hesitatingly, "but I've never seen my way clear to trying it out. What would you think of . . . ?"

"I don't need to think about that", I replied. "I've been waiting at least ten years to see somebody do it. If you feel it's in you, begin it today. That's the first step to clearing the way.

"And now, since it seems to you and to many others so very easy for a well known poet or novelist to publish a children's book, let's come back to 'Peacock Pie' and Walter de la Mare. Do you realize how long it was before he became known in England and America?

"Some day the story will be written of how a new poet stepped into the twentieth century — 'the century of the child' — with a little book of chilren's songs in his hand, and how, thanks to a welcoming word from Andrew Lang, de la Mare's 'Songs of Childhood' was published and became known and cherished by the fortunate few who possessed it before the first edition went out of print and became a collector's find.

"The reader of this future bit of literary history may wonder why, in an age of much publishing of children's books, of poetry societies, and children's libraries, a true poet's gift to the children of his time was not passed along to the children at once. We have always been a little too fearful of giving new poetry to children, even if it is clearly addressed to them. 'Isn't it more *about* children than for them?' we often say, without making any effort to find out. The children alone can tell.

"In this instance we have waited twenty one years for a new edition of 'Songs of Childhood'. I think children will like the colored pictures and the black and white drawings Estelle Canziani has made for it, although

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Feasts: Fairs: Beggars: Gipsies
—From "Come Hither"

the book appears in a form more attractive to grown people than to children and was designed for the double appeal. 'Peacock Pie', first published in 1913, was hailed by the critics as 'the flowering of an exquisite genius for writing quaint nursery rhymes, fairy lyrics and ballads that can fascinate the mind of a child'.

"Then came the war, and a children's edition of 'Peacock Pie' with pictures by W. Heath Robinson did not appear until 1916. In that same year Walter de la Mare came to America to receive the prize awarded to his friend, Rupert Brooke. You doubtless read his address at the time it was given, but you had not then begun to write books for children. Get a copy of 'Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination' and read it again after you've made sure of a copy of the first edition of 'Come Hither'.

"Better than any magic carpet is the power of this lovely book to transport you from wherever you are at any hour of day or night to the place where the poet dwells apart. At first I felt disappointed that Mr. de la Mare included no poems of his own in an anthology which seems their native heath, but I now realize it is better so. He lives in the book, a gracious host to those who cannot follow him to Tishnar as well as to those who can.

"You may choose to read 'The

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Story of This Book' first, and a fascinating story de la Mare makes of his introduction; or you may prefer to lose all sense of time and space and personal identity among old rhymes and ballads, new songs and lyrics which follow one another in melodious order. But wherever you begin, don't fail at some time to read straight through 'About and Roundabout' — those pages and pages of fascinating notes — read as you might read a book about poetry if there was a book like it."

"Isn't this a book for lovers of poetry rather than for children? Will children read introductions and notes?"

"Children are the greatest of all lovers of poetry", I said. "They will read whatever interests them wherever they find it. Dr. Watts's 'Sluggard' completely fascinated me. I too peeped into his garden and saw 'the wild brier'. When I found him as one of the first selections and read the amusing note about him I realized how charmed I should have been had I come upon this book unexpectedly in childhood. It isn't an anthology to look up poems in, although it has an excellent index. It's a book to look yourself up in to see how far you've come. It is more than a book. It is the testimony of a living poet of childhood to the reality of his own experience of the continuity of the life of the imagination. I think 'Come Hither' belongs in every reference and school library in the country. It holds the key to so many other books.

"Take 'Crossings' for instance, de la Mare's own fairy play. None of the critics have understood or appreciated the significance of this play. They have said of it:

"'It's not producible.' 'Not de la Mare at his best.' 'Not the kind of play I expected of him.' Admitting the fairies in it are the poet's own fairies, they deny the reality of a child like little Ann and deplore the language in which she speaks and the unnatural circumstances in which the children are placed.

"Well then, these are the exact circumstances in which many of the children of today are placed and Walter de la Mare is saying in his way and in his time very much the same thing that Charles Lamb said to Coleridge about Mrs. Barbauld and the Didactic School. It's time we all realized that de la Mare is profoundly concerned with education. Not as a theorist but as a poet who has tried and proved his philosophy of life.

"'Crossings' not producible! It was produced several years before it was published. Armstrong Gibbs tells a moving story of the origin of this play and its first production in 'The Sackbut' for January, 1922. Mr. Gibbs, who is one of the younger English composers, was in 1918 in charge of the music at a boys' school at Brighton. Although he knew de la Mare very slightly at the time, he conceived the idea of asking him to write a play to be given by boys varying in age from eight to fourteen years. 'Never was impudence more richly rewarded', says Mr. Gibbs. 'Early in the new year, Walter de la Mare came down to the school with this lovely fantasy in his pocket.' The play, with its accompanying music, took the school by storm and during the eight weeks of rehearsal and in the final performance the boys were absolutely given over to its beauty, its hominess, and its jollity. Mr. de la Mare, with other men from outside the school, superintended the

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production, which was given under the poorest of physical conditions in an old schoolroom. The music, scored for flute, string quintet, and piano, was composed by Armstrong Gibbs and formed an inseparable part of the whole conception.

"Something of the joy that went into this very unusual production still lingers about the play in the printed book. As a play to read I know that many boys, as well as girls, will like it. As a human document on bringing up children it is unique. Aunt Agatha is never converted to fairies, not even when she visits Crossings herself. When all her gloomy predictions fail, she is driven away in the same rickety old cab which brought the four children there to find their freedom."

"I like the idea of the play and its variety — the Ghost and the Fairy Wine — the Butcher, the Baker, the Candlestick Maker — the Eskimo tea party in the snow. It's got rollicking good humor and touches of genuine pathos", said the young writer as he turned the pages of "Crossings". "The pictures are pleasant but lifeless. De la Mare must be difficult to illustrate, he's so pictorial himself."

"The sense of a living child and humor would work wonders for his 'Three Mulla-Mulgars' ", I said. "Five years ago, when it was first published in America, I felt doubtful of its success as a children's book. Now that I know how much it is liked by a few children and remember that Walter de la Mare first told the story to his own children, I feel confident that it would be liked by many more if we could have a less expensive edition with more childlike pictures. There's nothing distinguished about the illustrations for 'A Child's Day', but inside of a year they have made a popular book of one that was scarcely known before, although it had been in print for some years. This book is an unconscious challenge to the bedtime story, for it's a getting-up-in-the-morning story in verse for little children and is already claimed by the children of the libraries as an 'Easy Book'."

"I hadn't realized the extent and the variety of work de la Mare has been doing for children", said the hesitating writer of children's stories. "Nursery rhymes, ballads and songs, lovely lyrics, stories in verse, this delightful fantastic story of the three monkeys, a play, an anthology that's a genuine creation — and he's scattered them all along the way with novels in between. He seems to have had no special period for his children's things."

"No," I agreed, "he hasn't; and that may be one of the reasons why 'The Memoirs of a Midget' came to be just as it is — so different from all the other novels of the time. It's worth thinking about."

"Tell me the name of the other writer who is listed without any special heading."

"Charskaya is her name and she is well known in Russia as a writer of children's stories. This one, 'Little Princess Nina', must have been written before the war. It's the most refreshingly real and highminded story for girls that I've read in years. Princess Nina is an individual character with a vivid and lovable personality. She's quite different from the made up heroines of most girls' books. She has some thrilling adventures in her native Caucasus, and when at the age of twelve she goes to school in Petrograd, one realizes what may be made of a school story for girls. The translation by Hana Muskova glows with beauty and dramatic

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quality from beginning to end. The text is independent of illustrations, and I hope it will have no pictures when it is first introduced here. Nina will then take her place as a character of individual appeal to girls of the early teens.

"Translations are getting better and better. Mrs. Mokrejs, who has done a little book of Devil Stories from Adolf Wenig's 'Tales from Bohemia', has rendered these stories with utter simplicity and sincerity after years of mellowing work upon them. The illustrations and make up of the book, designed by Josef Wenig, give it the appearance of an attractive book printed in Prague rather than in Boston. This seems to me as it should be, and makes of it a distinct contribution to international folk literature for children.

"'Poum, The Adventures of a Little Boy', written out of the combined child memories of Paul and Victor Margueritte, you have doubtless read in French. It is well known in France, both as a child story and an unusual bit of autobiography of two distinguished novelists. The recent translation of 'Poum' into English by Bérengère Drilliers is a delightful book to read aloud at any time and invaluable to associate with the reading and study of modern French history. Children will like to know that the two brothers were the sons of the famous General Margueritte of the War of 1870, and that all the characters and the setting are drawn from life. Although Poum's environment is French, certain of his adventures make him kin to children living anywhere. Far more effective than any books obviously written to promote friendship between nations is the simple record of experiences of universal human appeal, such as Poum's adventure with the hats of the distinguished guests of the dinner party. Every American child knows how fascinating it is to steal into the room where the hats of visitors have been left and secretly try them on. That

Evening and Dream
—From "Come Hither"

Poum should find the cook, the coachman, the butler, and other servants there before him, having their fun with the General's white plumed hat and the Bishop's beaver, lends a touch of unexpected comedy to his own adventure.

"And here is 'Monsieur and Madame', at one and the same time a new and amusing picture book for any child and a series of unforgetable visual impressions of the genders which are the Waterloo of most English students of the French language. Louis Glackens has contributed a gay stream of laughter to international understanding by these original and excellent drawings. Edwin Dimock wrote the short verses in easy French which accompany the pictures.

"There is a chapter called 'The

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Truth about the French', which will illuminate the minds of many English speaking grown ups, as well as children, in Sidney Dark's 'Book of France for Young People'. Mr. Dark's companion volume about England also rings true with a new spirit of getting better acquainted with other countries, as well as with one's own. These two books are up to date in their information and more readable than similar histories have been, and they come at a moment when libraries and schools are feeling the need of new histories.

"'A Traveler's Letters to Boys and Girls', by Caroline M. Hewins, forms another connecting link. To English speaking children traveling in Italy, England, and Scotland, the book will reveal many golden secrets.

"'Billy Barnicoat', the romantic tale of a strange baby boy who was washed up from the wreck of a Spanish ship on the Cornish coast, contributes something not to be found in any of the other books."

"How about 'Nicholas' with his letters from France and his adventures in England as well as New York and New England? Doesn't he belong with such books as these?" asked the writer of children's stories.

"There's no telling where Nicholas belongs until he's published", said I.

"And when is 'Nicholas' coming out of drydock?" he asked.

"Since many other people are also asking the whereabouts of 'Nicholas', I may say that his publication was delayed until spring by the unfortunate circumstance that his author proved a too relentless critic.

"Katharine Adams's 'Redcaps and Lilies' was also delayed in publication. Miss Adams writes her stories for girls against a background of life in the countries she has lived in. Her new story, which is of France at the time of the Revolution, will find many waiting readers among girls who already know her 'Mehitable', 'Midsummer', and 'Wisp'.

"I'm glad this story of two chick-

A Little Girl of Long Ago. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Lonesomest Doll. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Peacock Pie. By Walter de la Mare. With pictures by Claud Lovat Fraser. Henry Holt and Co.

Songs of Childhood. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Estelle Canziani. Longmans, Green and Co.

Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination. By Walter de la Mare. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Come Hither: A Collection of Rhymes and Poems Made for the Young of All Ages. Edited by Walter de la Mare and Embellished by Alec Buckels. Alfred A. Knopf.

Crossings, A Fairy Play. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Three Mulla-Mulgars. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Alfred A. Knopf.

A Child's Day. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. Henry Holt and Co.

Little Princess Nina. By L. A. Charskaya. Translated by Hana Muskova. Henry Holt and Co.

Beyond the Giant Mountains. By Adolf Wenig. Translated by Mrs. John Mokrejs. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Poum, The Adventures of a Little Boy. By Paul and Victor Margueritte. Translated by Bérengère Drilliers. Alfred A. Knopf.

Monsieur and Madame. By Edwin Dimock. With drawings by Louis Glackens. Harper and Bros.

The Book of France for Young People. By Sidney Dark. George H. Doran Company.

The Book of England for Young People. By Sidney Dark. George H. Doran Company.

A Traveler's Letters to Boys and Girls. By Caroline M. Hewins. The Macmillan Co.

Billy Barnicoat. By Greville MacDonald. Illustrated by Francis Bedford. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Nicholas. By Anne Carroll Moore. With drawings by Jay Van Everen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Redcaps and Lilies. By Katharine Adams. With drawings by Jay Van Everen. The Macmillan Co.

Silky Buff and Dotty Jack. By Flavia Canfield. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

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ens, 'Silky Buff and Dotty Jack', was not held over until fall. It seems to belong to the spring when chickens are coming out of the shell and it has both an out and out country flavor and an international touch, for the chickens go to England. Flavia Canfield, who is Dorothy Canfield's mother, knows both chickens and children, and she tells a grandmother's story with the charm of naturalness and not a little humor. You may not care to read about chickens but those who do will like it."

"I know nothing at all about chickens", said this writer of children's stories, "but you've made me want to try my luck again." And then he added, "To write of what you know, in fact or fancy, and know so well that it shines clear when the searchlight of a child's imagination is turned upon it — that's about what it all comes to, isn't it?"

A SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF BOOKS FOR CHILDREN CHOSEN FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS

THE SCHOOL OF POETRY, AN ANTHOLOGY —Chosen for Young Readers by Alice Meynell—*Scribner*. Mrs. Meynell introduces each poem with a brief characteristic comment. The distinction of this anthology is in the selection by a true poet and critic.

UNE GUIRLANDE DE POESIES DIVERSES: FROM THE SONG OF FRANCE—Chosen and translated by Grace Warrack—*Appleton*. This delightful selection from the old Noëls and the more recent poetry of France will be of special interest to high school boys and girls who are reading French. In it France and Scotland are reunited by the old Celtic ties.

VERSE OF OUR DAY — Compiled by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King—*Appleton*. A more inclusive than discriminating anthology of modern American and English poetry and verse, based on a selection made by the boys and girls of a high school.

OLD SONGS IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH—Illustrated by Rie Cramer—*Penn*. There is nothing distinctive about this book but it will make an acceptable addition to the popular books of songs for children.

CHILD SONGS FROM HAWAII—By Ermine Cross and Elsa Cross. Illustrated by Jessie Shaw Fisher—*Birchard*. An attractive book of songs with a very genuine appeal to little children. Words, music, and pictures are fresh and varied.

THE FAIRY GREEN—By Rose Fyleman—*Doran*. Rose Fyleman's "Fairy London" is here extended to "The Malverns", to "Dunsley Glen", to "The Hayfield", in new and charming verses.

THE ROSE FYLEMAN FAIRY BOOK — By Rose Fyleman—*Doran*. This book is made up entirely of selections from "Fairies and Chimneys", "The Fairy Flute", and "The Fairy Green".

THE RAINBOW CAT—By Rose Fyleman—*Doran*. Miss Fyleman's stories lack the simple magic of her fairy verse. This book will, however, have a temporary appeal for the younger children.

A PARIS PAIR: THEIR DAY'S DOINGS—By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown. Illustrated by Barbara Haven Brown—*Dutton*. A delightful, inexpensive picture book in color, with a clever verse in English for each hour in the day of two French children.

THE CLEVER LITTLE PEOPLE WITH SIX LEGS—By Hallam Hawkesworth—*Scribner*. Accurate science presented in a clear, personal, and interesting way. Each chapter represents a month in the insect world. Mr. Hawkesworth's earlier books "The Strange Adventures of a Pebble" and "The Adventures of a Grain of Dust" have been tried and found admirable.

THE FIRST DAYS OF KNOWLEDGE — By Frederic A. Kummer—*Doran*. Mr. Kummer's "The First Days of Man" has already made a distinct place for itself among informational books for younger children. His second book is equally readable.

INTO THE FROZEN SOUTH—By Scout Marr —*Funk & Wagnalls*. The English Boy Scout who wrote this book made the voyage to the Antarctic with Sir Ernest Shackleton in 1921. Shackleton helped him plan a book which is sure to interest boys and their fathers.

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KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER—By Anne and Dillwyn Parrish. Illustrated by the authors—*Macmillan.* Some children like this book. To others, nature and fancy seem confused and involved in it.

HOWARD PYLE'S BOOK OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT—Compiled by Merle Johnson, with Narrative Text from Original Sources edited by Francis J. Dowd—*Harper.* The value of this book is in the 200 or more pictures by Howard Pyle representing events in American history. The text is painstakingly dull.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR — By Michael Pupin—*Scribner.* The first chapter of this absorbing autobiography, "What I Brought to America", and much of what follows will be read by boys and girls until an edition of their own appears.

THE BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL—By Abbie Farwell Brown—*Stokes.* The true story of the life of a great American composer, "the boy who never grew up". This book should be of interest to all music lovers as well as to the boys and girls for whom it was written.

ELLA, A LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL OF THE SIXTIES — By Eva March Tappan — *Houghton Mifflin.* "Short words don't make reading easy and long words don't make it hard . . . it's the way they write that makes it hard or easy." This little book rings true from beginning to end.

BARRY THE UNDAUNTED—By Earl Silvers —*Appleton.* A story of high school boys and girls with an element of civic interest.

DOWN THE BIG RIVER—By Stephen Meader —*Harcourt, Brace.* A story of the days when the Ohio Valley was being settled, by the author of "The Black Buccaneer".

THE SECRET OF HALLOWDENE FARM—By Doris Pocock—*Appleton.* An interesting story for girls with a very likable boy and a mystery. The farm is in Devonshire.

TALES FROM TIMBUKTU—Collected and retold by Constance Smedley. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* A fresh collection of tales from the East rendered with true feeling for the Orient.

NEW EDITIONS

THE JAPANESE FAIRY BOOK—By Yei Theodora Ozaki—*Dutton.*

THE GREEN WILLOW—By Grace James. Illustrated by Warwick Goble—*Macmillan.*

IN DESERT AND WILDERNESS—By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Max Drezmal. Illustrated by Remington Schuyler—*Little, Brown.*

THE LITTLE DUKE—By Charlotte Yonge —*Duffield.*

LADY GREEN SATIN AND HER MAID ROSETTE —Translated from the French of the Baroness des Chesnez.—*Macmillan.*

WHEN THE KING CAME — By George Hodges—*Houghton Mifflin.*

—From "Come Hither"

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CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN AUTO-BIOGRAPHIES

III

BOOK HUNGER

By Honoré Willsie Morrow

WHEN I was a little girl about six years old, the family fortunes or rather misfortunes took us for a few years to a little Illinois mining town. It was set flat on the prairie with a very large creek flowing through its centre, also a very large canal along which traveled canal boats of a size to accomodate a whole family. Over the creek was a broad flat bridge and over the canal was a high, high, red iron bridge.

Our house stood on the top of a hill near the street that was crossed by the creek and the canal. It was a large white house with green blinds and was surrounded by a very high picket fence. In the front yard were four or five huge pine trees. In the side yard was a tamarack tree which towered higher than the house. On the side of the house opposite from the tamarack was a delightful thing: an iron pipe set into an artesian well from which ran a steady little jet of water. This jet, in the course of years, had worn a doll's size river across the yard and this rivulet was the choicest plaything in our possession. There was a slanting cellar door at the back of the house, too slivery for a slide, and there was a spooky old barn into which one seldom ventured because there was a devil wild man who lived under the loft stairs. My brother told me so.

The house had many windows and many rooms heated in winter by base burners with glowing red eyes. There was a bookcase in the living room with almost all grown up books in it; Byron in a set of tiny blue leather volumes on the top shelf and "Tom Jones" in brown leather on the bottom shelf. The base burner in the living room was interesting. On its top was a bronze statuette of a knight on a charger. The front of it was mostly isinglass but the back of it, under the stove pipe connection, had printing on it in tiny raised type. This printing comprised the first sentence which I learned to read:

SEE LIST OF PATENTS ON THE BOTTOM.

It was a stupendous moment in my life when I came from behind the stove one snowy afternoon when I was about six and pronounced the sentence to the family. The list of patents *was* on the bottom, too! I learned to read the list by putting my head under the stove when the fire was low.

I was born with a capacity for terrible hungers! One chief memory of this period in my life is of praying passionately, night after night, that the Lord change my blue eyes and black hair to yellow ringlets and brown

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eyes like Phronsie Pepper's and that He find me more books to read. Oh, for books, for books! I had exhausted all the juvenile possibilities of our bookcase by the time I was eight. Our town, though very large, having perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, had no public library. But though the Lord remained obdurate concerning my style of beauty, He did lead me to two or three caches of books.

Over back of us, in a small cottage covered with grape vines, lived a very nice man with grey whiskers. This man made soap for a living. His son Tom, who had epileptic fits, collected fat from the farmers and the father turned it into soap—an astounding alchemy! Then, on a day, young Tom was found dead among the barrels of fat which he was driving home. After he was buried I saw his father crying behind the barn in which he made soap. So I climbed over our back fence and went to comfort him. After a little while he invited me in to see him make soap.

It was wonderful, that great vat full of yellow gold bubbling and smelling like a thousand wash days. The soap man allowed me to stir the strange stew made, as we mournfully agreed, from the last fat poor Tom had died a-getting. It developed during the stirring that the poor boy was "terrible fond of books". That he had owned three. That the soap man did not know their titles. I cannot recall how I got over to the soap man my uncontrollable desire to see those books, for my mother had forbidden me to borrow literature from the neighbors after I had brought home an illustrated book on Minor Surgery. But I have a vivid picture in my memory of the tall soap man leading me into the dim cottage where his fat wife knelt before a zinc covered trunk in the dead boy's room. And I recall now my heart thumped when, in response to her husband's request, her face twisted suddenly into soul tearing contortions and she burst into loud sobs:

"I won't give nothing of his away! I'll let her look at them if she sets where you or I can watch her."

She pointed to the bed under the eaves. It was covered by a blue and white patchwork quilt. On one of the pillows were stacked three books, "Pilgrim's Progress", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", Stanley's "In Darkest Africa". I had read the first two. But a moment later, I was walking back to the soap factory with Stanley in my arms. The soap man established me on a sack of oats under the window beyond the vat and I slipped away into Africa. How long it took me to finish the book, I do not know. There is a medley in my mind of many Saturday afternoons when I panted through the jungle with the smell of a thousand wash days in my nostrils, with the unbelievably beautiful vat of gold bubbling while the soap man looked from the vat to me and I was conscious that he was glad to have a child to keep him company.

It was a great tale, Stanley's "Africa", but it could not satisfy me forever. About the time I finished it, I decided to attend the Methodist Sunday School. My mother, a Unitarian, had been teaching us at home of a Sunday although the town boasted of three churches, Methodist, Baptist, and Catholic. I was quite contented with mother's teaching until I found one of my playmates reading a red bound book called "Elsie Dinsmore". She told me she had borrowed it from her Sunday School library.

Mother, bless her, must have realized by this time how relentless was

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the book hunger that drove me. For, behold me in a starched white dress with a pink Sunday School paper in my hand, standing beside the Sunday School librarian whose lesser capacity, I understood, was that of being the Methodist preacher's wife. There were at least fifty books on the shelves in the rear of the church. I recall only the ten or fifteen Elsie books and the Dottie Dimple and Prudy books. I read them all through again and again and I decided to be exactly the same kind of child that Elsie was.

As if to aid and abet me in this desire, a revivalist came to our town and held a children's evening during his week's stay. It was midsummer and burning hot on the prairies. In the twilight, with my hand in my brother's, I went to the church. It was packed with grown ups and children. There were swarms of mosquitoes and flies around the kerosene lamp that hung over the preacher's head.

He talked to us with such thrilling earnestness that when he shouted suddenly, "All the little children that love Jesus, stand up for Him!" I came to my feet instantly.

My brother jerked me violently down into my place. "You don't love Jesus. You're a Unitarian!" he hissed.

"I'm not! I'm a Methodist!" I retorted, struggling to rise.

No one heeded us, for many children were sobbing of their sins and many grown ups were shouting, "Halleluiah! Take them, Lord!", while someone was singing, "Wash me in the blood of the Lamb!"

Suddenly, as I struggled with my brother, a sinister roar like the onrush of an express train sounded above the din of the revival. In a moment, something crashed against the church. It rocked on its foundations. Someone shrieked, "Cyclone!" The lamp went out and everyone rushed for the door. I remember an awful confusion of tramping feet and of hands that pushed children down. I remember falling and I remember somehow finding myself in the open air, where, in a curious yellow light and in a cold so intense it cut to the bone, people wallowed on their knees and shrieked to God to save them.

Beyond the trees and building that it destroyed and the human beings that it injured, the tornado did no serious damage in our town save that it annihilated the Methodist Sunday School library.

I suspect my mother of twinkling eyes when I expressed an earnest desire to become a Baptist. But she did not oppose me and I began to attend the Baptist Sunday School. This school owned a library of perhaps twenty five volumes, nearly all of them the Pansy books. I recall of them only "Christy's Christmas". I cannot say that the Baptists had a profound effect on me either in a literary or a religious way. The Catholics had much more.

My chums were Agnes and Allie, the daughters of the flagman on the railroad. They were Catholic and had no Sunday School library, so they drew rather heavily on my religious resources. I had heard my mother say that the Catholic priest was the one cultured man in the town except my father, so it puzzled me that he had no Sunday School library. Agnes and Allie said that he was so good that he didn't have to read. But they were mistaken, as I later was to prove to them.

It was like this. One day I started to visit Agnes and Allie with "Christy's Christmas" tucked in the front of my sailor blouse. I had to cross the broad bridge over the very wide creek. There

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was a turtle sunning himself on a log under the bridge. I stooped far over to watch him, slipped, and only the strength of my corduroy skirt and a friendly nail saved me from joining the turtle, head first. I hung upside down screaming and watching "Christy's Christmas" float idly against the turtle's green log and a dragon fly settle on it, until a strong hand lifted me back to the bridge. It was the Catholic priest.

He had a round red face. He wiped my face with a handkerchief that smelled of tobacco and he rescued Christy, all without smiling. I was terror stricken when I saw the condition of the book.

"Whist!" he said. "I'll fix it up with my good Baptist brother. I'd do more than that for your mother's daughter. She's rare, a saint with a brain! And I've a copy of her Browning in my pocket this minute!"

I went on to Agnes and Allie's house. I loved their mother. She was tall and slender and had waving brown hair parted back from a tender madonna face. I stared up into this tender face as I told her my story and she, too, listened without a smile.

"He's a good man, Father Garritty. The girls are playing under the blackberry bushes. It's just as well you don't be reading that trash."

That night as I sat on the high post of our tall picket fence, Father Garritty brought round to me a copy of "Tom Sawyer", which I read to myself and then to Agnes and Allie under the blackberry bushes.

I certainly should have turned Catholic over "Tom Sawyer" if dear Father Garritty had made that the price of loaning "Tom" or the other books that his housekeeper guarded in his little sitting room. But he was no proselyter, and I made no return for his literary favors. I read his "Dombey and Son" with my long legs wrapped round the legs of his desk chair, a great crucifix with that ivory face of poignant beauty looking down on me as I read. I cannot read "Dombey" now without the sense of a tragic face brooding over me, while, as a far door intermittently opens and closes, boys' translucent voices rise and fall at choir practice.

It was all so long and long ago. I was still a little child when we left the prairie town, and life at the full with all its tides and turmoils was to have its way with me before I saw it again. Yet because they were experienced at the most plastic moment of my life, the days spent in that little town assumed an enormous importance in my dreams. I cannot tell you with what frequency the thoughts of the little town returned to me and with what tender yearning I lingered over them. At last the desire to see the town again became one of my hungers and three years ago I went back to it.

I got off the train with an extraordinary sense of excitement. I knew that the little place had not grown during all the years and I hoped to find it quite unchanged. My first visit was to be to the Baptist Church. I walked along the town's chief thoroughfare, scanning each face for some familiar feature. I crossed a small red iron bridge over a threadlike canal with an overgrown tow path. I crossed a beggarly little creek spanned by a narrow footbridge. I climbed the gentle slope to the spot where our house had stood. The house was there, a small affair painted white with green blinds, surrounded by a low picket fence. The trees were gone, as were the artesian pipe and the rivulet.

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Something sodden and heavy replaced my excitement. I tramped on to the Baptist Church. It had been sold to the Elks. No one knew that it ever had owned a library. I began to stop people in the street. Did they remember our family? They looked up at me—I so very tall that had been a very little girl—and shook their heads doubtfully. Where was the soap man? Dead years ago and his place burned down. Where were Agnes and Allie? Still living with their mother at the old place.

I rushed up the so weirdly familiar street, a giant in Lilliput. There it was, thank heaven, the little old house! My hand shook as I rang the bell.

A small, elderly woman opened the door and stood staring up into my face. But it still was there, the madonna look.

"Oh!" I gasped. "Don't you, won't you please remember me?"

She took the hand I held out to her and kept it while she looked up at me, at first puzzled and then with the old familiar smile. "Why, Honoré, how you have grown! Come in!"

She led me into the parlor. I sat down and gazed at her. I wanted to make her understand what this pilgrimage meant to me. How my thought of the little town was woven of the tenderest, happiest memories of my life. How I had cherished every recollection of it until it had become an important part of my existence.

"How is your mother?" she asked, gently.

"She died three months ago!" I replied.

We stared at each other, this memory-woman on whom time had set his relentless marks, and I who had lived so difficult a life. Suddenly she burst into tears, and I crossed the room and, burying my face in her lap, wept with her. . . . O time and change . . .!

Thus ended my great trip. Yet although for a time after it was over, the disillusionment and the pain threw the town and its people on the screen of my memory as they actually are, evidently it is not always to be so. For, today, when I began to set down these memories, a miracle occurred. I have been afraid for months to recall the little town. But time, which repairs quite as much as it tears down, has been at work on my truth-wounded memories!

As I write, the little bridges are high and broad again. The picket fence reaches to my chin. The pines and the tamarack sigh sweetly over the large rambling house, and I look up again into the face of Agnes and Allie's mother, loving its pink smoothness and the waving brown hair. The Methodist and Baptist libraries are flourishing facts, and over in the soap man's place a huge vat of gold bubbles as he looks down on a little girl who is traveling through the jungle. While, hallowing it all, my dear mother, so young, so vital, so tenderly understanding, pervades the very essence of my dream.

Thank God that this is so!

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

By Mary Austin

VI: GENIUS AND THE CREATIVE WISH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of articles, the first five of which appeared in* THE BOOKMAN *for November, January, February, March, and April, she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

SOME twenty five years ago, when this study was first undertaken, I made what seemed to me an astonishing discovery. It was that in the western world, since the fifteenth century, there had been not only no advance in man's method of adjusting himself to the universe by the motions of his own mind, but a general and widespread decline in this inestimable art—so widespread that it is still difficult to find, even among religious sects that make continuous use of such spiritual exercises, anybody who can intelligently discuss the origin, evolution, and comparative methods of prayer and meditation.

Fortunately I was in a position to make direct observation of primitive prayer methods. Persistent reading led me finally to the treasure house of fifteenth century experience, and a later visit to Rome enabled me to pick up there the interwoven strands of Greek and pagan Italian methods, leading directly back to what I had already learned among the Amerindian tribes. Though the great vein of Christian experiment seems to have pinched out about the middle of the fifteenth century, during the first quarter of the twentieth there has been a revival of interest in the subject on a non-sectarian basis, which is rapidly clearing the way to a thoroughly scientific study of the place of prayer in the life of the individual.

Man's primitive guess at the nature of the world in which he lived was that it was made up very much as he was, of material substance and a kind of mysterious energy which he called *mana* or *wokonda,* now known as "psychic energy", or "dynamic psyche". It was therefore perfectly natural for the primitive to attempt to affect the *wokonda* of the world with his own *wokonda,* and to make the inevitable discovery that there was an immediate connection between getting what he wanted and the intensity of his wish for it. What the primitive thought was that he created his wish out of the particular dynamic psyche he prayed to, by the energy of his prayer.

Back of every known system for readjusting the relations between yourself and your universe, lies this creative wish. All methods of effective prayer, under which term all such exercises are classed, may be described as systems of successful wishing. I

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say all methods of *effective* prayer, because there are methods of prayer which are not effective either in the direction or to the degree that they are supposed to be. There is a form of prayer very widely in use among Christian sects, which is so far from being creative that it might almost be described as the Prayer of the Unwishful.

People in whom the power of wishing is feeble are content with a type of spiritual exercise which tends merely to keep them in a state of spiritual equilibrium, "reconciled". It is only under the pressure of personal anxiety or disaster that they rise to the pitch of creative energy necessary to make a prayer effective. But since most people do not know the difference between creative energy and emotional intensity, their prayers, even at their best, seldom rise beyond emotional pleading, in which the wish energy is futilely discharged, and the unwishful equilibrium restored. Most people's prayers end there, in a great sense of release and consolation. Later, when it is discovered that, after all, the desired thing did not happen, it is rationalized as being not compatible with the Will of God. I was brought up on this system. But when the time came when it was important for me to have my prayers answered explicitly, and I discovered that the state of equilibrium attained by emotional prayer meant nothing whatever in respect to the granting of my wish, I was as mad as a woman is when she first discovers that the love vows of a man are only an expression of feeling, and not of intention. I was simply hopping mad, and had I not had among my acquaintance many Indians who actually could get their prayers answered as stated, I might have concluded, as so many of my generation did, that the whole business of prayer is a superstition based upon a nearly negligible element of autosuggestion.

The difference between autosuggestion and autoprayer is explicit. In autosuggestion the wish element is wanting, or only slightly indicated. The exigencies of the immediate-self determine the nature of the suggestion, and the intelligence shapes the formula. The deep-self is called to attention, hears your voice repeating the suggestion, and is dismissed to work it out in the pattern of its own experience. In autoprayer the whole interest of the psyche is engaged, the mechanism being set in motion by the wish energy. Capacity for creative wishing is by no means a universal endowment. Many people suppose themselves wishing, when they are merely longing, or, as Christian Scientists say, "expressing a lack". Everybody is familiar with the literary type who thinks he is creating a literary reputation when he is really pining for one, as a mid-Victorian maiden pined for her lover. Most creative workers think they are wishing desperately for money, when as a matter of fact they are merely expressing desperate annoyance at not having any. Unless there is a strong, sustained, deep seated wish, prayer is as idle as in the early Nineties we used to think it.

Autosuggestion is addressed to the deep-self as an entity. Autoprayer is addressed to nothing in particular unless it be to the innate creativeness of Mind. It is a cry for help, driven down into the subconsciousness by the energy of wishing. You wish, perhaps, to write a play. You wish it to be the best possible play you could write, wishing not only with the intelligence which advises you of all the advantages to be derived from a well made play, but with the active impulse

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of the deep-self, the same deep-self that pushed you out of your mother's womb when it had completed the body pattern, and is now seeking expression for itself in dramatic form. You have a general concept of the play you wish to write, not too explicit, since you already know that a better play can be produced by subconscious processes than by the immediate consciousness. But because no man really knows his whole capacity, you do not know exactly how good a play you can write. It may be worse or better than your concept, according to the nature of the more or less concealed content of your deep-self. So you push the wish down and down, seeking . . . seeking.

Presently you begin to be dimly aware of the play taking shape, flowing and changing as weed is seen to change in dim ocean depths. As it shapes, you can alter the force or direction of the wish energy, to develop the humor, to bring out the climax of the third act. That is another reason why I do not care for the term "subconscious"; as a matter of fact, the *sub*conscious is never, normally, wholly *un*conscious. Or if it is, then action becomes completely automatic, inferior in character, amorphous, like the stuff that is written on Ouija boards. There is scarcely a moment, from the initiation of the autoprayer until the completed work is lifted clear into immediate consciousness, when the working artist is not to some extent aware of the process going on within him. Intervals of intensive prayer alternate with longer phases of attentive awareness. For the young worker it is important that the attitude of attention be not broken into so frequently or so sharply as to occasion suspension of the process. Probably most of the irritability popularly charged to the creative worker comes from undue interruption of creative states of mind, really as detrimental to psychic well being as similar unwarranted interruptions of the digestive process are to the body.

But as the deep-self becomes accustomed to responding to the autoprayer, the superficial attention is more easily released. May Sinclair tells me that with years of practice, the response has become almost as instant for her as the ringing of a bell within the house at the door of which you have just pushed the button. The unaccustomed worker, however, must watch himself, lest in the relaxation of attention he begin to fill in the lapses of the creative process, set in motion by the autoprayer, with literary inventions. Or, and this is a still more serious handicap, the pride of intellect, and the dependence on imitative formulas resulting from what is called "literary education", lead to deliberate interference on the part of the immediate-self. For the immediate-self can only invent; all creativeness is subjective. Even when the work is well along toward completion, it is safer to pray for explicit details than to try to supply them from the intelligence. It is probable that a well prayed over piece of work is conceived whole, though it may be mutilated in the delivery through temperamental failure.

Everybody uses this form of autoprayer, according to his disposition. I have seen Herbert Hoover so profoundly and continuously occupied with subconscious activity that the very air around him seemed to vibrate. Having been brought up a Quaker, to whom prayer is an outward withdrawal for the purpose of inward activity, the Honorable Secretary of Commerce would not object to my calling the process prayer. But a distiguished English novelist who had

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just told me that he made a practice of remaining absolutely quiescent as long as possible after driving in the creative wish, was shocked at my terminology — prayer in his mind being indissolubly associated with a Sunday morning, a hassock, and a silk hat. Probably most people will have to rid themselves of a lot of pious association, and of the inferential relation of prayer to moral systems and religious doctrines, before they can have free and successful use of the prayer process. That is not to say that a sincerely prayerful person may not find his habits and ethical outlook modified favorably thereby. A state of creative activity seems to be the highest state of spiritual health, and would naturally tend to be expressed in every department of experience.

This stripping of prayer forms of their doctrinal implications is especially important in making practical use of the mechanisms of prayer to Something Outside the self, particularly in Christian countries where the intermediate personalizations of Power are figured as Saints. Personally I don't mind praying to St. Francis, because if he is still active on this plane I am sure he would be happy to help me in some of my enterprises. And if this should prove not to be the case, I know by experience that anything prayed to answers *in the degree of my sympathetic appreciation* of *what the thing prayed to symbolizes*. In Italy there is many a candle burned to the Holy Hurry Up, otherwise St. Expedite, though there was never any calendared saint of that name. Owing perhaps to some temperamental incapacity for getting help in this fashion, the Anglo-Saxon people have rather abandoned the Saints. But around the north shores of the Mediterranean one finds Saints taking the place of the lesser Greek and Roman deities, which were themselves personalizations of the more primitive notion of a sacred essence residing in each created thing. Through communication with these embodiments, it was believed, man might work that Essence to his advantage. So the Greek had Aphrodite for the essential energy of sexual passion, and Apollo for the moving power of music, as pagan Rome had Mars for war and Hercules for the cattle market, "Pomona for the orchard and Liber for the vine". In the same manner Christian Rome sanctified the martyrs for the use of personal occasions — St. Anthony for things lost, Santa Lucia for the blind, St. Joseph for women on journeys or in need of husbanding.

Now no system of spiritual exercises can spread itself over millennium long cultures, remaining practically the same in all of them, unless by good evidence and to a considerable degree it accomplishes for man what it promises. All these personalized instrumentalities are so many ways of saying that if man puts himself in direct personal sympathy with the essential essence of whatever he deals with, he deals more successfully. There is something in the American temperament, not too unlike the early Roman, that makes me think that if we personalized Liberty as the large, restrained, powerful thing it is, and said our prayers to it, we should do much more for ourselves than we do now with it as a word in the preamble of the Constitution, or as an emotional state generated around a soap box on the street corners.

Almost anybody with the artistic temperament can demonstrate by a little experiment the special uses of prayer directed to the Saints. A translator, for instance, might suc-

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cessfully address herself to St. Jerome, who made himself so lucid a medium for pouring the Scriptures from one language to another that even the lion ceased to think of him as a man, and lay down at his feet. I practised this sort of prayer for years before satisfying myself as to the mechanism involved. And I doubt whether I should have done so, had it not been that there arises among the rather primitive peoples in our southwest, every now and then, a healer, going about in the fashion of Jesus, solitary or with a few disciples, attaining occasionally even to the level of newspaper notice. There was one last summer whom we heard of and missed. We would come to houses where he had just worked a cure, or learn that he had passed the night in the camp next to ours, or hear reports of him from the Puebleños who had sought and found him on the mesa road. From everything I have been able to learn of the methods of these men, I am satisfied that their cures are by no means all accomplished through autosuggestion, nor yet by means of that state of sustained expectancy which is called faith. Repeatedly, it seems to me, there is a definite movement on the part of the healer, sympathetically, to assume the personality of the seeker, in order to have power over it, as if he drew the seeker into himself, wherein the sick man is healed.

I should not undertake to describe these subtle operations of the spirit except for readers whose own temperamental quality enables them to understand how the actor assumes the personality of the character he is said to "create". Or how the novelist absorbs the persons of his story into himself to the point of saturation, often to discover that he is obliged to conform his story to the assumed character rather than to his original story plan. Something of the same interpenetration takes place between the healer and the healed, between the prayerful seeker and his Saint. Or, if no saint, then between him and the creative principle hidden within the phenomenon. For any sort of principle works according to law — its own law, so that if you create a miser for your story on the true psychological principle, he is likely to do truer things than you can invent for him. Similarly, if in your personalization of Courage or Chastity you work on a true understanding of those virtues, the Saint named after them will have true power over you. In such fashion as maidens gave themselves to Vesta or the Virgin, men might give themselves to Liberty or to the Comic Spirit.

It ought never to be forgotten that the two outstanding periods in the history of literature and art, the Greek and the Italian Renaissance, were periods in which men openly prayed, bowing themselves in the dusk of temples before gold and ivory semblances of the august Powers, "seeing God made and eaten all day long". Sophocles, Aristotle, Aristophanes . . . they celebrated mystic rites to augment power in themselves, burned incense on altars sacred to the essence of the thing desired. Dante, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo . . . they fingered their rosaries, carried candles on saints' days with great banners over them, genuflecting and crossing themselves. It is left for an age lacking in precisely the power they found in such fashion, to snigger at an Irish poet praying to the sea, or at our own John Muir with his head uncovered, asking a blessing from the big trees.

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THE LONDONER

The Labor Regime and the English Sense of Humor--"Riceyman Steps" and the Perfect Servant--Book Titles in General-Mr. Bennett's in Particular--"McNaught's Magazine"--Stuart Sherman's Hates and Loves.

LONDON, *April* 1, 1924.

AT the moment, of course, Londoners are thinking rather less of literature than of politics. That is not surprising. Those living outside England are also, at the moment, less interested in English literature than they are in English politics. The government of the British Empire for the first time by a Labor administration is an event in universal history. But here, where we are nearest the centre—I had almost said "nearest the storm centre"—there is more calm than outsiders might expect. The English people on the whole are amused and interested in the experiment rather than fearful of its consequences to themselves; and whether this is a question of the insensibility of folly or of the profound patience of the British nation, all observers must settle for themselves.

I am told that all Americans suppose all Englishmen to lack the sense of humor. If that is true, I do not know how to account convincingly for the prevailing attitude of the public to its present masters. This is one of humor, it is nothing more nor less. The humor may be based upon another emotion, but it certainly is humor. The other emotion may be a sense that at any moment, at the moment of its declared failure or its discredit, the Labor government can be covered with ridicule and laughed out of power. That may yet happen. I do not think it will, but it may. Or the other emotion may be a dissembled fear. The Americans and the English are alike in this, that they instinctively laugh when they are afraid or uncomfortable. I shall not attempt to decide the problem. Perhaps there are many real explanations of the present mood of the English. The two I have given may be among them, or they may be all astray. But it does not seem to me that the English are as afraid of Labor government as most other nations would be. After all, why should the English be afraid? Their Labor government has been constitutionally reached, and it is acting constitutionally. Organized Labor in this country is on the whole very moderate: it is by no means antisocial or antinational. It might by force of circumstances become so, but I do not foresee such an end. Events must be waited upon. At present London is making the ministry the subject of a tremendous amount of discreet laughter. The dinner tables of the really smart resound with stories—"*So* funny!"—of the new ministers and of their interviews with the permanent officials. The dropped aitches of the ministers and the refinement of the officials are a source of unvarying pleasure, not always at the expense, perhaps, of the ministers. One permanent official was asked how he "got on" with his new chief. "Well, it's different", said the official. "Before, when I was wanted, a bell used

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to ring in my room: now, the door opens, my chief puts his head round it, and he says, ''Ere!'" Not much chance for literature there, you will admit. But many opportunities for humor, as the permanent official who tells this story is a person of almost superhuman refinement, whose manner of speech would make him completely unintelligible to any American not used to the remoter delicacies of the true English pronunciation. I may add, for American readers, that he is monocled.

* * * *

However, enough of politics. It will be time to talk of them when the Labor government has a year's work behind it. Let us turn to other things —to "Riceyman Steps", for instance. This book has not only had a most sanguine press: it has had a very considerable sale here. The press has been remarkable for a curious emotionalism. Mr. Bennett has conquered the critics because—unwittingly and unwillingly—he has appealed to their sentimentality. The thing about the book which has captured all comers is the character of the servant maid, Elsie. Strong men have "fallen for" this marvelous maid. Women have coveted her. Elsie—in so many words —has restored faith in human nature. Restored faith, too, in Mr. Bennett's faith in human nature. Sometimes, I am told, Mr. Bennett seems not to believe in the essential goodness of human nature. He makes amends in Elsie. Now, whether Mr. Bennett does or does not believe in the essential goodness of human nature does not seem to me to matter two pins. "Riceyman Steps" is a fine book because it is full of life and the understanding of life. It has the essential quality that I was speaking about a couple of months ago. Mr. Bennett has lived up to his own recipe for good novel writing—he has created living characters. Moreover, his book is unlike other books. It is original; it holds much beauty; it is a real book. The character of Elsie is only one of three masterpieces. Now what the sentimental critic does is to yearn for "lovable people". In Elsie the sentimental critic has found somebody to love. Mr. Bennett, in other words, is suffering at this moment from the love of an immense number of readers who "want to be taken away from the sordid realities of life". The book means little to such readers—the character of Elsie, with its reassurance of belief in sweetness and light, is everything. The verdict is a distortion of Mr. Bennett's object.

I suppose the truth is that every reviewer, and every reader, needs some cynosure for the eye. The book as a whole is too large and intellectually or imaginatively exacting to offer this cynosure: it demands in the reader some considerable power of æsthetic appreciation. Hence the dead set which has been made upon Elsie. Even Rebecca West has fallen into the snare, although in a different way. Miss West, after beginning her review with encomiums upon the beauty of the female body, settles down to Elsie. And her objection to Elsie is that Elsie no longer exists. She is something belonging to olden times, Miss West says. Erudite Miss West! She has studied the servant problem, and she knows that good, disinterested servants are creatures of the past. And so Miss West neatly throws back upon Mr. Bennett the sentimentality which his picture of Elsie has aroused in other people. He is drawing, Miss West says, upon rosy memory. Now it is no part of my business to discuss the servant problem in these pages;

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but I question whether Miss West is any better informed regarding the reactions of servants to their masters and mistresses than Mr. Bennett. There are some people who discover all the worst qualities in servants, and some who discover all the best; and so it happens that the word "servant" means many different things to many different people. It is in homes as it is in hotels, and one may find cheerful and willing givers the world over. Perhaps Miss West has never enjoyed good servants. I have done so. By a strange irony it is not always the best master or mistress who is the best served. Miss West, I think, has jumped to the conclusion that men and women below stairs are not individuals. She thinks they are calculable. Her own experience should have told her that human beings are still mysterious. Finally, from my experience, I can assure her that it is possible nowadays to receive as considerate and as self effacing service as it ever was. I shall not introduce Miss West to my own servants; but they would give Elsie a fair run for her place in the hearts of sentimental readers.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bennett has just completed a new story, containing about 20,000 words, regarding the redoubtable Elsie. I know nothing of the story, and nothing of the way in which it will be published; but the fact remains. I shall be curious to see what Mr. Bennett has done with his heroine. Will it be as much to the taste of readers of "Riceyman Steps"? Impossible to judge. While I am upon this matter I should like to speak of the title "Riceyman Steps", which in some quarters has been condemned. Since I was indirectly responsible for the definite choice of that title, I wish to make some comments upon the titles of books, and in particular upon the titles of novels, and in the very strictest sense of all upon the title of "Riceyman Steps". For this I shall take another paragraph.

* * * *

The question of a title for any book in the world is always a very difficult one. It is shown to be completely a matter of chance by the changes of titles made sometimes at the eleventh hour at the request of a publisher. Take for example Mary Johnston's novels "To Have and to Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope". These are called in England "By Order of the Company" and "The Old Dominion". What was the reason of such changes? Probably other books already existed in England with the titles first chosen. Take, then, Compton Mackenzie's book, "Guy and Pauline", which is called in America "Plasher's Mead". Is that really an improvement? Some may think it is. Some evidently thought it was. Upon what principle did they work? I suppose upon the principle that a title must be intelligible, suggestive, memorable. To me, "Guy and Pauline" suggests a romantic love story—the very names being full of romantic association — while "Plasher's Mead", although charming, suggests nothing at all. However, there is always the possibility that "Guy and Pauline" has an antique implication to other people, and that it was abandoned for this reason. Some like the archaic and some do not.

What, then, is the object in designing a title, and what sort of title is most alluring? There has always been a chance for the short title, the "Kim", "Kipps", "Bunk", "Boy", "Bealby" sort of thing; and there has grown up again in late years the title enshrining a moral quality which was in vogue a hundred years ago: "Pride and Prejudice", "Self Control", "For-

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titude", "Temper", "Fraternity", and so on. The single-word title will shortly be very much of a trial—"Search", "Brass", "Siege", "Rapture", "Mirage", "Success", "Vindication", "Annihilation" are all books in the lists this season—because it is ceasing to hit by its sharpness, and is becoming a mere trick or admission that a title is a label. Readers may remember in this connection Bernard Shaw's impetuous distinction between the "Twelfth Night—or What You Will" of Shakespeare and that other (in Mr. Shaw's eyes) contemptuous fling at a sentimental public, "As *You* Like It". The title "The Something Something" lingers on, and will continue to linger, because it is obvious; but the quality or utility of it is very much at the mercy of chance. You will occasionally find an effective adjective or noun saving a title of this kind, but not often. There remain various other kinds of titles; but the most important problem for the title chooser, it seems to me, is to avoid all conventional kinds of titles (all those titles, that is, which are like other titles) and to choose that one which springs to his own mind as most appropriate to the book.

* * * *

Arnold Bennett's titles, for instance, would make a curious and interesting field for analysis and comment. Some of them seem to me to be unattractive, to be long, or greyish brown, and not always easily remembered. "A Man from the North", "Leonora", "Cupid and Common-Sense", "Whom God Hath Joined", for example, seem to me to be unattractive. Very likely I am wrong. I only mention a conviction. But Mr. Bennett has had some superb titles. He has had, among his pocket philosophies, that inspiration "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day". He has had "The Old Wives' Tale", which in spite of the fact that few people call the book by its right title is very fine. He has had "Clayhanger", which piques the curiosity, and is obviously a title for an exceptional book. You cannot imagine, of course, what title would better suit a great book than the one given to it by the author. "Tess of the Durbervilles", "The Egoist", "David Copperfield", and so on, are accepted because they are familiar. We come to them nowadays as to accepted classics, and it never occurs to us to question the titles they bear. As they are, so they always were; and they could not be otherwise. But with a new book the case is different. To return to "Clayhanger", the first book of Mr. Bennett's to follow "The Old Wives' Tale"—this title, when announced upon the heels of a great success, must have been as puzzling as "Sordello" proved. Who or what was Clayhanger? The word had no meaning; one could not assume that it was like "paper hanger". It was a unique name. Moreover, it was in the grand style, the style of "Lothair", "Pendennis", etc. I think "Clayhanger" not only a good title, but an appropriate title for a great book. It is for some reason otherwise with "These Twain", which is a title of reference rather than one of beauty or distinction.

Now, coming to "Riceyman Steps", I would say this. The book has had a large sale, showing that the title has not deterred readers. That is one point in reply to the suggestion that it is a bad title. And further I submit that nobody could associate such a title with a poor book. The book which had such a title could not be a trivial book. It might conceivably be dull, but it could not be silly. If

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"Riceyman Steps" had been called "The Miser", or "The Misers", or "Love in Clerkenwell", or "The Bookseller's Romance", we should truly have been confronted with a great book which had an unworthy title. Such a danger is past. Always henceforth, in glancing down the long list of Mr. Bennett's works, we shall be struck by one more unusual title, a title that piques curiosity: "Riceyman Steps". What does it mean? You can imagine a classic with such a title. You cannot imagine a classic with the title of "Denry the Audacious". On the other hand, "Denry" is in England called "The Card", and that is a title which may well live long, since it points a finger to a well known type. I hold to my view that "Riceyman Steps" has an air which would have delighted Dickens, and that will delight future generations.

I will here add, moreover, for the benefit of the curious, that in my opinion the finest title in the world, backed up as it is by a single line of quotation upon the page below, is "The Bride of Lammermoor". The quotation reads: "I bide my time."—*Ravenswood Motto.* If there is a more romantic title, I do not know of it. But the book that follows this wonderful title is less good than I like to think the title deserves. It is, for me, one of the minor works of a supreme romancer. My own admiration for Scott is stupendous, because he seems to me to be a real creator, who makes smaller writers contemptible. And he also had a rather fine taste in titles, for his books, whether because of their associations or not, carry their fragrance with them. "The Pirate", "Peveril of the Peak", "Redgauntlet", "The Bride of Lammermoor"—if one knew nothing whatever of them one would still start at the names.

A friend of mine has sent me a copy of a list of famous modern novels. The list is headed:

BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY

Sparkling Stories of Love and the Joy of Life

The first book to be printed under this caption is "Main Street". I should have thought that much could be said in description of "Main Street", but I am still unable to fit the book into this special frame. I should also question whether Mr. Lewis would altogether recognize his own intention in writing "Main Street".

Another friend has sent me a copy of a new American journal called "McNaught's Magazine". This magazine, as they say, is "different". It opens with a delightful paper by Stuart Sherman—the first I have read by this author, although his name is well known. The paper deals with the attitude of the novelists of the middle west region of the United States (among whom is Mr. Lewis), and describes how they are all expressing their dislike of the people and the environment of the middle west. Mr. Sherman draws attention to the fact that English poets, at a loss for delicious epithet, frequently use "English" for their purpose, that word connoting all sorts of lovely and generous emotions. By analogy, he shows the middle western writers all using the term "middle western" to denote ugliness of spirit and scene. His article is called "Falling in Hate". It is good enough to make worthwhile the purchase of "McNaught's Magazine". The rest of the periodical did not so greatly interest me; but I am sure there is an opening in the United States as in England for a magazine of this order. We want more outspoken criticism (on the

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hither side of ill breeding, of course), and a stand for constructive work. The prospects for "McNaught's Magazine", if it can induce Mr. Sherman to become a frequent contributor to its pages, seem rosy.

I am constantly assured that Professor Sherman is conservative, that he is very strict in his judgment, that he has only harsh verdicts for young writers. The explanation of such charges is to be found in "Falling in Hate". Mr. Sherman is nothing more nor less than a beauty lover. How strange! How strange that a man nowadays should love beauty and seek it in literature. Is it so strange? I am inclined to wonder whether Mr. Sherman may not perhaps have some right upon his side. At any rate, it is brave of him to come out and throw down the gage of beauty, for that takes courage. He is considerably reenforced in his charming attacks upon the hatred of the middle western novelists by the fact that his style reveals a sense of grace and beauty. Even if he is wrong—and I gather that he is at odds with Mr. Mencken—he still remains that remarkable delight, a writer who can write. I think also that he may be a critic who takes the trouble to read and comprehend any book that he may be called upon to criticize. Having encountered Mr. Sherman first in the pages of "McNaught's Magazine", I shall pursue my researches. That does not absolve readers from the need to do likewise. Since a good critic is rare, I write now to draw attention of English readers to this one. American readers, I am sure, need no introduction to one who adorns their literature.

SIMON PURE

BECAUSE WE LOVE EACH OTHER PASSING WELL

By Ruth Lambert Jones

BECAUSE we love each other passing well
We are possessed of passing cruelty
Whose devastating powers only tell
Of our devotion's singular degree.
Your lightest gesture, your most fleeting glance,
May fill me with a dull, unreasoning pain,
The words I utter by design or chance
May be the swords by which your peace is slain,
And yet were ours the coolness of dislike
The wisdom of our unconcern would bar
The selfsame things from potency to strike —
They would but seem the trifles that they are.
Wherefore to love completely is to find
That hate, despite the name it bears, is kind.

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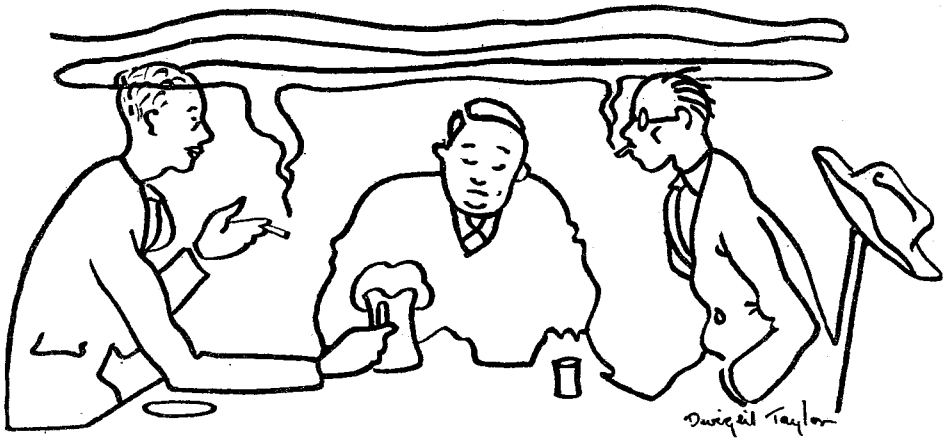

A MIDWESTERN PORTRAIT

By Ernest Boyd

With Sketches by Dwight Taylor

EVER since Chicago was declared the literary capital of America he has been coming east. The middle western intellectual, if ingratiating, is certainly not a modest fellow, and no sooner did he learn how important he was than he drew his own pragmatic conclusions. He decided that it would be wrong—nay, unpatriotic and un-American—to give to his own people what was obviously intended for mankind. There was a danger lest America should become hampered by a problem hitherto observed only in the west of Ireland, where the benevolent British government discovered what was termed Congested Districts, and proceeded to establish a Congested Districts Board to deal with the conditions resulting from a soil too poor to support the number of persons settled upon it. The middle west threatened to become an intellectually Congested District with more literati to the acre than could live there in adequate comfort. And so the great hegira began, but for which, literature and journalism in New York could never have been what they are today.

They were a hardy and hard headed breed who retraced the steps of their grandparents in their march toward the conquest of the east. On the long dark nights of Samhain, as Synge might have put it, when the wind does be whistling up Randolph Street and down Randolph Street, these sturdy men and women were grappling earnestly with the fruits of culture as dispensed by the University of Chicago, as sung by the percussionist music of Huneker's criticism, as garnered from

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the full blooded admonitory encyclicals of H. L. Mencken. Under the benign tutelage of professors who reversed the natural laws of their species elsewhere by being less sinned against than sinning, a pagan generation uttered its barbaric yawps of joy, as it tumbled pell mell into the delights of wine, woman, and ideas—the three essentials of any genuine civilization. Oh, those great open spaces of the mind, where men are men like Stendhal and Stirner, Remy de Gourmont and Flaubert, Petronius and Artzybashev, and women have an unending appetite for life and letters, in the cocktail combination of two parts life to one part letters, with a dash of absinthe—a heady but inspiring beverage.

"Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth", the Playboy of the Midwestern World has tamed the seven headed dragon of the Arts. He will invite the Muses to his studio parties and soon has his arm around their waists. His irreverence and self confidence are irresistible, and he will as soon elucidate an obscure line in Pindar as transliterate the strange hieroglyphics of Thorstein Veblen; Beethoven and Stravinsky fill him with the same delight as Irving Berlin and George Gershwin. He is no respecter of persons and will discourse upon equal terms with Anatole France and Fanny Brice; Lord Dunsany's aristocratic rudeness has no terrors for him; he takes a brotherly interest in the sex life of Dr. Sigmund Freud. His all embracing humanity is his dominant characteristic. No man is a hero to the middle west unless he is willing to submit to the familiarity which breeds respect, for beneath this surface roughness there is a profound belief in the artist, an endless curiosity and demand for creative ideas. But here is a shirt sleeved æsthetic, impatient of pomp and circumstance, that cries Camerado! with Whitmanesque good fellowship, and utters the warning: abandon all dignity, ye who enter here.

Chicago being the nursery of this lusty breed, the midwesterner naturally acquires something of its clangorous spaciousness, its wide horizon of the prairies. He looks tenderly upon a university against which even Upton Sinclair finds it difficult to maintain his goose step thesis. If he begins by discovering American professors who are actually human beings, it is little wonder that he carries with him through all his later life that democratic conviction of his, that we are all just men and women under our skins, and does not exclude from this charitable assumption even the visiting English literary gent—much to the latter's discomfiture on certain historic occasions now inscribed in the city's literary annals. "The Hog Butcher for the World" and "The Nation's Freight Handler", he does not hesitate to slaughter dull decorum, and he receives the passing flow of celebrities, of seasonal crazes, of serious artists and astute charlatans, with a little of the baggage smasher's casual and sometimes destructive efficiency.

With Robert Herrick and Robert Morss Lovett as pillars of academic fire by day, and Joe Roussel's table d'hôte a cloud of smoke by night, he made his pilgrimage into the Promised Land of art and letters. Around the Frenchman's family board he sat for forty cents, absorbing food and wine and a vague atmosphere of that distant France whose prophets he had learned to read in dog eared volumes of the "Mercure de France". Remy de Gourmont was his greatest discovery since Nietzsche was revealed to

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him in the pioneering scripture of the sage of Baltimore. From the "Livre des Masques" and Léautaud and Van Bever's anthology he extracted those names, Laforgue, Lautréamont, and so forth, with which he still conjures up visions that have been transmitted to the younger New York æsthetes. His enthusiasms at this time were generous. He had seen "Poetry" and "The Little Review" launched, in the little theatre movement he had been spurred to action while the east was still awaiting the advent of the Washington Square Players. At Schlogl's wine and good food engendered the mood in which great thoughts are freely bandied. Mrs. Havelock Ellis came and comforted groups of radical thinkers whose advocacy of birth control was merely part of a general disposition to disrupt the home and make family life as diversified as it now appears in the transcripts of "Moon-Calf", and "Many Marriages".

Schlogl's restaurant, now elevated to the dignity of a middle western Algonquin, with round table and celebrities all complete, was then an eating place for impetuous and inspired youth. The tide of culture was flowing high and broke in frothy waves against the staunch slabs of the sunburnt west. Brieux and Tagore and Montessori glamoured minds still innocent of the devilries of Jung and Freud, Guillaume Apollinaire had not yet displaced the old gods for whom James Huneker had prepared the way in his "Iconoclasts" and "Egoists", and Theodore Dreiser, *in partibus infidelium*, had begun to come into his own, and to stand forth to the world as a sign and a portent of the great Middle Western Renaissance. The book pages of the Chicago "Daily News" and "Tribune" came into the hands of the new generation and dimmed whatever remnants of glory still clung to their New York rivals. At the Dill Pickle debates and lectures engaged the nights of wondering rustics; cosmic mysteries, from free verse to free love, were unfolded; and the Seven Arts were jazzed up with saxophonic ecstasy. The syncopated rhythm of Chicago's literary life dominated the gentler music of the older spheres, and men raised their eyes to the heavens and beheld new stars in the west. H. L. Mencken, chief of the Wise Men of the East, greeted the birth of this other babe, humbly born in that barn known, with characteristic irreverence for sacred things, as the Dill Pickle, with tribute of frank incense and the myrrh of his pungent prose.

Let us gaze for a last moment upon the midwestern intellectual at this stage of his evolution, for we shall not look upon his like again. He has now reached his majority and has intimations of immortality, as the roaring loom of time weaves for him the vesture of metropolitan fame. He is the selfmade man of letters who awakes to find himself famous. His achievements have now reached that point of obvious renown when even New York editors are dimly aware of his existence and are gradually arriving at the conclusion that he is just the man they want. But those whom the gods wish to destroy are first psychoanalyzed, so our Stacker of intellectual Wheat must prepare himself for the sweets and usufructs of editorial life in New York, where every Chicagoan pleases and only the easterner is vile, in the estimation of the publishers and newspaper owners. With the increase of his familiarity with the Tree of Knowledge and the fruits of Good and Evil, he had discerned in himself a curious unrest. Now that he had a secretary of his own

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"He is the Blind Bow-Boy of literature"

he perhaps looked at her and behold, she was very good. Be that as it may, it was evident that his personality was becoming submerged in the humdrum depths of dreary domesticity, and, with the pioneering resolution of his people, he decided that the probe of psychoanalysis must enter his subconscious. The result more than justified the hopes he had conceived of this remarkable and accommodating science. As has so often happened since, after like inquiry, he got rid of his wife, and from that day he was inhibited no more.

The slogan of New York newspaperdom had now become, "Have you a little midwesterner in your home?" The great migration had begun. Not all whose upturned glance beheld with awe the starry vault of Grand Central Station arrived trailing contracts of editorial glory. The vanguard of the invaders, equipped by their studies of the Latin and French poets, naturally gravitated to lucrative posts on magazines devoted to women's underwear, or the publication of red blooded fiction. But there straggled in the rear a strange band of roving adventurers and camp followers, unkempt and aggressive, who lived obscurely on the bounty of their more fortunate compatriots, despising them for the money which was plentiful enough to help them, and publishing devastating novels and sardonic and eccentric verse. Misunderstood geniuses, these,

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naturally convinced that criticism in America has reached the lowest depths of insensitiveness to the peculiar beauties of the art of which they alone are the true craftsmen. This art is compounded of the worst faults of the Parisian eccentrics of thirty years ago and a native middle western naïveté which delights in its own dismayed but fascinated astonishment at the perverse ironies of callous nature. The inescapable fate of such as these is to lose themselves in the crowd of provincial cosmopolitans who get their typography from Paris and their ideas from Pittsburg.

The fine flower of the middle west makes no such retreat from the metaphorical Moscow of its ambition. If he has changed the more or less placid waters of Lake Michigan for the salt breezes blowing in from the dolorous sea, it is because he has come east with the same determination as his grandfather went west. His rugged soul is not saddened nor his indomitable spirit broken by the five inch thick carpet, the mahogany, glass covered and immaculate desk, the dazzling array of bell buttons and ever sharpened pencils within easy reach of his manicured hand, as he carefully selects the coming patterns for modish tailor-mades. There is the glint of vigorous youth in his eye as he approves the captions written for the photographs of celebrities by some charming young thing arrayed in such glory as to suggest the gravest doubts, until one discovers that she is the daughter of Godfearing parents, who simply cannot understand why she prefers the ardors and endurances of the magazine world to the shelter of a millionaire's home. His easy familiarity with the great world of letters, originally responsible for his being selected so aptly to fill his present post, is not by any means a memoir of his dead life. It enables him to justify his existence by making suggestions for the purchase of great fiction by hands no less eminent than those of Arnold Bennett,

"Here is a short sleeved æsthetic"

Ethel M. Dell, and H. G. Wells, or, in his more intellectual moments, even an article on the marriage problem by George Bernard Shaw.

Not only does his background of intensive culture assist him in the discharge of his editorial duties by providing him with the knowledge out of which such great enterprise alone can spring, it also stands him socially in good stead. In his apotheosis as the arbiter of all the elegances the midwesterner is called upon for social functions undreamed of in the philosophy of his rude forefathers. As the chairman at a Colony Club literary afternoon he finds that he can draw upon the accumulated wisdom of the days when he wrote for "The Little Review", of the less remote era when his book page supplied the New York publishers with the maximum of quotable material. On more festive

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occasions, when a dinner party sees him in faultless linen and the most ravishing of dress clothes, achieving the almost poetic dreams of Beau Nash himself, his conversation is amply nourished on the merest crumbs from the old feasts of reason at Joe Roussel's and Schlogl's. When he sits, with appropriate seriousness, at important first nights his boredom is tempered by fond memory of the heroic days when he took the drama seriously and was an active worker in the little theatre group back home. In brief, he reaps the rewards of a well spent youth.

The divine fire, moreover, still burns in his veins, and at times he succumbs to the old lure, renouncing the treasures at which moth and rust can get for the more insubstantial but purer joys of a literary editorship. Away from the gaudy decorations and seductive softness of the fashionable magazine editor's sanctum, he breathes the old smell of printer's ink, his nostrils quiver sensitively, mayhap a tear dims his eye as he sees the huge bales of paper being unloaded in the street below his window. The rattle of typewriters is around him, the strident shouts of an amplifier in the radio department stir up some atavistic response in the newspaperman that lives on in him. He rolls up his shirt sleeves, assures himself that the cuspidor is within convenient range, and sets out to conquer new fields. The newspaper is his spiritual home; here he can be truly himself, and New York in due course discovers that a new comet has swum into its ken. This intensely personal note, this ravenous appetite for all the arts, this style that launched a thousand tiffs, this prodigious energy, announce a literary editor who is like a theme for Carl Sandburg's poetry: "half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads, and Freight Handler". So he seems, by analogy, when compared with his effete colleagues. His daily life is an open book for all to read, and likewise that of his friends, who live in a state of delighted terror, as the record of their intellectual, amorous, and alcoholic indiscretions is spread out for the bewilderment of the multitude. He gives cocktail parties to the Muses, has them swaying to the ululations of his literary saxophone, and puts pep and punch into the adventures of his mind among masterpieces. His week is one of Bach and Bacardi, martinis and D'Annunzio, Old Testament exegesis and jazz, Marcel Proust and Paul Elmer More. He is the Blind Bow-Boy of literature, his shafts fall upon the just and unjust alike.

These crowded hours of obviously glorious life might mean the whole sum of existence to the ordinary man of letters. The midwesterner is made of sterner stuff; his final consummation is not yet, the supreme incarnation of the spirit that broods over the lonely prairie. That moment comes when he confronts us as a novelist, a successful novelist, of course, for his preliminary skirmishes need not detain us. They are usually the painful record of belated adolescence groping and clambering out of the sex morass, sinister pictures of deflected desires and thwarted passions, expressed in a prose that is as muddled and inarticulate as the author's characters themselves. When he finally achieves world fame, it is with a masterpiece peculiarly his own. It is written with all the snap of high grade advertising, but it satirizes the advertiser and his customers; it is an indictment of the American bourgeoisie drawn up in

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terms of perfect philistinism; it is the most ingenious of all devices for tickling the palate of the mob, a lampoon upon themselves by one of themselves; the distorting mirror is held up to nature by a prestidigitator who cunningly contrives his trick so that the reflection is never that of the beholder. To the sale of this work the transcendent child of the golden middle west brings all the technique of expert salesmanship. He organizes his own advertising campaign and boosts literature much as the realtors of his native burgh put over their campaigns for choice lots and desirable homes.

To this end the inscrutable laws of the universe have been at work, slowly and deviously evolving a precious type to set in the diadem of our glorious civilization. Nature with her customary prodigality seems to scatter and waste the material, the energies which have gone into this creative process. Finite man may turn over with a melancholy sigh a file of "The Little Review" and draw disconsolate conclusions from the contrast between the present position and the early promise of many whose names adorn that middle western roll of honor. He who wrote with all the rapture of youthful genius poems and prose that stirred the imagination, now edits in luxury photographs of manikins; she whose witty and irreverent fantasies were the herald of an alert and civilized sense of humor, is now the disgruntled author of unread and unreadable novels of unwashed sinks and domestic strife. But there is a divine purpose in nature, we are reminded, when the resplendent and vociferous midwestern novelist challenges us with his success on both sides of the Atlantic, at the hands of all classes of readers. The rough hewn ends of the movement have been shaped by the divinity concerned. The result is: Brighter and Better Babbitts.

SONG IN SPRING

By Marion Clinch Calkins

DEAD wife, dead wife, come out to sea.
Come out and drown my dreams for me.

I dream of spring, I dream of town.
The vacant lot has been rolled down.
The garden's plowed. With bags of seed
You stand to tell me what we need.
I clean the sod from out the walk —
I hear you sing, I hear you talk.

The ship goes up, the ship goes down.
I dream of spring, I dream of town.
Oh, any man would go to sea
But spring and dreams are hard on me.

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

By David Carb

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. CYRANO DE BERGERAC: *Walter Hampden's beautiful performance in Rostand's immortal romance.*

2. THE MIRACLE: *A pageant of much beauty in which we find again contrasted the old themes of religion and sex.*

3. SAINT JOAN: *Bernard Shaw has an emotion at last.*

4. THE SWAN: *A satire on royal matchmaking, which is to say, matchmaking. Skilfully acted and produced.*

5. FATA MORGANA: *Theatre Guild production of an extremely adroit drama of adolescence. Beautifully acted by Emily Stevens, Morgan Farley, and a large cast. (Reviewed below.)*

6. THE SHOW-OFF: *Genuinely indigenous comedy. The most important play of the year.*

7. RAIN *and* HELL-BENT FER HEAVEN: *Two excellent plays on the theme, "Sex and religion don't mix."*

8. BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK: *A gay, joyous fantasy which includes an exquisite pantomime.*

9. THE OUTSIDER: *An effective theatrical play of a medical miracle performed by an unqualified doctor and love. Made important by Katharine Cornell's superb performance. (Reviewed below.)*

10. ANDRE CHARLOT'S REVUE *is undoubtedly the funniest musical production of the season.* KID BOOTS, *with Eddie Contor, is immensely amusing.* POPPY, LOLLIPOP, THE MUSIC BOX REVUE, *and* STEPPING STONES *stir to mild admiration.*

THERE is a story, often told college students, of a luncheon in Peking given by Chinese statesmen to an American diplomat. As the guest was rising to speak his chair slipped on the highly polished floor and he slid under the table. He emerged embarrassed, but his hosts seemed oblivious to his mishap; they were conversing, apparently unaware of his faux pas. Soon the toastmaster arose; his chair also slipped on the highly polished floor, and he too slid under the table. Before the luncheon was ended each person at the party had had the same misadventure. The lesson is: perfect courtesy demands that what your guest does you should do likewise, that he may not feel strange and ill at ease. Lately Israel Zangwill visited our country and announced our shortcomings vociferously. He now has a comedy running at the Gaiety Theatre; perfect courtesy demands that we announce its shortcomings vociferously.

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"We Moderns" is dull, formless, and muddled. It is like an attic into which, sooner or later, everything of the household is tossed. The distinguished British author has shoved everything he can think of into this attic of a play — youth's rebellion, free love, beautiful and enduring marriage, the abnegation of age, the selfishness of youth, Browning, psychoanalysis, Longfellow, knighthood in England, Christian Science. . . . All carefully tagged and labeled. A character quotes, "Lives of great men all remind us"; another says, "Longfellow"; a third, "The Psalm of Life". So when you depart from "We Moderns" you won't have to consult Bartlett or read any books on what the world today is doing or thinking. It is a complete compendium without an index.

Helen Hayes, in this hodgepodge, is fresh and exquisite. She is undoubtedly the most charming and promising of our ingénues. And not since "Clarence", several years ago, has she had a part which gave her talent any scope!

That is the fate of too many excellent actors on the American stage. One thinks of Margaret Wycherly, Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Fiske, Grace George — excepting, of course, her present rôle in "The Merry Wives of Gotham"—of William Gillette, Roland Young, George Hassell. . . The list is long. The brilliant exception is Katharine Cornell. Every part she plays is a great part — or is it that she makes it great?

Hers is unquestionably the finest talent among our younger actresses. From "A Bill of Divorcement" several years ago, when New York first discovered her power, to Lalage in "The Outsider", she has given us a gallery of portraits unparelleled in our contemporary theatre. In "Will Shake-

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Play of Today" by Elizabeth R. Hunt (Dodd, Mead). New and revised edition designed for the amateur playwright and the playgoer. Readable, if not highly technical.

"Boccaccio's Untold Tale and Other Plays" by Harry Kemp (Brentano). Interesting, pungent—not too practical, these poetical plays.

"A Square Peg" by Lewis Beach (Little, Brown). A fine play finely written, by one of our most brilliant young playwrights.

"Ann Vroome" by Lewis Beach (Little, Brown). As yet unproduced, this is the best of Mr. Beach's plays.

"The Changelings" by Lee Wilson Dodd (Dutton). Lee Dodd's successful and distinguished comedy of opposed standards in two generations.

"Celestina" translated from the Spanish by James Mabbe (Dutton). A long drama with long speeches, interesting chiefly to students.

"The Little Poor Man" by Harry Lee (Dutton). It won the Poetry Society's drama prize—the great play concerning St. Francis is still to be written.

"The Sin-Eater's Hallowe'en" by Francis Neilson (Huebsch). A curious, involved, and somewhat mystic little drama.

"Costa's Daughter" by Konrad Bercovici (Covici-McGee). Over elaborate dialogue mars what might otherwise be an effective play.

"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke" by William Shakespeare (Dutton). An attractive reprint of the 1603 quarto, with notes.

"One-Act Plays from the Yiddish" translated by Etta Block (Stewart Kidd). Plays with a curious mystical quality, translated in a manner which seems at times almost crude, and at other times rhythmically beautiful.

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speare", "The Enchanted Cottage", "Casanova", she has endowed mediocre dramas with the fire of life. In more sincere works — "The Way Things Happen", "A Bill of Divorcement", and now "The Outsider" — she is magnificent. She seems to have a complete equipment — intelligence, grace, vocal richness, technique, and above all a directness and simplicity which carry absolute conviction. That is no little accomplishment, especially in plays like "The Ways Things Happen" and "The Outsider", which themselves are not always convincing.

The latter is just "theatre"; it is moving and yet you don't believe it. But undoubtedly the author does. And that gives it a tenseness and an effectiveness which otherwise it could not possess. Lionel Atwill, who is starred in the piece, has been accused of "acting" the part of the unqualified doctor. But it is a part every line of which requires "actoring"; Atwill plays it pyrotechnically — the only way it can be played.

Within a single week two dramas were produced with much the same theme and leading characters. "The Moon-Flower" at the Astor is "by Zoe Akins after the Hungarian of Lazos Biro"; "Fata Morgana" at the Garrick is "by Ernst Vajda, translated by James L. A. Burrell". Because of these program announcements Miss Akins must be held responsible for the former, and Mr. Burrell escapes responsibility for the latter. It should be the other way round. Anyone would be delighted to accept responsibility for "Fata Morgana" —and few for "The Moon-Flower".

Both plays might have been called "One Night of Love". They are both concerned with a midnight-to-noon affair between a boy, to whom it means everything, and a *mondaine* to whom it is but one incident among many. Miss Akins has decorated her work with "fine writing", which is neither fine nor beautiful nor literary —just highfalutin and unreal. And Sidney Blackmer mumbles the fancy lines with expressionless dulness. Elsie Ferguson in a red wig is lovely and alluring; in the moments when she has the chance to be human she is vibrant. But those moments are rare.

There seem to be no virtuous women in the Akins theatre — not even as colorless contrasts to the flaming ladies. That is unfortunate, because it is fairly generally believed that some women at some time in their lives were virtuous.

"Fata Morgana" is most unusual. Essentially a tragic theme, it is written in the mood of comedy, and so adroitly written that you experience the emotions of tragedy even while you laugh. It is no small accomplishment to make an audience feel two diametrically opposed emotions simultaneously. Especially a New York audience. We incline to labels. It is only a few years ago that audiences refused to perceive the tragedy of Jimmy Cæsar in "John Ferguson" because in the first act he had been a country bumpkin and a country bumpkin must be a comic figure. Our idea until recently seems to have been, "Comedy is comedy and tragedy is tragedy, and a character must be one or the other." It is heartening to observe at the Garrick the passing of this conception. It has come more slowly in the drama than in fiction, but it has come. Perhaps at last we are beginning to understand that life is not painted in stripes of black and white.

The Theatre Guild has cast and directed this exceptional play shrewdly. Even the parts that are

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caricatured — Orlando Daly as Gabriel Fay and Helen Westley as Rosalie, for example — are never quite out of the picture. Although Emily Stevens does not drain the part of the heroine of all its possibilities, she conveys the general idea of the character. But Morgan Farley — known heretofore merely as a sincere juvenile — plays the adolescent hero with vital significance. It is one of the important performances of the year, a year that has seen an unusual number of comparatively unknown actors give remarkable characterizations — Farley, Bartels in "The Show-Off", Ann Harding in "Tarnish", Ullrich Haupt in "Queen Victoria", Alfred Lunt in "Robert E. Lee" and "Outward Bound", Glenn Anders in "Hell-Bent fer Heaven", Donald Meek in "The Potters", and Walter Huston in "Mister Pitt" — and several "big names" fail to live up to their bigness.

Among the disappointments are the two stars of "Welded". While it cannot be denied that Eugene O'Neill's drama lacks the pungency, the characterization, and the imaginative perception that have made him the foremost American dramatist, the shortcomings of the play in no way explain the failure of Doris Keane and Ben-Ami. It seems absurd to say that the blazing diva of "Romance" lacks distinction, yet there is no other word to describe her Eleanor Owen. Tragedy lifts the commonplace to the heroic; the tragic hero stands out from his fellows because he is contending with something greater than himself — society, environment, circumstance, his own temperament. . . From Euripides to Shakespeare through "Hedda Gabler" and "The Hairy Ape" that has held true. And the actor playing tragedy must be capable of a big gesture; Miss Keane and Ben-Ami show no such capability in their current performances. Their quarrels are never more than bickerings, their love rarely transcends the amorous. The woman is supposed to be a prominent star; the man, her husband, a successful playwright. But never for a moment do you believe that a woman with the carriage, the voice, and the inconspicuous bearing of this Eleanor Owen could be a star, not for more than a season or two anyway. No matter how lacking in ability some of our stars may be they can't remain stars by the will of a manager; they must possess something which a public wants to see. And in representing a star on the stage we in the audience must be shown what that something is. Miss Keane doesn't show us. Ben-Ami's delivery becomes more explosive each year. In "Samson and Delilah" it was a splendid thunderous rumble; in "Welded" it has become like the rapid firing of a cap pistol.

O'Neill in his latest venture has wandered away from those strata of society which heretofore he has interpreted so truly for us. He has ventured uptown. And to quote his own Yank of the Stokehole, he "don't belong". Once before — in the deck scene of "The Hairy Ape" — he showed us that. But the serious shortcomings of "Welded" are that it is distressingly overwritten, lacking O'Neill's usual technical subtlety and verbal overtones, and the third act is largely superfluous. The audience at the second performance was reverent; there was more expectancy and less chatter than usual in the few minutes preceding the rise of the curtain. But before the first act ended there was laughter during scenes meant to be emotionally moving; it continued through the second act, and was followed by bored mumblings in the third.

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I had read "Welded" in manuscript and, while it seemed rhetorical to me, I had thought it the most intense play I had ever encountered. So this review is a confession.

For their fourth offering of the season the Equity Players presented the international actor, James K. Hackett, in "Macbeth". His interpretation is clear, intelligent, and traditional. It has all the outer mannerisms of that ancient school of which the Théâtre Français is the greatest exponent today. The same State which endows the Français awarded Hackett the Legion of Honor. Clare Eames's Lady Macbeth is lucid and sharply defined; she has a definite and rounded conception of the character, but she has not yet learned how to convey her idea to an audience. Part of the difficulty is physical: her body from the shoulders to the knees has little grace; it is angular and rigid.

Heywood Broun predicts that February 12, 1924, will be a memorable date in American theatrical history, because on that day "Beggar on Horseback" was first revealed in New York. February 12 will always be memorable in every kind of American history, and I think 1924 will be memorable too, but for a reason greater than "Beggar on Horseback". It is the year of New York's coming of age! Our theatre is now not only the most advanced in the world; it also comprises all that is best in the theatres of the world. It is, at last, adult. It has attained its majority — in drama, decoration, acting, direction, and audiences. This is the season in which "Fata Morgana", "The Swan", "Cyrano de Bergerac", "The Miracle", Duse, de Feraudy, the Moscow Art Theatre, "Charlot's Revue", "Hell-Bent fer Heaven", "Sun-up", "Beggar on Horseback", and "The Show-Off" all came to the New York theatre and all found spontaneous and continuous appreciation from what is now undoubtedly the most eclectic public in the world.

OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *Grandeur, humor, and pathos cleverly mixed in a great drama of colonization. The first picture to run a year in New York City.*

2. A WOMAN OF PARIS: *Charles Chaplin's exquisite direction of a rather usual picture marks a great advance in artistic films.*

3. AMERICA: SERIES ONE — THE SACRIFICE: *Griffith has put much drama and some beauty into his Revolutionary spectacle.*

4. THE THIEF OF BAGDAD: *No motion picture has been more beautiful than this colorful fantasy of Douglas Fairbanks's. Every child in the world should see it.* (*Reviewed below.*)

5. THE FIGHTING COWARD: *A James Cruze version of Booth Tarkington's "Magnolia" with Ernest Torrence and Cullen Landis. Much charm, and laughter more subtly occasioned than in most films.* (*Reviewed below.*)

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD" is a gargantuan and gorgeous fairy tale, to use Barnumesque phrases. Not only have Mr. Fairbanks and his associates succeeded in recreating the atmosphere of "The Arabian Nights", but they have used backgrounds of such beauty that again and again they

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will compel you to admiration and applause. For the first time in pictures the new stagecraft has been employed to its best advantage. Units of scenery are placed in different positions to gain different effects. The use of shining black floors and white walls gives a magnificent contrast. The trickery of the magic scenes makes the early French motion picture chicanery look the awkward and ugly performance it was. The flight of the magic carpet, the magic rope, the disappearing cloak, the magic casket: here are thrills many a child has dreamed but never seen. The story is the basic story of all fairy tales — the beautiful princess and the commoner, "Cinderella" reversed as to sexes. Douglas Fairbanks's performance is winning, and at times he shows a pathos and an ability to handle an emotional scene which have not always been his forte in the past.

In "Wild Oranges", the picturization of Joseph Hergesheimer's short story, the emotion of fear is shown with great force. King Vidor's direction of this drama is masterful. I enjoyed this film, in a way, as much as any I have seen this year. The story of a strange island, with its lovely girl, its maniac, its feeble old man, and the rescuing hero on the yacht, is usual enough; but an atmosphere of such eerie beauty and terror is created that the whole assumes the proportions of artistry. Incidentally, there is an excellent moving picture fight; and, more particularly perhaps, Virginia Valli is lovely to look upon.

In "Hollywood" James Cruze, the creator of "The Covered Wagon", showed that he had an ability, rare indeed among motion picture directors, to make effective satire and burlesque. The dream scene in "Hollywood", as you will doubtless remember, was immensely funny. True, many persons in the audience didn't even know what it was all about. Similarly, the audience in which I sat to view "The Fighting Coward" did not start laughing as soon as this reviewer thought they should have. Ernest Torrence gives just the right tone of exaggerated bravado to the character of an old Mississippi steamboat gambler; and Cullen Landis, playing the timid boy who makes himself into the feared "notorious Cunnel Black", is subtle, deft, forthright.

Norma Talmadge does some fine acting in "Secrets". This Broadway success of Margaret Lawrence's has been moved practically intact into the films. The lines have been preserved as titles, the action takes place just about as it was originally presented in the play. Here is a good example of what drama may be if literally transcribed into a picture.

New York critics were of the opinion that in "A Society Scandal", Gloria Swanson's new picture, screen society comedy was at its best. Ethel Barrymore made this mediocre Sutro play a mediocre success on Broadway. Miss Swanson brings to it her exotic beauty, exotically gowned; but if screen drama can offer no better society drama than this, we are very much mistaken.

If you like dogs, the new Strongheart picture, "The Love Master", is a fine example of the canine movie tale. It has one scene — in which Strongheart fights death — which, at the same time that it sends chills up the back, brings tears to the eyes.

The Yale "Chronicles of America" series goes gaily on. "A Frontier Woman" has more real appeal than most of them, and "Peter Stuyvesant" has some interesting pictures of old New York.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1923—*Doubleday, Page.* Set stories in a firm pattern—one only, and not the prizewinner, stands out with genuine force: Jesse Lynch Williams's "Not Wanted".

SIEGE—Samuel Hopkins Adams—*Boni, Liveright.* An elderly woman fights the abandonment of conventions by the younger generation.

*THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—Michael Arlen—*Doran.* A wily and enchanting book about lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen whose vices are more gracious and endearing than the virtues of common folk.

*BLACK OXEN—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* The Countess Zattiany still holds her rejuvenated sway in fiction circles.

*RAPTURE—Richmond Brooks Barrett—*Boni, Liveright.* A superficial study, brilliantly handled, concerning how the other half lives. (*See page* 339.)

*RICEYMAN STEPS—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Small lives in a small section of London minutely shown in Bennett's best manner.

VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE—E. F. Benson—*Doran.* Short stories of the supernatural that succeed in raising every fourth or fifth hair.

KING TOMMY—George A. Birmingham—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Enjoyable farce comedy of a postwar Graustark.

MINCE COLLOP CLOSE—George Blake—*McBride.* Realistic chapters from the life of a girl leader of hooligans in a slum of Glasgow.

*THE GREEN BAY TREE—Louis Bromfield—*Stokes.* A first novel of Victorian tendencies and excellent performance. The story of two sisters in a growing midwestern community. (*See page* 339.)

*A LOST LADY—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* A beautiful and strange lady always affects the lives of some men—here is one and her various effects.

BRIGHT LIGHTS—Robert Orr Chipperfield—*McBride.* A clever detective story whose mystery is well wrapped up.

THE DEAR PRETENDER—Alice Ross Colver—*Penn.* This simple little love story should be read by mothers of young children, for the heroine persuades even the naughtiest to behave.

THE STREET OF MANY ARCHES—Joan Conquest—*Macaulay.* A story full of thrills that will give a fillip even to a jaded palate.

*THE ROVER—Joseph Conrad—*Doubleday, Page.* Peyrol, the wanderer, travels through the maze of Mr. Conrad's sentences to some really satisfying romances.

THE ALASKAN—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* Another mystery romance performed while icebergs and reindeer stand guard over the virtue and the charm of the heroine.

THE COAST OF FOLLY—Coningsby Dawson—*Cosmopolitan.* If you are pretty and play with other women's husbands, you are foolish and in danger—according to Mr. Dawson.

TRIUMPH—May Edginton—*Holt.* A millionaire and a socialist struggle to lure a diva from the footlights; luckily the best man wins.

*MADAME CLAIRE—Susan Ertz—*Appleton.* A modern lady of eighty views her children and her grandchildren in mellow and humorous discourse. (*See page* 338.)

*SO BIG—Edna Ferber—*Doubleday, Page.* A superb picture of a mother's ambitions for her son—her disappointment in him—and his awakening.

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PRANCING NIGGER — Ronald Firbank — *Brentano.* Social climbing in the West Indies. Seen with painless detachment and told in prose of clear delight.

GUILT—Henry James Forman—*Boni, Liveright.* A psychoanalyst solves a mystery that puzzles even the reader.

GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY — Gilbert Frankau—*Century.* The strong self made man, the other woman, and the happiest of endings.

STORIES FROM "THE MIDLAND"—John T. Frederick—*Knopf.* Somewhat drab tales, overshadowed by drab country and character, with only occasional glimpses of humor. (*See page* 344.)

*HEIRS APPARENT—Philip Gibbs—*Doran.* Has that remarkable quality of interpreting world peoples in time of stress — in this case the youth of our day.

SIX DAYS—Elinor Glyn—*Lippincott.* We believe we understand why it was popular as a movie. At the movies one is not inflicted with words, words, words.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA—Louis Golding—*Knopf.* A praiseworthy effort at gay brilliance and mocking irony that doesn't quite come off.

THE CALL OF THE CANYON—Zane Grey—*Harper.* Health for soul and body sought nobly in the great open west — and with success.

WITHOUT GLOVES — John B. Hendryx — *Putnam.* A crooked fighter, slinking away from the prize ring, makes good in the lumber camps.

*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* The story of colonization and gold rush which has heroic possibilities only half realized.

MOTHER OF GOLD — Emerson Hough — *Appleton.* Search for a fabulous golden cliff, and the attendant adventurings.

*LUMMOX — Fannie Hurst — *Harper.* A series of sketches of New York life linked by the brilliant portrait of an intuitive but dull servant girl.

DOWN THERE (Là Bas)—J. K. Huysmans —*A. and C. Boni.* It is either a mire of detailed sensual bestiality, or golden prose asserting that balked mysticism will find a troubled outlet in infernal occultism. Take your choice.

THE PITIFUL WIFE — Storm Jameson — *Knopf.* A curious marriage difficulty which results from the very modern character of the marital relation.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS — Johannes V. Jensen—*Knopf.* Jensen is consistent, he sticks to a premise. In this fifth section of "The Long Journey" the blond explorer Columbus is a throwback to his Viking ancestry. His petty faults were due to a Latin environment.

BLUE BLOOD — Owen Johnson — *Little, Brown.* Her "honor rooted in dishonor stood", and her dilemma calls forth our sympathy.

THE LADY OF PENTLANDS — Elizabeth Jordan—*Century.* How a small girl can vanish from her playroom and suddenly rematerialize, offers an absorbing mystery.

THE STEADFAST HEART—Clarence Budington Kelland—*Harper.* Another young man drags himself up in life and, after struggles, comes out nobly on the crest of it.

THE HAPPY ISLES—Basil King—*Harper.* A thoroughly enchanting hero in a series of strange adventures which make this rather usual story quite readable.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* A South Sea Island lady vies with a more conventional female for a gentleman with roving tendencies.

DOOMSLAND—Shane Leslie—*Scribner.* An historical novel centring around an Irish Protestant landowner and his sons.

*DOCTOR NYE—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* The amiable author of Cape Cod extricates a fictional physician from a difficult situation with a deal of humor.

*JOHN-NO-BRAWN—George Looms—*Doubleday, Page.* A sympathetic and fine study of invalidism and self sacrifice. (*See page* 338.)

HERE COMES THE SUN!—Emilie Loring—*Penn.* A pleasantly told story of a hasty marriage that turned out happily.

TOLD BY AN IDIOT — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* A combination of fiction, politics, and history whose mongrel quality distinctly lowers its batting average.

THE MYSTERY WOMAN—Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry — *Stokes.* There is more than one mystery in this clever story.

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THE PLASTIC AGE—Percy Marks—*Century.* Fictional and physical muckraking in undergraduate life.

HAZARD—Nancy Barr Mavity—*Harper.* A first novel that might have fitted in as "a book for girls" except for its harping on sex.

VINDICATION—Stephen McKenna—*Little, Brown.* Gloria Britton is spectacular as to character, inheritance, and methods by which she seeks her goal — a husband.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S THIRD ROUND—H. C. McNeile—*Doran.* In which "Sapper" continues the adventures of his popular hero and evolves an admirable thriller.

HALF GODS—Lynn Montross—*Doran.* Another picture of a middle western town, which, though no "Main Street", has its points.

*BREAD—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* The working girl shown in a new guise — that of the conscientious employee who finds adjustment to marriage difficult.

BUTTERFLY—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* Mrs. Norris weaves an entertaining tale round and about musical temperament and the younger married set.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1923—Edward J. O'Brien—*Small, Maynard.* Not so morbid in tone as most of the compilations by this veteran collector. (*See page* 343.)

THE HONORABLE JIM—Baroness Orczy—*Doran.* A beautiful Royalist and a brave Roundhead, mighty oaths and hard fought battles and ardent vows of love and hate, combine to create what will probably be a popular historical novel.

OLD MISERY—Hugh Poindexter—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Arduous toil, and wild excitement far from civilization in the California of the Fifties, made very real.

EASY — Nina Wilcox Putnam — *Harper.* Caught in the coils of the whisky trade, a New England girl is safely guided through a series of astonishing adventures.

MISTRESS WILDING — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* A characteristic Sabatini story of love and war, with a background of Monmouth's rebellion.

THE INVERTED PYRAMID — Bertrand W. Sinclair—*Little, Brown.* Three brothers and their three destinies as brought about by the same cause.

*A CURE OF SOULS—May Sinclair—*Macmillan.* Pomposity in the person of a clergyman remains steadily and cleverly pompous.

MRS. PHELPS' HUSBAND—Adriana Spadoni —*Bobbs-Merrill.* A sound, interesting, intelligent piece of work concerning the sheep that was happily lost, and the woman approaching the dangerous age who found him.

COFFINS FOR TWO — Vincent Starrett — *Covici-McGee.* We don't blame that Chicago crowd of intellectuals for being a bit up stage when one of their number can turn out stories like these.

EMPTY HANDS—Arthur Stringer—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A hard drinking flapper is whisked into a northern wilderness with a he-man. Result: a womanly woman.

*THE MIDLANDER — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* The business development of a great western town and its effect on two brothers — an interesting problem in character contrasts.

*THE EDUCATION OF PETER—John Wiley—*Stokes.* Excellent picture of undergraduate life at Yale. (*See page* 339.)

I, THE KING—Wayland Wells Williams—*Stokes.* A young man of much wealth finds splendid occupation for his much too much spare time.

*OH, DOCTOR!—Harry Leon Wilson—*Cosmopolitan.* "When is a pill not a pill?" might be taken as the text for this burlesque of hypochondria.

*THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS—Margaret Wilson—*Harper.* This prize novel combines realism and romance to a nice point of enjoyment in a midwest Scotch community.

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH—P. G. Wodehouse—*Doran.* Another engaging, if typical, Wodehouse hero toddle-oos his way through this story with happy results.

A POET'S YOUTH—Margaret L. Woods—*Boni, Liveright.* A student of Wordsworth has made an idyllic tale out of his early love affair.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton.* The trouble that comes to men when gold lures them on; but it's scarcely safe to generalize from Mr. Wright's melodramatic particulars.

ANN'S AN IDIOT—Pamela Wynne—*Stokes.* Slightly saccharine at times, but readable withal.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

In Brief

THERE are so many books that I have been unable, because of space limitations, to include in this department, that I should like to mention some of them, at least, by name. "Madame Claire" by Susan Ertz (Appleton), for example, a kindly, amusing novel that proves most enjoyable; Thomas Beer's extraordinary "Stephen Crane" (Knopf), with its introduction by Conrad, a book which not only gives a clear picture of Crane but will lead you to a fine understanding of literary tendencies both past and present in America; Meade Minnigerode's "The Fabulous Forties" (Putnam), a fascinating picture of those ancient and droll times in these United States; "John-no-Brawn" (Doubleday, Page), an admirable story of war invalidism and quiet heroism. George Looms, its author, should be proud to have written so earnest and true a book. Here, as the literary lady dietitian would say, is a "balanced ration of reading"!

Stevenson Remembered

ROSALINE MASSON'S "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" (Stokes) fades to insignificance before the small but perfect "Intimate Portrait of R. L. S." (Scribner) by his stepson Lloyd Osbourne. The Masson biography is competent, clear, somewhat sentimental in, to me, an annoying manner. But in Lloyd Osbourne's book there is real sentiment, tinged by a delicate sense of humor and a real restraint. For those of us to whom Stevenson was a boyhood hero, Lloyd Osbourne's position of intimacy with his stepfather was always an enviable, even an enchanted one — and now we are not disappointed by his description of it. Osbourne knew Stevenson over a period of nearly twenty years, and it is by years and places that he chooses to recall him. There is little formal biography, yet the portrait is clearer by far than that which most biographers could give us. Are these paragraphs not illuminating and do they not change slightly your idea of R. L. S., the workman?

All Stevenson's creative work was done in the morning, though in those days before typewriters an author had an interminable amount of writing to do that was merely copying, and involved no mental effort. The writers of to-day never have "scrivener's cramp", which pursued R L S all his life, and which caused him often to hold his pen between his second and third fingers when the index-finger was useless. His preference was for white, ruled foolscap paper, chosen because it approximated in his writing to a "'Cornhill' page" of five hundred words. His first essays had been taken by the "Cornhill Magazine", and its page established for him a measure of computation. He calculated the length of all his work in "'Cornhill' pages" long after he had ceased all connection with the magazine itself, and indeed as long as he lived.

I think he found rewriting a very soothing pastime, and would not have thanked anybody for a mechanical short cut; it was an equivalent, and a much pleasanter one, for the knitting and bead-stringing that doctors nowadays so often enforce on their patients; and it had the agreeable quality that he could pause as long as he liked over a word or a phrase that was not quite to his liking, and polish endlessly. Those who criticise R L S for his excessive particularity are mistaken in their judgment. It was this rewriting and polishing that helped to keep him alive.

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Three First Novels

HERE are three first novels from three young men, different in tone and execution and yet with a care of construction and an attempt at good writing which mark them distinctly from most of the other, amorphous productions of the past three years. Of these, Richmond Brooks Barrett's "Rapture" (Boni, Liveright) is the most brilliant, Louis Bromfield's "The Green Bay Tree" (Stokes) the most interesting, and John Wiley's "The Education of Peter" (Stokes) the sanest, possibly because he is of the generation grown into manhood since the war. "Rapture" is written in a vivid, beautiful, occasionally over lush style. In many ways it is the most brilliant technical performance we have had in many years from a young author. It is a story of Freudian complexes in which complexes are not mentioned, nor even implied. Set in Newport and New York society, it is yet so human, so bitterly true, that it might have been told of any set of human beings. The people may annoy you by their self absorption; but you will nevertheless, I think, be interested by their problems. The main theme is the struggle of a neurotic woman to keep pace with her unseeing husband, and her death resulting from that struggle.

"The Green Bay Tree" is not so different from "The Midlander". The development of a steel town in the middle west, and the contrasting natures of two sisters, form the groundwork of the story; but this is so embroidered by fine description and a multiplicity of good minor characters well drawn, that the narrative becomes rich, deep, well rounded in its conclusions. Mr. Bromfield has chosen to write in the manner of the Victorians, which is an odd mood for so young a man; but it comes as a distinct relief. I think that many of you will read through and enjoy thoroughly this rather long novel of American life. The author seems overfond of clothes and of furniture; but this is a mannerism which is not especially annoying, largely because he makes such excellent use of it. He is seldom boring even when his detail is most elaborate.

John Wiley knows his Yale, his undergraduate, and the postures of youth. A college story written without violence is unusual. Peter is not a noble hero; but he is a human one. An undergraduate story such as this may be enjoyed by elders as well as by students themselves.

Poems of Love and Places

DUBOSE HEYWARD'S volume, "Skylines and Horizons" (Macmillan), is a collection of carefully written and beautifully visioned verse. In the first section are poems of the mountains of western North Carolina, stories of mountain life, stark little dramatic pieces, and one lovely sonnet. The sestet of "Evening in the Great Smokies", I quote:

> In this deep moment, hushed and intimate,
> When the great hills lean close and understand,
> While silence broods, and beauty is made plain,
> Children in life's dark house may swing a gate
> That lets into a lucent, ample land
> Where lips struck dumb may learn to sing again.

The love lyrics and other poems are as good, if not so distinctive. In "Poems of the South Carolina Low Country", comprising the latter part of the collection, we find the same care-

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ful beauty of description and the same tenderness of character delineation. These are poems which I shall want to keep on a shelf to which I return often.

Both Archibald MacLeish and DuBose Heyward write in more or less conventional rhythm; both have a sense of classical beauty. But MacLeish has a more virile sweep of thought, marred occasionally by a too great consciousness of technique. "The Happy Marriage" (Houghton Mifflin) is by far the best thing he has ever written; in fact it is, to me, one of the most impressive poems of marital love I have ever read. It contains lines of amazing beauty and an irresistible combination of ecstasy, disillusionment, revolt, and tenderness. The other poems in the volume, drier, more incisive, may well be discounted. Mr. MacLeish has gone a long way in his poetic development since the publication of his first volume, "The Ivory Tower". This is a real love poem, and from a young man. There are no neurotic meanderings here:

Ship of a dream, he thought,—O dreamed of shore
Beyond all oceans and all earthly seas!
Now would they never call him any more,
Now would they never hurt him with unease.
She was that ship, that sea, that syren land;
And she was here, her hand shut in his hand.

Presidential Utterances

CALVIN COOLIDGE writes clear, forceful prose, prose that has the rhythm of the Bible and of Lincoln's speeches. These straightforward essays and addresses gathered under the title "The Price of Freedom" (Scribner) are remarkably impressive in their collected form. I should like to quote a paragraph on Lincoln:

He closed forever the great contest which had been waged for three-quarters of a century between the power of the States and the power of the nation. He answered for all time the question of whether the selfish interests of a part, or the greater interest of the whole should be supreme. This contest had been confined to no one locality and to no one issue. New England had turned to it when she thought it would make for her welfare. The South clung to it when she believed it was for her advantage. The National Union which Washington and Hamilton had formed, which Marshall had declared, which Webster and Jackson and Clay had defended, Abraham Lincoln saved, and, saving, made it free. He stands with those who believed in the righteous power and the just authority of a free government. He saw clearly that no free government could derive its just powers from anything less than a free people. What he saw, what he believed, when the time came he was ready to do. In all things he followed the truth to the end.

And the close of an address which I heard him deliver, as vice president, in my native village:

When Ethan Allen and his eighty-three Green Mountain Boys stood within Fort Ticonderoga, in the dawn of that May morning, this man, some time to be charged with the darkness of infidelity, did not fail to utter the word of light when he demanded the garrison captain surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress". He there gave expression to the faith and the cause for which he and his fellow patriots ever stood ready to make the supreme sacrifice. For God and country. That faith has been justified. That cause has been prospered. Could there be any better description of the purpose which has created the city of Burlington? Could there be any firmer foundation on which its influence will stand through all eternity? The same sun is above us which lighted the morning of that day with all that it has come to mean. The same gleaming waters remain. The same shadowy mountains tower around us. The same dream city rises from the shore, now a reality. In those who shall continue to behold them, let them inspire the same spirit, the same abiding faith, the same power, through sacrifice, to minister to the same great cause. For God and country.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

GEORGE BRANDES'S "MAIN CURRENTS OF NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE"

By Burton Rascoe

WE are already beginning to see the first rays of the dawn of a reaction against the tendencies of which this monumental work is the history and the philosophical interpretation. The continuance of life is conditioned on change; and the era of introspection which began with Rousseau and which culminates in Freud and Joyce is already on the wane. There will be for a half century, probably, a process of refinement in the Freudian and Joycian directions; but such refinements will not be inaugurations. Freud in the realm of subconscious experiment and speculation, and Joyce in the exploitation of the subconscious as material for art, have already reached the apotheosis of the tendency which began with Rousseau. Change must continue by the evolution of new tendencies which are either in reaction to Freud and Joyce or which use them as points of departure for entirely new fields.

It remains, of course, to be seen what direction and culmination the new tendency will take. But it seems probable that certain features of eighteenth century thought and art which the nineteenth century revolted against and deposed will take on a new life and fresh significance, and that with a combination of the residua of nineteenth century and eighteenth century experience and speculation there will be formed a new tendency which is at once urbane and democratic, tolerant and restrained. There is already to be observed a very definite interest in the eighteenth century, which almost amounts to a fad. Eighteenth century memoirs and diaries are beginning to be resuscitated and reissued in new editions; Saint-Simon and Voltaire, Chesterfield and Laurence Sterne, Benjamin Franklin and the French epigrammatists were never more popular in certain circles than they are now. New novels are coming in with an eighteenth century background, among the most notable of which is Elinor Wylie's "Jennifer Lorn".

Meanwhile here is, in six volumes, the history of a phase of the human soul in evolution. It is a history which is as "creative" as any work of the imagination, and which is destined to outlast, I believe, such an analogous work in fiction as Balzac's "Comédie Humaine". It is at once the history of a continent in its material and spiritual aspects and the story, always intimate, human, and absorbing, of the personalities which influenced the course of that history.

Brandes's method is a combination of the best in the methods of criticism developed by Taine, Sainte-Beuve, and Renan. It is biographical, historical, subjective, and detached. It is in-

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formed always (some would say tainted) with a revolutionary philosophy. Brandes is ever on the side of the angels of revolt, because, philosophically, he is opposed to any static condition in life, knowing full well that stasis results in atrophy or degeneration.

The work was begun as a series of lectures in the University of Copenhagen when Brandes was twenty nine years old. When he had completed the series, ten years later, he had covered the entire history of European thought during the nineteenth century, with comprehensive and meticulous detail, especially in regard to the forces in reaction against the eighteenth century and "its dry rationalism, its taboo of emotion and fancy, its misunderstanding of history, its ignoring of legitimate national peculiarities, its colorless view of nature and its conception of religions as being conscious frauds". There is no historico-critical work like this later than Plutarch, nothing approaching it in its artistic unity and cohesion, in dramatic variety and symmetry of form.

The beginnings of the reaction of the nineteenth century, according to Brandes, are to be found in the literature of the French emigrants, inspired by Rousseau. The second group, with the same source of inspiration, is the semi-Catholic Romantic group in Germany. The third group, in which figure Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, represents the militant, triumphant reaction. The fourth group is headed by Byron, at first a flaming symbol to his English contemporaries and later the inspirer of the war of liberalism throughout Europe. The fifth group comprises the French Romantics. "The writers of the sixth and last group, young Germany, are inspired by the ideas of the Greek war of liberation, and the Revolution of July, and, like the French authors, see in Byron's great shade the leader of the liberal movement."

The reaction was achieved before the first half of the nineteenth century was over. In one decade of feverish activity, beginning in 1840, the bulk of the literature of the revolt was written; the rest was a departure from the revolt. It was an era of temperaments on the loose, and to the present age some of its sublimest ends were achieved in attitudes which are slightly ridiculous. It was the era of Byronism and the flowing locks—splendid, incontinent, beautiful, feminine, and rather gushing. All art is play; and the nineteenth is the century in which people began to take their play seriously. An epidemic of adolescent suicides followed the popularity of Goethe's "Werther"; the première of "Hernani" is an historic farce which at the time was a matter of seriousness even to martyrdom; the malaise of the times fevered the feminine brow of de Musset; the great demigod Hugo conceived himself as another St. John of Patmos and delivered ringing platitudes in antitheses from his romantic exile in Guernsey. In Germany the gifted and sensitive Jew, Heine, failing to effect an adjustment between his heritage of racial gifts and his environment, wrote tortured, tender lyrics, bittersweet, romantic, melancholy and acidulous. In England, the great Wordsworth left off his contemplations of woodland beauty and of simple country life to answer the drum call of the Revolutionists and to celebrate the upheaval with a bewildered innocence, only to return exhausted by the excitement and unable to control his wits again in beautiful and effectual order. Shelley beat his luminous

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wings against the void, but not vainly, as Matthew Arnold suggested; and poets and novelists everywhere sang of revolt and defeat with a tragical, heavy melancholy.

Below these men in stature and significance there were other men of talent whose work is now more or less ignored but whose influence was great and directive in the nineteenth century revolt; and Brandes has not forgotten them. They are the men of vision and personality who were more articulate in speech than they were with pen and ink—men like Charles Nodier—around whom, as young men, poets who later achieved fame gathered for tutelage, ideas and inspiration.

It is like reading an absorbing romance, full of convincing realistic detail and heightened by recurrent dramatic incidents, to take up the six volumes of this great historical-critical work. Brandes's aim is to show you everything, to make you know and feel the main currents of the nineteenth century; and, as he is anthropocentric in his philosophy, he sees the spirit of the century concentrated in the lives and works of the literary figures who voiced that spirit. It is a very human, intimate, and personal study of each man that he gives us.

He presents to us first the writer's milieu; next the pertinent facts of his biography; and finally he considers the writer's work as a chronological development and as a whole. He is intelligent enough not to make the mistake of the American anti-Rousseauists, like Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, and Barrett Wendell, who in protesting against a whole natural and inevitable evolution of the human spirit protest vainly against human life. Knowledge of the nineteenth century, such as Brandes affords us, may or may not be useful to us in bringing about the further necessary changes in our social and literary development; but useful or not, it meets the requirements of all great creative art.

Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. Six volumes. Boni and Liveright.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

VARIETY versus INTENSITY

By Blanche Colton Williams

IF he wills to use his brain for filtering and decanting, the analyst of short stories may find a double reward. His may be the pleasure of the observer who notes the colorful fluctuation of the current; his, too, the acquisitions for his mental shelves. The pleasure becomes doubtful at times, and the stock questionably fills space some of which might be better occupied. But the possession can never be wholly worthless; it may be priceless.

The ninth of Edward J. O'Brien's annual volumes transmits a polychrome current. It flows turgidly realistic in Ernest Hemenway's jockey story, "My Old Man"; bubbles darkly in Irvin Cobb's Harlem drama, "The Chocolate Hyena"; twinkles in the folktale of Margaret Prescott Montague, "The Today, Tomorrow". The stream glows

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with the gipsy red of Konrad Bercovici's "Seed", foams with the sea green of Bill Adams's "Way for a Sailor", passes to the silver mist of Dana Burnet's "Beyond the Cross", shines lambent in Fannie Hurst's "Seven Candles", flames scarlet in Jean Toomer's "Blood-Burning Moon". These colors are distinct; the result is a pousse café.

And the filtrate is as it should be for the year 1923. Writers of the short story in America can reflect no national homogeneity—as, for example, the writers of England reflect it in the same editor's "The Best British Stories of 1923"—but must reveal a heterogeneity of race, interests, and background. Roumanian, Russian, Englishman, American Negro, American White—all these contribute to one of the most diversified and therefore most representative of yearbooks.

Fifteen of the twenty stories concern themselves with subjects other than sex; and whereas I wish the compiler had found an even greater proportion, it is a significantly encouraging sign. Though it will be observed that the fifth annual volume of "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories" reprints no story here reprinted, it lists among the best a number in common with "The Best Short Stories of 1923". Conceivably, two or three volumes of equal excellence might be added to these collections.

John T. Frederick's book is almost wholly of the middle west. Five of the thirteen authors included were born in Iowa; three others studied at the state university; three others hail from the same region. This summary explains the continuity and the intensity of effect, the emphasis of tone and color—sombre and grey—relieved by only two stories. If one truism persists after reading this volume in connection with that of Edward J. O'Brien, it is that writers belong to their epochs and their localities. The first proclaims a multipeopled America; the second illustrates the stamp of a particular section.

These tales unroll the vastness of the west, its rivers and leagues of land. They are of life in the rough, in an era succeeding that of conquest. Brave adventures of the pioneer have given place to drudgery of the farm, to existence dull and sordid, without beauty or room for beauty. The authors are successors to Hamlin Garland; they are near relations of Russian pessimists. If Henry Goodman's Thomas captures the spirit of the rebel river, he is beaten by brutalized humanity. "The Prairie", according to Walter J. Muilenberg, is a demon waste which reduces to clods the man and woman circled by its too distant horizon. The hero of "The Mixing", by Don Harrison, pays for his glimpse of a fusion of work and beauty, with his life. Mary Arbuckle's story bitterly presents a tragedy of waste; Ruth Suckow's "Uprooted" ends the epic of an aged pair, their conflict with the land and the years.

To be sure, there is hope. The resilience of youth, in the companion piece to "The Prairie", the simple fellowship in Miss Suckow's "A Rural Community", the escape of Raymond Knister's Len, and the human quality in "Knowing Dad" counteract, to a degree, the drabness and the despair. Moreover, the consciousness of need points the way to alleviation. And there is a gush of humor in Raymond Weeks's "Arkansas". I have read of only one pet so amusing as a pig which flies like the wind and eventually bears off her master. The fun in this story, like that in Miss Montague's "The To-day, Tomorrow"—of the O'Brien vol-

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ume — induces speculation over the possibilities of a new folk literature.

But in spite of the humorous closing flash and the hopeful undertone, the reader carries away a final impression of a setting that dominates implacably its people.

The Best Short Stories of 1923 and The Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Co.

Stories from "The Midland". Edited by John T. Frederick. Alfred A. Knopf.

OUR SUPERNORMAL FACULTIES

By Mary Austin

IN "Supernormal Faculties in Man", Eugene Osty has given us quite the most helpful book on the subject that has yet appeared. For he has done that very necessary thing, the setting in order and cataloguing of our knowledge of the subject to date, under headings that will readily be recognized by the layman, whose interest in the subject waits tirelessly on the somewhat tardy efforts of the scientist to elucidate it for him. In this volume Dr. Osty has undertaken to deal with that hidden sense, "cryptæsthesia", of which everybody has had some experience.

Dr. Osty deals with but one phase of it, the capacity of man to cognize conditions and sequences in himself and his fellow men, by processes other than objective. At once he finds himself confronted by a difficulty long recognized by other students of the supernormal, the need for discriminating terminology. This he has met with an unusual degree of success, both by choice of the best existing terms, and by terms of his own coining. For instance, he uses "percipient" and "percipience" in place of the bedraggled "medium" and "mediumship", and clearly distinguishes between "cognition" as a process, and "knowledge" which is the result of that process. "Psychism" is used to cover the psychic activity of a human being, and "dynamo-psychism" for the psychic energy pervading nature. Probably the unscientific reader will less quickly accept "metanormal", "paranormal", and "supernormal" for describing extranormal states, but they are at least a great advance on the generally used and wholly unexplicit "subconscious". "Metagnomy", to describe the general process of *knowing beyond* the immediate-self, is another unfamiliar term, but at least one that permits us to discuss the subject without committing ourselves to any hypothesis.

Dr. Osty classifies all the familiar modes of metagnomy, such as diagnosis of oneself or another, foretelling a death, foretelling the future, cognizing events removed from the percipient in time, in space, or both time and space, in life or in death, and all the familiar aspects in which experience of this nature presents itself. He gives carefully selected examples under each classification, from the abundant material supplied by the psychological laboratories of France.

There is also a chapter on the phenomena attending the exercise of the metagnomic faculty, such as hypnosis, trance, contact with the subject or with some object handled by the subject of the percipient's attention, and fluctuations of the faculty in the process of experiment. Another chapter is devoted to considerations of the source of metagnomic information, and another, almost the most important chapter in the book, to recogniz-

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ing and tracing errors which may arise either within the percipient or within the subject, or even within a third person present and interested in the experiment.

In summing up, Dr. Osty insists upon the right of the psychic experimentor to a working hypothesis; at the same time so modestly stating his own that it is likely to elude the general reader. Quite definitely, but without any special animus, he discards the theosophical hypothesis of an astral duplication of the personality of the seeker on the spiritual plane of the universe, and the spiritualist variant of that theory in which the seeker abandons his cerebral mechanism to dematerialized entities. What is indicated by his studies thus far, Dr. Osty believes, is that there is psychic collaboration between percipient and subject, on non-conscious planes. It is undoubtedly this non-conscious collaboration, probably going on all the time, which is responsible for the psychic states of the group, the flock, and the mob. Dr. Osty does not attempt to indicate the nature of this interchange, but from his avoidance of such terms as "telepathy", "thought transference", and the like, one gathers that he does not think of it as mechanistic in its nature. "It is", he says in another place, "no longer possible to consider the human being as an aggregate of thought-producing mechanisms. The evidence compels admission that we are in the presence of a dynamo-psychic focus whence emanate manifestations of a power whose limits we cannot define. . . . Beyond the Conscious is found ability to perceive the (normally) imperceptible, and to know the (normally) unknowable. Deep in the human being are found in miniature the attributes with which philosophies have adorned the God-concept — creative power and knowledge outside Space and Time."

Supernormal Faculties in Man, An Experimental Study. By Eugene Osty. Translated by Stanley de Brath, M. Inst. C. E. E. P. Dutton and Co.

INDIVIDUAL VERSE

By David Morton

A HANDFUL of slender volumes which includes an allegorical narrative, delicate and radiant lyrics, passionate and exalted sonnets, and richly caparisoned poems of romantic mysticism, offers a fare sufficiently various for the most extreme epicurean palate. What is more welcome yet, is the presence, in two or three instances at least, of distinct and individual personality behind the body of work. This is encouraging—in the face of the more or less well grounded criticism of the contemporary renaissance, that so many poems, even by the more distinguished figures, might have been written by any of their colleagues, so far as the imprint of a distinctive personality is concerned.

Donald Davidson, a new poet, whose book is aptly named "An Outland Piper", seems to me to elude this blight. Here is poetry which offers escape from the prisons of actuality through channels of a sensuous and romantic mysticism. It is at once valiant and pathetic in its following of strange Tigers and Tiger-Women into outland jungles. Adventures for the spirit, so old that they are new again in this age, are to be had in such poems as "The Tiger Woman", "Following the Tiger", "Twilight Excursion", and "Avalon". Through them

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poetry escapes into a more exotic and passionate and lovely world than is known to this busy and dreary one in which we live and write. Mr. Davidson returns to his own generation in the note of ironical disillusionment with which some of the poems conclude. His is a refreshing book to read, illumined with strange lights and glamours, alien to our little streets. Technically, the poetry is that of a competent workman — though one might complain of the prevalence of unusual words, taken from the language of the self conscious intellect, not from the free and simple speech of poetic feeling.

One finds less to engage the imagination in Elsa Gidlow's "On a Grey Thread". Now and again there is a bit of passionate and glowing revelation; and, sometimes, there is the crisp, direct thrust that goes home, quiveringly and with a sting. But for the most part there is an obvious striving toward the passionate utterance of what is presented as startling spiritual experiences. In most cases, the spectacle fails of being convincing.

Grace Fallow Norton sustains her reputation for delicacy of treatment and subtle poignancy of effect in a slight allegorical narrative under the title, "The Miller's Youngest Daughter". The volume of twenty four pages is devoted entirely to this single poem, done in varying metre in its more or less loosely joined several parts. The theme is the conflict between spiritual hunger and ecstasy on the one hand, and material greed and passion on the other. The whole is conceived in a fine unifying mood of exaltation, reduced to responsible and restrained expression. Technically, one is tempted to believe, the poem is an experiment in irregular metrics and assonance. It succeeds, one is tempted to conclude, despite these eccentricities, not by virtue of them.

"Mosaics", by Beatrice E. Harmon, is another volume of the Yale Series. Miss Harmon has practised to good purpose the various verse forms, and handles syllables and lines dexterously. The feeling in the poems is strained and the writing is poetic convention. What is wanted here is something more like individual expression.

Poetry is nothing if it is not life at a vivid and trembling intensity or in deep saturation. Mrs. Conant's group of poems — slight, crisp, almost epigrammatic—have this vividness and this intensity. The beauty that is in them is the sudden and swift and concentrated radiance that reveals and passes. Thus the epigrammatic quality is not in phrase alone, but in thought and feeling. "Many Wings" is delightful reading. The author attempts no themes of ambitious proportions; most of the subjects are of intimate experience, but they are treated with a penetrative vision that reveals significance, and with a sureness of touch that guarantees effectiveness.

In leaving these slender lyrics we enter upon the country of a less flashing and more thoughtful illumination in Gustav Davidson's book of half a hundred sonnets. Mr. Davidson is at ease in the sonnet, in both the English and Italian forms, and expression moves freely and without distortion. Most of the poems are love sonnets, and while many of them possess no sharp distinction of idea or feeling, they make, in some instances, pleasant reading. One turns from most of these, however, to such sonnets as "Beauty", with its passionate and sincere adoration; "Dead Profounds", an accomplishment in fortunate phrasing, and "Like Some

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Northcoast Adventurers of Old", which achieves a fine exaltation of mood and the language suited to it. Mr. Davidson's gift of phrase and epithet and vigorous line brings an interest and distinction of style to a form too often dull even in the hands of poets otherwise spirited enough.

An Outland Piper. By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

On a Grey Thread. By Elsa Gidlow. Will Ransom.

The Miller's Youngest Daughter. By Grace Fallow Norton. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mosaics. By Beatrice E. Harmon. Yale University Press.

Many Wings. By Isabel Fiske Conant. B. J. Brimmer Co.

A Half Century of Sonnets. By Gustav Davidson. Nicholas L. Brown.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AGAIN

By Joseph Collins

DR. BEATRICE M. HINKLE has written the sanest and most convincing book on psychoanalysis that the reviewer familiar with the Freudian literature of the past twenty five years has encountered. The poorest thing about it is the title, "The Re-creating of the Individual". The useless feature of the book is eleven full page illustrations. Of some of them, and particularly of the first, a more deprecatory adjective might be used. The book can be confidently recommended to anyone who is unfamiliar with the teachings of Freud, his disciples, coadjutors, and schismists—if there be such a person.

Two doctors of Los Angeles, wearied of vaunting the salubriousness of their climate and the superiority of Los Angeles to San Francisco, seek to concern us with our mental health; and in a little book called "Our Fear Complexes" they attempt to tell us how to thwart the bogy man without constantly "watching out". They have succeeded in putting more sense and less nonsense in three hundred small pages than the majority of their competitors. In the chapter entitled "Every-Day Fears" I have searched diligently for a discussion of my own fear, viz. that novelists will soon tell the whole truth in their autobiographic fiction, but no consideration of it has been vouchsafed.

In the preface they say they have tried to write in a spirit of optimism, and they hope with some sense of humor. It may be gratifying to them to know that one reader believes they have succeeded. It would be difficult for anyone to read the chapter entitled "The Glands of Courage" without chuckling.

In "Dreads and Besetting Fears", Dr. Tom A. Williams seeks to solve the same problem. He says, "Dread is aroused only when a person is faced by a circumstance which experience has taught him to fear." One dreads death, earthquakes, and taxation only when one has had experience of them!

One in search of information of the potencies and displays of fear should not hesitate a moment between "The Emperor Jones" and Dr. Williams's book. Eugene O'Neill knows about fear fundamentally and knows how to portray it. The reader who wants to be informed of its genesis may read "Primitive Mentality" by Lucien Levy-Bruhl.

The Re-creating of the Individual. By Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Our Fear Complexes. By Edward Huntington Williams and Ernest Bryant Hoag. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Dreads and Besetting Fears. By Tom A. Williams, M.B., C.M. Little, Brown and Co.

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A ONE MAN BOOK

By Nelson Antrim Crawford

DARD HUNTER, American maker of books, has gone a step further, or, to be exact, several steps further, than any other producer of books in the history of printing. For more than ten years Mr. Hunter has been engaged in making books wholly by his own labor. He has made the paper; he has designed and molded the type; he has set the type; he has made up the pages; he has performed the press work. So far as is known, no other person has ever performed alone all these processes in the making of a book. Mr. Hunter's first two books, "The Etching of Figures", published in 1915, and "The Etching of Contemporary Life", published in 1916, are now collectors' items.

In his latest book, "Old Papermaking", Mr. Hunter has added an achievement that makes this volume uniquely his own. He has performed all the craft work which he did in connection with the former books, but in addition he has written the text.

The contents of the book are authoritative. Dard Hunter probably knows more about old papermaking than any other man in the world. He owns the largest collection of works on papermaking in America. The material in his volume, moreover, is unique. Although a thousand books have been written on the history of paper, there are not ten that treat actual manufacturing processes, and none of them contains anything like the data amassed in Mr. Hunter's volume. The book tells an interesting story — especially interesting to the printer or designer, but curious enough in its facts to intrigue anyone. Mr. Hunter lacks charm of style — at times he is awkward — but the interest of the facts and the beauty of the volume compensate for these deficiencies.

"Old Papermaking" is printed on heavy laid paper bearing a watermark containing the date, 1922, with a branch from which is hung an escutcheon with the initials D. H. The type is old style Roman, resembling somewhat that of Jenson, but possessing a marked individuality of its own. The ink is rich and black. The page is eight by twelve inches, the type page approximately five by eight, with side margins so arranged as to produce a satisfying design when the book lies open and two adjacent pages are considered as a unit. It is beautifully illustrated with drawings showing ancient papermaking processes, with examples of water marks, and with reproductions of documents. It contains also ten actual specimens of paper, ranging from 1480 to the present time, one of which, bearing an American watermark of 1805, is rarely seen.

This volume, like Mr. Hunter's earlier books, compares favorably with work from the private European presses, the Kelmscott and the numerous others that sprang up as a result of the example of William Morris. It does not possess the elaborateness found in the work of some of these presses, but it does possess an individuality which they seem to lack. The explanation is obvious enough. Collaboration in any art or craft is never so satisfying as individual work, provided the individual is a master. A master Mr. Hunter genuinely is.

Old Papermaking. By Dard Hunter. Dard Hunter (Chillicothe, Ohio).

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

MOST "timely biographies" must be listed among the Biblia Abiblia—the books that are not books. The distinctive features of such publications are a tone of indiscriminate adulation and a lack of style. To the publishers of such ephemeral nonsense, "J. Ramsay MacDonald: The Man of Tomorrow" (Seltzer) by "Iconoclast" stands as a reproach. The anonymous British novelist and writer who is the author evidently worships the Labor premier. But that worship does not express itself in reciting the prescribed phrases and performing the traditional genuflections. "Iconoclast" has made "an effort to comprehend his [MacDonald's] character rather than describe his action". The facts of his life, though they are recounted, are not the essence of the work. The spirit, which made that life worth recording, is. The fact that the book was completed before MacDonald became premier makes it no less complete, nor can Oswald Garrison Villard's worthy introduction make it more significant.

Waldo Frank has done an interesting and honest thing in "Salvos" (Boni, Liveright), under which title he has collected a number of artistic criticisms published in various journals since 1916. They are reprinted, he says, without alteration, despite the fact that in many cases he erred in judgment or prophetic skill. Instead of revising the essays before publication in book form, he appends to each a short discussion showing how his opinion has changed since the date of writing. Persons who know Frank only through his sometimes incomprehensible fiction will discover a different prose in these discussions, and the change is all in favor of clarity. A tendency toward pedantry and bombastic effects does not spoil the book.

A. T. Olmstead does not endorse the generally accepted view, in his well written and comprehensive "History of Assyria" (Scribner). He believes that Byron's famous line, "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold", is merely a poetical exaggeration; he maintains that the Assyrians were no more inhuman, no more ruthless than the other warlike and conquering nations of ancient times; he demonstrates that they had a wide reaching culture which was not a mere offshoot of the Babylonian, but which took on an original turn both in political and in artistic directions; and he provides ample evidence to justify his conclusion that the Assyrian "was the shepherd-dog of civilization, and he died at his post". "All in all", we are told, "he was a man, and a capable man; he suffered the usual human limitations, he was a child of his age. The empire he founded marked a milestone in the long and heartbreaking advance toward a higher civilization."

The reputations of contemporary writers of popular fiction fluctuate as surprisingly and as rapidly as the quotations of the stock market. With this fact in mind, the modern editor might very well say to a young writer, "There is, of course, no great harm in knowing how to tell a tale, but it is much more to your advantage and mine

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to know your public." Unfortunately no textbook of the art of writing can teach the earnest student which way the cat of public taste will jump. So reliable a handbook as Dr. J. Berg Esenwein's "Writing the Short-Story" (Hinds, Hayden, Eldredge), of which a new edition has just appeared, essays only to point out the methods and achievements of past masters in the art. From the point of view of the needs of editors of our million-circulation magazines, much of Dr. Esenwein's elaborate classification of plot, setting, and characters must be restricted to an academic serviceability. But its essential soundness can hardly be questioned, nor can we quarrel with the author's selection of examples from the work of established masters of the craft. Perhaps the most practical advice in the book for the beginning writer today is contained in that section entitled "Preparation for Authorship". Such dicta as this, if taken more generally to heart, would add many years of service to the average life of the gentle manuscript reader.

Pulling laurels from the brows of heroes is one way of delighting the multitude. Jean de Pierrefeu proceeds to attract a crowd by this device in "Plutarch Lied" (Knopf) and then delivers his lecture on the usefulness of professional militarism. Strategy is outmoded and futile, this ex-lieutenant contends. The great strategists all failed as soldiers. The successes of our allied heroes were largely lucky blunders. As for the late war, its first period consisted of a useless attempt to apply a dead art to modern conditions. When that attempt failed and the armies dug in on the Aisne, four year of chaos followed. Only the last months of the war revealed the possibilities of future warfare. The exposition of such a thesis requires much graphic illustration; there is not a map in the book.

"Sea Songs and Ballads, 1917-22" (Houghton Mifflin) is a spirited collection of salt water poetry by C. Fox Smith. In simple, swinging rhythms it tells of ancient ships and sailor men and the voyages of the "old days", growing very nautical at times and packed with the magical names of far places. So salt are these verses to the taste and so boldly do they sing themselves out, that one is willing enough to overlook the occasional slips in metre. Some of the best are the simplest, "Follow the Sea", for example, and "The Flying-Fish Sailor". Not one of them has the least touch of sentimentality; they are bluff, hearty, masculine — and written by a woman.

There are many books of travel which, without making any particular literary pretensions or embodying any material that is startling or unique, are moderately interesting as narratives and moderately informative as indices to the localities they describe. Such are "The Lure of the Riviera" and "The Lure of French Châteaux" by Frances M. Gostling (McBride). Both of these volumes will prove fairly entertaining; both will be welcomed by travelers as well as by those book lovers who do their traveling by proxy only; both contain numerous scenic descriptions and a store of agreeable anecdotes; and neither stands out conspicuously, nor perhaps is designed to stand out conspicuously, from the mass of travel books continuously issuing from our press.

Arthur Symons won his critical spurs so long ago that one is inclined

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to take his winged riding for granted. His exquisite intuition, the catholicity of his taste, his genius for the right word, have become a matter of course. If his latest book "Dramatis Personæ" (Bobbs-Merrill) lacks something of the flame of his earlier work, there is still the same grasp of the significant, the impatience at the unessential. Mr. Symons writes criticism in a prose which is lovely to the ear, criticism which in his own words is "a valuation of forces" and which is "indifferent to their direction". He runs the gamut from Leonardo da Vinci to Joseph Conrad. It is all very quiet, almost minor in quality, but he invokes the magic of his subjects by such a major intuition that one cannot easily forget.

It is quite fitting that after his beautiful work on Tolstoy Romain Rolland should write with equal sympathy and appreciation his "Mahatma Gandhi" (Century). Little truth and much myth have come out of India concerning this unquestioned leader of more than three hundred million persons, for the officials in their fear color the man's doctrine of love, and the disciples become too extravagant in their eulogies. Rolland, of course, is in accord with Gandhi. The man who could write "Above the Battle" at the time when he did would have to champion the great Hindu, yet there is dispassionate criticism in this study. The convincing prose of Rolland, utilized to explain a character he loves, gives an exceptional quality to a book on a Messianic figure. It is translated by Catherine D. Groth.

J. C. Squire, editor of "The London Mercury", is one of the few literary critics who combine an intimate facility with sound reasoning into essays invariably entertaining and interesting. "Essays on Poetry" (Doran) is in the typical Squire manner. His knowledge is not served in a heavy pedantic style with which all but scholars must struggle, and his intimacies are not too intimate. The book is valuable for "Mr. Hardy's Old Age" alone, but Housman, Yeats, and Alice Meynell are discussed with as much grace.

W. H. Hudson could never have attained his enviable eminence, had his literary output been limited to "Nature in Downland" (Dutton). Yet this lesser book is at times lifted to the altitude of his compelling charm — charm making one mourn for the lost fortune to have gone a-tramping within earshot of this naturalist — even though in its entirety it falls short of Hudson's heights. There are glimpses of the Midas of his other books — the great alchemist whose words make gold of everything he loves — but the power is not sustained. It requires effort to pronounce the book second rate, for this reviewer is almost silly in his Hudsonian idolatry. But it is second rate for Hudson, which means, however, that it is well up among the best travel books published recently and that it makes most other observers of nature seem astigmatic fellows, wandering without their spectacles. "Downland", by the way, is the chalk cliffed coast of England — the locale of "A Shepherd's Life".

When a man undertakes to write the biography of a poet of an alien race, it is greatly to the credit of both of them. Michael Monahan shows in "Heinrich Heine, His Romance and Tragedy" (Brown) that he not only admires his subject but

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that he understands him. It is more difficult however to make his readers either admire or understand, and no matter how loudly Mr. Monahan insists on Heine's wit and charm and lyric qualities, he has not proved his points. Translation of poetry is rarely satisfactory, and the examples given are particularly unfortunate ones, from which the grace and music of the original German have fled, leaving only a mawkish sentimentality. The poem beginning:

The thought of Germany at night
Drives slumber from my pillow quite. . .

will hardly convince anyone that the author is "in his peculiar lyrical province without equal in modern letters". Biographically the account is very sketchy; and in the fervent denial of most of the accusations against Heine's character, methinks Mr. Monahan doth protest too much.

Theodore Dreiser's "The Color of a Great City" (Boni, Liveright) is a realist's picture book of New York in the first and second decades of this century. Sombre in tone and sometimes labored as to style, the thirty eight sketches that comprise the volume form a pattern of despair that belies its title. Of the mad, clashing, ever whirling spectrum of the city there is little here. Pessimism, like the darkened eye of the camera, has silhouetted these figures against a doomsday sky: sandwich men and pushcart pedlers, bums and roustabouts of the waterfront, the now vanished bread line and the old style ward boss, stunted child laborers in the slums and the stiletto-marked amours of Little Italy. In his introductory chapter, Dreiser describes these things as of the very substance of the city he knew in his early adventurings in it. Glimpses of a crumbling substratum of hopelessness that served O. Henry for copy spell out for him the whole riddle of existence — youth stripped of its illusions and old age barren of comfort. But underneath this intent and characteristic preoccupation with the dull, monotonous lives of drab people smolders a desire to lay hold on beauty. And it is this desire, breaking into occasional exquisite flame, that brings his latest book up to and above the level of Dreiser's best work. Things seen before as through a glass darkly are suddenly bathed in light. The aching loveliness of pigeons in flight, the eternal freshness of the universe, the city he dreamed of before he knew its sordidness — "so far-flung, so beautiful, so dead" — even the inscrutable wisdom that moves behind the Bowery Mission: these mark a realist's progress beyond the realms of personal bitterness and the dreary, humorless saga of the underdog.

Princeton in the field again! Here we have Edward Steese of the class of '24 who has written "Storm in Harvest" (Brick Row Bookshop) — a volume of poems. Echoes of thought, tricks of writing show that Mr. Steese has not escaped the influence of Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson. The title poem is a case in evidence. But there is more to these verses than mere imitation. The conception of death as a railroad journey, in "The Last Train", is original and striking. There will be others besides the professors at Princeton to speak enthusiastically of this work.

The sober title of Albert Leon Guérard's "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend" (Scribner) does not

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suggest its wealth of keen, witty philosophy, its stimulating style, its trenchant logic. Whether the reader be an idolizer or a contemner of the Man of Destiny, or merely a collector of Napoleonana, here is a book that cannot be ignored. It is not too much to say, even, that a reader without a French historical background can obtain from it a clearer insight into Napoleon's character, his aims and achievements, than from any number of "fife and drum" histories, or the rather misleading summarization in Wells's "Outline". What makes Mr. Guérard's study of the Napoleonic legend especially vital is his correlation of past and present: his introductory "On Historical Legends in General and Whether Napoleon Ever Existed" is masterly. This is one of those rare books in which wit, erudition, and logic are so delightfully welded that the critic finds no scope for destructive energy. And the very soul of the book is expressed in the author's dedication to his son, for whom it was written, "that he might grow up in respect for truth and contempt for idols". It is a sane, fine work, of real value in a day which shows the Napoleonic ideal triumphant in a stricken Europe.

Credit C. David Stelling of London with an idea. He arranged a series of what he called "lectures and counter-lectures", nine of them. In each, two celebrities with opposing views were inveigled into giving a joint talk on a given topic. G. K. Chesterton and C. A. McCurdy aired their views on "Modern Journalism". Ian Hay and Sinclair Lewis spoke on "High Street and Main Street". H. G. Wells and E. B. Osborn debated the teaching of history. The final event was a sort of intellectual Battle Royal on the proposition "that education is the curse of the country", with Viscountess Astor acting as referee between members of the Oxford and the Cambridge Union Societies. These lectures have been gathered into a book, "Yea and Nay" (Brentano). The volume is amusing rather than elevating; and some of the best fun is provided by those who are not (to the American mind) the "big guns". True, Philip Guedalla and Wells are superb. But the Duke of Northumberland delivered a serious harangue against pacifism that George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly might take over whole. And the university men decorated a ridiculous topic with brilliant flippancy. It would be interesting to know why Sinclair Lewis and Alfred Noyes declined to have their lectures included.

"The Ring of Love" by Brookes More (Cornhill) is a triumph of the publisher's art, with the result that it costs more than it is worth. Poetically, Mr. More is a unique phenomenon in this day and generation: a conscientious but not always fortunate craftsman, loaded down with principles of art — and with nothing to say. In two characteristic essays, he attacks "fashion in art" while advocating "patterns for poets". Much of his own work is too consciously patterned after Tennyson's juvenilia; much is woven of words that are nothing but words into French forms as rare as phœnix feathers and as useless. Occasionally, as in "Silence", Mr. More achieves homiletic dignity; sometimes, as in "A Memory", he hits off a lyric that is lovely enough, and not too intellectual, to be set successfully to music. These poems, at all events, are better than his earlier work; though why he concludes the volume with a

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reprint of the jejune, overformal "Lover's Rosary", which is no better today than it was three years ago, must remain one of the things that no fellow can find out.

"My University Days" by Maxim Gorky (Boni, Liveright) is a partial, but copious, record of the author's early hardships. There is in it little of introspective reminiscence; Gorky's recollection is so detailed, his mind so unsentimental and clear, that the story becomes almost purely an objective one, and thereby more powerful. Types definitely Russian and alien to the American public, foreign incidents and strange scenes, are by simple words and bare descriptions made into visible, very nearly tangible objects that must leave their impress on the mind of every reader. One has the feeling that in each instance Gorky had an implacable image of actuality in mind and that he has, by conforming to it absolutely in his writing, given us its replica. There are prolonged crucial times of horror and moments of abandoned beauty that tax even the reader's endurance; but the writer's strength is irreducible. The book is marred by the translation; there is scarcely a page on which the simplest idiomatic uses of the English language have not been distorted and prepositions, adverbs, or tenses misplaced. It takes patience and imagination to surmount this garbled hack work; but the book compels and rewards the exercise.

Another example of Professor J. Arthur Thomson's method in popularizing science in his "What Is Man?" (Putnam). He has assembled from the sciences of anthropology, biology, and psychology the data which are concerned with the history of man, the changes in his physical and cultural make up, his characteristics as an individual and as a member of a group, and so on. Thus the lay reader not interested in these sciences may be drawn to them by his interest in himself, and then find the bibliography at the end almost irresistible.

All things red are works of the devil when seen by Cécile Tormay. The second volume of this writer's experiences in Hungary during the Bela Kun revolution is as vindictive as the first. "An Outlaw's Diary" (McBride) may be great stuff for one hundred per centers of any land, but it is poor, prejudiced, and, we wager, unreliable history. The second volume is a story of "The Commune".

Uncertainty of purpose is not generally regarded as an asset in poetry. And hesitancy of thought and execution continually mars "Scarlet Runner" (Crowell), a book of verse by Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery. Yet occasionally Mrs. Montgomery can express her feeling of uncertainty vividly enough. The book would be far better if there were more verses like the ones called "Cathedral".

It ill behooves a cynical critic to come out of his melancholy reveries to give unstinted praise to any book. That's considered exceedingly bad form. But a good book, current opinion to the contrary, is as great a delight to the reviewer as to the person who pays for his copy. "In the Footsteps of the Lincolns" by Ida M. Tarbell (Harper) is carefully planned, well written, and possesses a charm that the most blasé reader cannot deny. As a fitting prelude to the romance of Abraham Lincoln, the president, it tells the simple story of the

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great man's ancestors. Miss Tarbell knows her subject thoroughly (there is evidence of a vast amount of research), and what is far more important, knows how to present the subject in a highly interesting manner. The olive wreath must go to her for the most entertainingly straightforward narrative that has appeared in a long time.

The Doran "Modern Readers' Bookshelf" is destined for the appeasing of that eagerness for knowledge which is one of the "chief characteristics of our time". Its subjects range from biology to art, from history to religion. One volume of the series is John Drinkwater's "Victorian Poetry". This is a technical discussion of verse with the subject divided into two parts, the first on the diction of the period and the second on the material. The first portion is particularly noteworthy — it is a keen critical analysis of the stuff that poetry is made of, and word values are weighed with delicacy and precision that betray the craftsman. All of it is written simply and colloquially to interest the casual reader as well as the professional writer, and there are passages of insight and appreciation such as only a poet could write.

Radical candor runs through "On Strange Altars; A Book of Enthusiasms" (A. and C. Boni) by Paul Jordan-Smith. Unfortunately there is, too, the air of martyrdom, with which some radicals—especially the young—stand and bark at the pack. "I know you won't like these literary criticisms because they are unorthodox", one almost hears, "but here they are, anyhow." The book is sometimes sophomoric, sometimes marked by overemphasis (which two characteristics may be the same thing), but it is always entertaining if not taken too seriously.

By the somewhat unusual method of combining sentences used by the late president on various occasions, Hamilton Foley offers in "Woodrow Wilson's Case for the League of Nations" (Princeton) a volume of considerable significance in the field of diplomatic and war history. The compilation, which had the approval of Mr. Wilson, was made from the stenographic minutes of the detailed explanation—to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate—of the League of Nations Covenant and the Treaty of Versailles, and from the official record of the thirty seven addresses delivered during the tour of the Western States when the treaty was before the Senate in 1919. To the four chapters of this material are appended in full the Covenant and the two addresses before the Peace Conference at Paris. The whole forms a careful consideration of the main aspects of the subject in Mr. Wilson's own words and does not suffer in any sense from the novel manner of presentation.

Beauty springing from the immediate environment of the author is seldom absent from "Bars and Shadows: The Prison Poems of Ralph Chaplin" (Nellie S. Nearing). In "Taps", "Shadows", "Phantoms", "Seven Little Sparrows", and "Song of Last Things", among numerous others, there are longing and loneliness finely expressed by a young man who was serving a sentence of twenty years for violation of the espionage act when they were written. (He was released last Christmas.) Inspiration almost deserts Chaplin in "Salaam", a bitter piece with a political background, and is also less manifest in other bits of a pur-

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poseful nature, such as "To Eugene Victor Debs", and "To France". The long sociological introduction by Scott Nearing contains the surprising quotation from Chaplin, "Above all things I don't want anyone to try to make me out a 'poet' — because I'm not." And yet, rebel or no rebel against the political order, he undoubtedly also sings. The repeated reprinting of his poems may convince him in time.

The second volume of "Wonders of the Past", edited by J. A. Hammerton (Putnam), maintains fully the high standard set by the first member of the series. Here again the text is comparatively sketchy, and in places inadequate, but its shortcomings are magnificently atoned for by the beauty, the variety, and the artistry of the abundant illustrations. The second volume, like the first, is confined almost exclusively to the ancient world, and introduces us to the pyramids of Egypt, the shrines of Sicily, the tombs of Babylon, the sculpture of the Athenians, the monuments of the Mayas, the "Lost Cities" of Ceylon, and the splendors of Imperial Rome and of many another Imperial City of antiquity.

In his "Changes and Chances" (Harcourt, Brace), thanks to the employment of such courageously idealistic publications as the London "Nation", the "Daily Chronicle", and the "Manchester Guardian", Henry W. Nevinson, the author of a score or more of books, most of them purporting to be nought but journalism, gives us that *clarification* we get — infrequently — when journalism has gone beyond its legitimate top reach, has arisen into literature. Civilization's tortuous childhood and schooldays, the acquisition of that almost curious thing, "a glimmering of reason", flashes of fellow souls rising through conflict into light, of Lionel Johnson, Edward Thomas, Olive Schreiner, Kropotkin, Yeats, Hardy, Shaw, John O'Leary, Maud Gonne, Sarah Bernhardt, Samuel Butler, Ruskin, A. E., and of many others who have tilled diligently the fields of themselves and their world toward the good, if sometimes uncertain, harvest. . . This autobiography exemplifies an almost Shelley-like ideal of gentle, steadfast devotion to supreme actualites at whatever their foggy cost. Officially Mr. Nevinson has been designated "a man of very violent opinions". He here offers his quiet sort of comment on the Boer War (among other blots on his native 'scutcheon), on our own Spanish-American fracas, on the black-and-tanning of six-centuries-enslaved Ireland, and, in general, on what "violence" has been officially defined as: "not seeing eye to eye with the man in the street".

Humorists, at best, have a questionable batting average, so one should not complain if a fair level of amusing quality does not characterize every page of a humorist's book. Which means that there are many pages in "At a Venture" (Harper) by Charles A. Bennett which do not provoke one's risibles, but that now and then there is a loud guffaw and now and then a smile tucked away in the book. Clarence Day, Jr., has endeavored to brighten up the desert stretches with twenty oasical drawings.

A great poet is one who survives despite the books written about him. The mysterious Browning has withstood almost half a century of biography, essay, and criticism. Another attempt has been made to explain his philosophy in "Robert Browning, Poet

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and Philosopher" by Frances M. Sim (Appleton). The author tries hard, there are indications of much loving labor, but —. Here is about as chronological an effort as one could wish; it classifies, explains, interprets. Yet in the end we are just where we started: Browning's is a great, mysterious, unfathomable spirit which is far above arithmetical analysis. The book should appeal to hero worshipers, but will add little to their understanding of the poet.

Two useful reference books are the "Index to Short Stories" compiled by Ina Ten Eyck Firkins and the "Standard Catalog: Fiction Section" compiled by Corinne Bacon (H. W. Wilson Co.). Miss Firkins's index contains 17,288 stories, representing 808 authors and twenty five languages. For each story there is ample reference to books and magazines in which it has appeared. The "Fiction Catalog" lists 2,350 of the best novels and short story collections for public library use. Of these, some 750 titles have been starred for the consideration of the small library. As a further aid to the librarian the compiler has appended to almost every book a descriptive or critical summary of its contents.

There is a varied assortment of prose, poetry, speeches, history, in "A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse" compiled and edited by Edmund Kemper Broadus and Eleanor Hammond Broadus (Macmillan Company of Canada). Its particular significance and interest lie in the fact that it reflects Canada from the standpoint of her writers and speech makers. It would seem, however, that authors and poets could do far better by so great a country as Canada than has already been evidenced.

Whoever conceived the idea of gathering together the critical papers which appear under the title "Criticism in America" (Harcourt, Brace) has done a great service. For here is a group of essays which it has been next to impossible to secure for several years—and they do illustrate the American critical attitude with rare completeness. This series, arranged chronologically, ranges in date from 1910 to 1923, and in name from J. E. Spingarn to Ernest Boyd. It is amazing to discover a somewhat uniform viewpoint, varying violently in expression. The clearest essays in the volume, we should say, are those by Messrs. Spingarn, Sherman, and Brooks; the dullest, those by T. S. Eliot; the noisiest, those by H. L. Mencken; and the most scholarly, those by George Edward Woodberry and W. C. Brownell. It occurs to us that much muddy thinking on the part of book reviewers, and those who choose to chatter about modern tendencies in this and that branch of literature, could be eliminated by a careful perusal of this excellent volume.

Dhan Gopal Mukerji, author of "Jungle Beasts and Men" (Dutton), set forth on a pilgrimage to the Himalayas. He was just fifteen, and the journey was a very real part of his education. He learned what life in a little village on the edge of the jungle may mean when a hungry tiger follows the herds home, or when a cholera epidemic "walks like a net of silence" among the people. He met magicians, river pirates, and nobles of the old warrior class, all with fascinating tales to tell. He has recorded his adventures in a clear, simple, rhythmic English from which the surprising escapades stand out in startling relief.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Through the inclusion in the March Monthly Score of "The Humanizing of Knowledge" Dr. James Harvey Robinson achieves a distinction which only two or three others have gained, that of having two books at once in the ranks of the first ten.

Except for the usual insignificant shift of position there is no other difference between the reading taste of library borrowers in March and the appetite which they displayed in February. And who, scanning the month's score, shall have the temerity to disparage this taste? Having in mind that (in fiction, at any rate) only the very latest, current works are called for by any considerable body of library patrons, who can compile a list of ten novels which shall more truly present a cross section of the best work being done today by American authors? And mark you, every author in the present fiction score is American. This has not always been the case; indeed, there have been months on end when the preponderance of English writers has been the subject of comment.

The booksellers started a campaign a few years ago under the slogan, "Buy a Book a Week." These lists represent the selections made by the great reading public which seldom buys a book a year, but which comes very close to reading a book a week. And he would be a well read person indeed who limited his reading to the forty or fifty titles which make their appearance annually in the Monthly Score.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Call of the Canyon	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	LIVERIGHT
3.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
4.	Never the Twain Shall Meet	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
5.	Bread	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
6.	A Lost Lady	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
7.	The Midlander	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	Butterfly	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	The Covered Wagon	*Emerson Hough*	APPLETON
10.	The Mine with the Iron Door	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
5.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
7.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
9.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	LIVERIGHT
10.	The Humanizing of Knowledge	*James Harvey Robinson*	DORAN

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR SIR:

The March BOOKMAN is before me open at "To See or Not to See". After the drama "Rain" I see these words: "Sex and religion vie with each other over the person of Jeanne Eagels in a South Sea setting." From an earlier number of THE BOOKMAN I find this sentence: "Somerset Maugham's play, 'East of Suez', recently produced, speaks quite bitterly of the smugness and hyprocisy of missionaries in the Orient: and his drama 'Rain' does the same thing."

I am a church woman, I am interested in good drama. I hope to write two plays myself some day, hope it so greatly that I put aside all home duties, went to New York and took Miss Latham's course in Dramatic Composition at Columbia University last summer.

In one of my plays, for which I am constantly collecting material from life, I want to glorify the Church (not a prostitute). I want to show all that Christ meant it to be for individuals and for people *en masse*.

In the other (for which I am also using the laboratory of life) I want to put to shame all the failures, weaknesses, and hypocrisies of church people that make Christianity appear to some unsuccessful.

I saw Jeanne Eagels in "Rain" last summer. She is a great actress. She impressed me as an actress who expresses emotions as a result of large experience, much observation of people, and deep intellectual thought. She reminded me of Laurette Taylor in "The National Anthem".

But what I want to say is this: Have the reviewers of "Rain" really found what it is all about? Isn't it a psychological study of a misguided soul who *thought* he had religion, but who knew nothing of Christ's compassion for the woman at the well in Samaria? Was it not his *idea* of religion that failed him rather than religion in reality? Wasn't he "Master of his fate", "Captain of his soul", and when he came to the test did he not leave the Heavenly Captain, the God-Master entirely out of his experience? Is not the great idea of the play a personal and not an institutional one?

A. S. M. Hutchinson says after all the discussion of "This Freedom" that his thought was not "shall a mother have a career?" but the utter destructfulness of selfishness.

The Eliotts' Katy believed in her peasant heart that *lying* was the dominant sin of life. Having an illegitimate baby could not be compared in her mind to the hell she would go to if she told a lie.

Was not the South Sea missionary's conception of sin unthought out by himself, but accepted by him as he had been taught it by Puritan ancestry?

I know a girl who said all her life that she would not marry a minister. But she did. I know another who said she would die before she would marry a widower. Married to one with six children, she is living yet.

Why should Somerset Maugham select the missionary to sow the wild oats instead of one of the sailors? Does he think the intelligent public are ignorant of some of the things that take place in far off Samoa away from the folks back home? Does he not know that distance does not cover the indiscretions of Americans away from home whether they be missionaries, sailor boys, writers, or government officials? If so, he has not seen some of the kodak pictures in the possession of some of these very people.

As I interpret "Rain" it is full of sin: the sin of misinterpreted Christianity, of running away from broken laws in the states, of non-positiveness in the kindly doctor who could have helped, of the celibate marriage, of sailors idling away their time seeking diversion anywhere, of ignorance of the art of right living.

The papers say that Miss Eagels will be "on the road" for months in "Rain". Let us hope that if she ever gets a new play, she will glorify her art by glorifying someone more inspirational than a deluded prostitute.

What a wealth of information one gets at the theatre. As I sat and saw "Rain" there were two men behind me who discussed certain elements of the play and the temperaments of people like those depicted. I am sure those men were not missionaries. I am also sure that they were wise in the ways of the world of lust — not because of a mistaken idea of sin, but because of lack of moral fibre. They chose to enjoy the so called pleasures of this life deliberately as long as they could get away with it in the circles in which they moved; so long as it did not overtake them with misfortune.

I looked at those men. What fine specimens of physical manhood they appeared. And they were not unintelligent as culture goes. If I had been in the Missionaries' church I could have moved my seat. As it was there was no escape, for "standing room only" was the ticket seller's reply.

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The missionary realized his injury to himself and to the already debased little fugitive from justice and he went out and killed himself. The men behind me sat and reveled in their sins.

The only consistent thing the missionary did was to take his own life. It proved that his teachings had been honest at least, according to his convictions.

"Sex and religion vie with each other." Religion that is Christian glorifies the sex relationships, permits of no abuse.

Why does not Somerset Maugham write a play that glorifies sex and those missionaries that we can respect, or why does he not write of that life with which he is more familiar?

Respectfully yours,
MARTHA HUDSON EDWARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Does a bird befoul its own nest? Never. Yet in the December, 1923 number of THE BOOKMAN we read such a confession — "Pioneers and City Dwellers" — by one who wrote:

"O, wild woods and rivers and untrod sweeps of sod,
I exult that I know you,
I have felt you and worshipped you.
I cannot be robbed of the memory
Of horse and plain,
Of bird and flower,
Nor the song of the illimitable west wind."

Still, it is Hamlin Garland who can turn from this ode to his first love, to exalt in prose the glories of life held out to him by an alluring metropolitan goddess. He placed his wreath on the wrong head — that's all. Now, deftly he snatches it away from the loyal midwestern brow and, leaving mother earth far below, spryly he climbs to Woolworthian heights to crown his beckoning temptress.

Perhaps the editor of THE BOOKMAN will answer the question that occasions the writing of this objection, for surely he knows to whom he caters. Did the author of the story in question write his "confession of faith" for fellow writers or for mere readers of your magazine?

What difference does this make? Just this: You writing people with your neat little piles of mail, your countless invitations, your continual round of theatres, operas, concerts, lectures, your stimulating friends, your apartment or home of quiet simplicity or elegance, your entrée to places worthwhile, your clean, absorbing kind of work, should easily find that satisfyingness which can make New York City the very acme of all that your gregarious instincts crave. So come ye writers, one and all — hearken to Pied Piper and heed his call. Seize your inkwells, pens, and noms de plume, and hasten to New York City while yet there's room!

Consider now the non-writing readers — not all of them, of course, but just the some of us, for no doubt the sum of some of us is not inconsiderable.

We, with our mail from old friends who want to know what's what in New York; and the gas and light bills; our invitations (to see a new showing of special bargains, if we happen to be on the mailing list of local stores); our waiting in line in the winter evenings huddled against the barnlike dark green doors of the Metropolitan (we are standees in the Family Circle); our occasional free tickets to hear Hilaire Belloc, Hugh Walpole, or Anna Case; our tickets from Gray's that give us a really good play now and then, before the public has given its elusive approval; our dark, dingy apartment with a slit for sunshine at the noon hour — what a paradox — just when we are not at home; our poor elevator service and dirty halls; our monotonous daily routine that guarantees dry rot and squirrel-in-the-cage existence but connects us with an organization of almost extraordinary distinction — we must surely find New York offering little opportunity to satisfy the demands of the Gregarious Instinct but supplying instead a veritable train of annoyers.

I ask Mr. Hamlin Garland with what end in view he digs down and pulls out by the very scruff of its neck our Gregarious Instinct, so he can lecture it on the advantages of living *en masse*. Or, can it be that he did not forsee the reaction his subtle analysis would produce?

Are not the provinces losing out against the city competition to make the odds sufficiently certain for Mr. Garland? Do we need the author of "A Son of the Middle Border" and "A Daughter of the Middle Border" to use his influence to urge still others to forsake the very heart of this country and come to live on this already too much bepeopled "stone tongue in the mouth of the Hudson"?

Even though I grant that the advantages of the metropolis are undeniably unsurpassed for authors, artists, and persons of wealth, still I contend that for the rest of us, the eruptions of writer-people who champion the cause of the Gregarious Instinct are actually dangerous. 'Twere better, indeed, to eschew this subject and let us endeavor, privately, to wrestle with and modify, if possible, this unruly instinct. To all outsiders let us emphatically say, "Hands Off!"

C. K. M.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

The Will to Culture

ON February 22, Aschehoug of Christiania published "Norges Statskalender for Aaret 1924" (The Year Book of Norway for 1924), edited by J. H. Beer. There lies before me "The Norway Year Book, 1924", edited by S. C. Hammer, and published by Sverre Mortensen of Christiania. In other words Norway, with a population just equal to that of Virginia, sees fit to indulge in two totally different books on the same theme. The latter volume is an interesting case of the crisscrossing that is becoming so prominent in international relations. France alone lags behind. The Frenchmen never have translated, and they are not doing it now. Word went out from Paris recently that George Brandes's "Voltaire", 1,187 pages, and his "Main Currents", six volumes, are to be done into French. I do not believe it. The French do not translate. They brought out a translation several months ago of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller, and acted as though this were something quite unusual. For France it was and is. But in Germany, which has long had a translation of Maupassant, two great publishing houses which cherish a platonic hatred for each other are now announcing complete German versions of the same Maupassant.

The lavishness of Germany is, I think, more to be commended than the encircled self satisfaction of France, while the duolingual publicity of Norway cannot help but bring that narrow kingdom to the attention of the world all around. If there is anything about the country which any man might wish to know but which is not to be found in Mr. Hammer's opulent, alluring, and well written volume, it must have to do with the remote future. For he has neglected nothing regarding the past and present. What a travelogue some otherwise unemployed talker, who had never left his native and non-Norwegian heath or hearth, could deliver with this book as a basis and a satchel full of slides borrowed from the right firm for the occasion!

And how Norway lends itself to striking statements! Though it is much smaller in area than Montana, the distance between Lindesnæs and North Cape is as great as that between Lindesnæs and Rome or Moscow. Though so northerly in position, it has a luxuriant vegetation; of phanerogams alone there are 1,500 species growing wild in the country. It has been shown to the complete satisfaction of anyone except a Fundamentalist who believes that nothing happened before the year 1, that Norway was well inhabited in the neolithic stone age; that is, while the ice still covered the mountain wilds; that is, thousands of years before 1. In language it resembles what this country would be like if some insisted on speaking the tongue of Beowulf while others employed such words as Edward Bok uses. The Year Book has an illuminating section on grindstones; Norway exported 933 tons of them in 1921, a slump year. One of the longest chapters of all is on Norway and the World War, during which she lost, from direct hits, 829 ships—with a total capacity of

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1,200,000 tons—and 1,162 human lives, in addition to 65 vessels with crews numbering 975 men that just simply disappeared in the war zone from unknown causes. Yet Norway remained neutral. This book, with its hundred odd chapters, each written by a specialist, is no ordinary annual.

A dual interest attaches to "The Diary of Otto Braun", that admittedly brilliant son of the singular Lily Braun—singular in being a Prussian militarist by birth, a Socialist Pacifist in words, and the mother of a volunteer soldier in reality. The boy was born in 1897. Too young for service in 1914, he went to the front on general principles. In 1918 he was killed. This volume contains his diary from January 13, 1907, to April 28, 1918, the poems he wrote, some of his letters, and a rather intricate heap of introductions, forewords, headlines, and footnotes. There is no question but that he was unusually endowed; this much has been conceded by the "Nouvelle Revue Française". On June 5, 1911, he writes about the death of Mignon in "Wilhelm Meister". He cannot fancy why she must die just as Wilhelm abandons himself to the "bourgeois serenity embodied in Teresa". Old minds have pondered on the same subject. His poems are good —for one so young.

But after all, that this book should have been published in Germany at a time when German publishers claim that more money can be made by holding print paper for speculative sales than by using it to bring out works of acknowledged masters, and that it should have been translated just now when it is about as easy to interest American publishers in translations from the German as it would be to interest a hotel syndicate in bar fixtures—this is interesting, for the inexplicable is always interesting. Nor is it all. Herr Professor Dr. Petzold once submitted a petition of around 1,300 words to the Royal and Imperial German Ministry of Education, asking that he be relieved of all duty in connection with the Royal College at Spandau for three or four years so that he might devote his entire time to the then outstanding prodigy of the cosmos, Otto Braun. His letter was written on December 8, 1909. On March 17, 1910, he received a reply in thirty words informing him that the Minister of Education "most certainly refuses to entertain your strange request". Havelock Ellis, in his overnice and understudied introduction, feels that so great delay in answering the Petzold epistle is another instance of imbecile bureaucracy, while the refusal to entertain so plausible a wish reveals a hopeless obtuseness in matters of the spirit. I personally feel that however interesting the case may be, as interpreted by Havelock Ellis, it is even more interesting as a reflection of Prussian clemency. Dr. Petzold could well have been relieved of duty for all time on the ground of injudicious *Unternehmungsgeist*.

We are struggling at present with the immigration problem. The struggle, not wholly to our liking, is obligatory; for if someone lost the key to the turnstiles at Ellis Island, half of Europe would be over here before the taking of the next census. Herman George Scheffauer's "God's Own Country", recently done into German, may therefore fill a need: it may help to keep the thirty million Germans who would like to be landed at Battery Park, at home. For, as Mr. Scheffauer sees it, this is a pestilential land.

Now, there is no question that some of his criticisms, if stated in temperate language, would be well taken; no

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man dislikes the specialist in boosting, the patent medicine man in optimism, more cordially than I do. I am longing for a chance to have a joust at statement and reply with that voluble nuisance, the hundred per center. But caricatures are amusing only, exaggerated contentions deceive none but the thoughtless; and untruth is untruth. Mr. Scheffauer begins with the remark that we "had not the slightest reason to declare war on Germany". He finds food for thought in the fact that all along Broadway nobody eats at home any more; everybody eats in the restaurants. And quoting Ludwig Lewisohn, he finds the American college student the original and aboriginal numskull. He says you look at his face, and though you see that he has not been a criminal, you see at the same time that mentality does not lurk beneath his sleekly combed hair (or her slickly bobbed hair).

The book has been well received in Germany. Though it is just out, there are two reviews of it in the February "Literatur". The reviewers claim that it will do much to clarify the mistaken notions the Germans have regarding "American Philanthropy", and that it will act as a healthy purifier, coming as it does on the heels of those two books by Alfred Kerr and Professor Dessauer, both of which leave this country in a halo.

Thomas Mann, born at Lübeck in 1875, is the son of a Lübeck merchant senator, and of a mother who was a native Brazilian. He has Creole blood in his veins, is generally conceded to be the greatest novelist in Germany, and "Buddenbrooks" is regarded as his greatest creation, unless it be the "Confessions of Profiteer Krull", published a month ago. It may have been this racial mixture in Thomas Mann which persuaded his American publisher to be so explicit as to who printed the volumes, who furnished the paper, who did the binding — Americans all — and then to let it be known with singular vigor, or "vigour", that the translation is by an Englishman. Well, the translation may be approved by all Americans; it is much more than merely adequate. There were features of the original which defied acceptable translation, and these Mr. Lowe-Porter has wisely waived. That is, he simply did not essay them. The rest is wholly agreeable.

"Buddenbrooks" is a monumental bit of fiction. It treats the rise and fall of the family of this name from around 1800 to a few years after the establishment of the prewar German Empire. It is an object lesson to novelists in many ways. Thomas Mann hardly had to leave his father's fig tree to depict the lives of the hundred or so personages who have their entrances and their exits in this gigantic saga. He sticks to his initial plan, that of portraying actual life, without once digressing, after the fashion of George Eliot, to moralize on the ups and downs, the ins and outs, of his people. But you understand it; you see why these grain dealers in Hanseatic Lübeck were ennobled today and embarrassed tomorrow. If there is one unmotivated theme, it is that of the abnormal musical ability of the youthful Hanno Buddenbrook, the last of the fourth generation. How did he come by it? Not through environment, nor by heredity. But he has musical genius. Probably he derived it through the crushing drill he received in his home high school. His face showed that he had lived through unhappiness that spelled crime somewhere.

Each of these four volumes brings

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out the misleading difference between Europe and the United States. But who will or can say that Europe is right and we are wrong? To maintain that we are deficient in culture is becoming a rostrum sport. It is, however, largely a matter of difference. We may not play skat, but we do play baseball. We do not have a Thomas Mann, but we do have a ——— (let someone else fill in the blank).

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

The Norway Year Book, 1924. First Year of Issue. Edited by S. C. Hammer, M.A., Christiania Correspondent of the "Times". Sverre Mortensen Bokhandel, Christiania.

The Diary of Otto Braun. With Selections from his Letters and Poems. Edited by Julie Vogelstein. Translated from the German by Ella Winter. Poetry translated by F. W. Stella Browne. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Alfred A. Knopf.

Das Land Gottes, Gesicht des neuen Amerika. By Herman George Scheffauer. Translated from the English by Tony Noah. Paul Steegemann Verlag, Hanover.

Buddenbrooks. Translated from the German of Thomas Mann by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Two volumes. Alfred A. Knopf.

Notes from France

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S book on Mahatma Gandhi (Rieder) is having a large sale in France, where sympathies for India have always been alive. At the same time, the critical sense of the French demands more light on actual facts and less lyrical onesidedness than Rolland offers in his political writings. As happened with "The Outline of History", Loti's books on the South Seas, or the Bok Prize, the greatest usefulness of such a manifestation will be to stimulate the attention of people on problems beyond the daily routine. Then other works will bring detailed knowledge of the case.

As Gandhi, by order of Ramsay MacDonald's government, is freed from prison, Miguel de Unamuno, head of the university of Salamanca and the highest intellectual authority in Spain, is deported by order of General Primo de Rivera. I do not know if indignation over this fact has been as strong and widespread in Anglo-Saxon countries as it has been in French intellectual circles. "Les Nouvelles Littéraires", often accused of conservatism, printed large type protests, in the name of French writers, against the summary action taken by the Spanish dictator. Unamuno is one of Europe's foremost thinkers. His "Essence de l'Espagne" was recently translated into French by M. Bataillon (Plon). A remarkable essay of his on "The Future of Europe" appeared in the "Revue de Genève" a few months ago. His deportation to a little rocky island where he will remain out of touch with his disciples does not appear as an act of force: rather as an act of desperate weakness.

Baltasar Gracian, a countryman of Unamuno's, has been an exile on the sea of time. Now he comes back, reintroduced by André Rouveyre, in the "Cahiers Verts". This Spanish Jesuit was famous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His "Maxims", translated by Amelot de la Houssaie, were a delight for the *gens de cour*, the roués and the intriguers of long ago. They are not without charm, nor even without actuality, for us.

The last works of Marcel Proust are coming to light, one by one. The two volumes of "La Prisonnière" (Nouvelle Revue Française) confirm what was said before concerning this prodigious novelist, his sensitive genius, and his obvious limitations. No writer has been his equal in describing the life, under the microscope, of

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sentimental bacilli, which he was the first to isolate. His method is full of promise and his influence is already vast. Yet his work fails to present anything but very local, very temporary, very special cases in French bourgeois semi-aristocratic prewar life, or to analyze anything but psychological situations which can occur only under special atmospheric conditions, and when all the windows have been closed.

The English have paid splendid homage to Marcel Proust, in the form of a collective tribute. Letters by Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Arthur Symons, Clive Bell, Logan Pearsall Smith, and many others have been collected by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, the able translator of Proust's "Du Côté de chez Swann".

Novels by younger men are hopefully unlike each other. What is there in common between "Oxford and Margaret" by Fayard and "Attirance da la Mort" by Jacques Sindral (Grasset)? Between such "lyrical confessions" as "Le Paradis à l'Ombre des Epées" by H. de Montherlant and "Le Chef" by René Lalou (Crès)? These four books would require a long comment. For the present, I want only to mark how rich, how multifarious is the recent production in French fiction. Such books as "L'Amour de Cécile Fougères" by Edmond Jaloux (Ferenczi) or the recent novels by Jean-Louis Vaudoyer maintain the tradition of measured, tactful, subtle progress in the delineation of sentiment. But the younger fiction writers engage themselves upon untrodden paths.

Three important contributions to the literature of criticism and essays have appeared at the Nouvelle Revue Française: the two volumes on Bergsonism by Albert Thibaudet; the "Critiques d'un Autre Temps" by Jacques Copeau, creator and head of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier—being his studies on contemporary French dramatic production—; and last but not least the admirable "Etudes" by Jacques Rivère, which have been out of print for many years and which include some of the finest pages inspired by modern literary, musical, or pictorial art. The essays on Gide, Baudelaire, Claudel, form the most important parts. Such fragments, however, as those on "Tristan and Isolde", or on Borodin's "Prince Igor", will take their place in future anthologies of French prose.

PIERRE DE LANUX

German Books and Translations

THE improvement, the so called "stabilization" of the German exchange, enabling publishers here to buy foreign books for German rights, is resulting in the publication of a number of translations of interest to Americans. For example, the firm of Brockhaus in Leipzig, whose fine new compact Cyclopædia in four volumes has just been completed, has issued Stefansson's "The Friendly Arctic" under the title "Länder der Zukunft", with delightful blue end papers decorated with little symbols of Eskimo life. Brockhaus also publishes a book by Sven Hedin, "Verwehte Spuren", an account of the life of a famous traveler of the seventeenth century, Bengt Bengtsson Oxenstierna, a Swede who ranged up and down Germany, over the Brenner Pass to Venice and through the Orient, keeping a most alluring diary to illuminate his long vanished tracks. For those who know his route today, the pastime of com-

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parison is full of the thrill of rediscovery.

The second and third volumes of Ray Stannard Baker's "Memoirs and Documents of Woodrow Wilson" have just been published by Paul List, Leipzig. Rütten and Loening, of Frankfort-on-Main, issue in an inspired translation by Emerich Reeck a volume of Lord Dunsany's beautifully wild legends under the title "Die Seele am Galgen". Which naturally leads up to another very different gallows. The house of Gustav Kiepenheuer, Potsdam, publish the strangest of all the translations—the "Diaries of the Sansons", the Parisian executioner's family, newly revised from a contemporary translation. These diaries cover a period from 1685 to 1847 and furnish a cultural document of peculiar historical significance; but its success is of course mainly due to a certain perversion of taste in the present day reading public. A similar appeal is made by the extremely fascinating volume of Professor Houben, "Verbotene Literatur" (Ernst Rowohlt, Berlin). The names of most well known German authors, from Heinrich Heine to Hermann Sudermann, occur in this comprehensive biographical anthology of the battle with the censor in Germany; and yet there is so much material that a second volume is already in preparation, containing as many famous names as the first. Most of these quarrels, which sometimes ended in a triumph for the author, took place on political grounds.

Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt", to return to translations, is just about to appear, also John Dos Passos's "Streets of Night".

Hanns Fischer, whose epoch making book "The Riddle of the Depths" was reviewed here recently, has published the eagerly awaited "Welt-Wenden", the history of the great floods of the world, explained and illuminated in the light of his amazing theory of the "Ice of the Universe". The age old flood stories, the account of the Biblical Flood, the Indian legends and picture stories, the epic legend of the destruction of Atlantis, the cradle of all modern civilization, the mystery of Easter Island—one by one the old stories glow into life and fit themselves, as bits of truth colored and shaped by the myth, into the mosaic of Fischer's planetary theory.

Voigtländer of Leipzig publishes this book of destiny, as well as Dr. Fischer's affectionate biography of a great German naturalist: "R. H. Francé, The Book of a Life". Francé is the founder of the theory of the unity of all life and the interdependence of plant, animal, and man—biotechnics. He is a pioneer in new paths of natural history. In Hanns Fischer he has found a biographer-disciple to whom the man and the theories are almost equally admirable.

An interesting examination of war psychology and war hysteria from the German point of view is "Der Massenwahn, seine Wirkung und seine Beherrschung" (Mass Suggestion, Its Effects and Their Control) by Kurt Baschwitz, published by Oskar Beck, Munich.

A book for educationalists in the widest sense is Georg Förster's "Geschichte und Persönlichkeit" (History and Personality), published by the Sibyllen Verlag, Dresden. It makes a determined stand against all modern attempts to reduce the human spirit to a detail in a whole, a cog in a wheel, an obedient unit in an ordered community. Förster is all for the free development of the essential personality in every man; he berates the family, the school, the university, the

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office, for their various and combined attempts to extinguish the individual and produce the norm. He sets up the conflicting types of the "historic" and the "anti-historic man", and demands that everyone strive to develop his essential "I" to its fullest and freest form, without wasting vital energy on the useless and pernicious effort to cramp the spirit into a ready-made cage. A free, full, and fine book for teachers, students, parents, and all who protest against the tyranny of the norm.

The well known essayist, Frank Thiess, has written an argumentative, provocative, and very vital book entitled "Das Gesicht des Jahrhunderts" (The Face of the Century). In the form of a number of open letters to prominent men of the day, each a leader in his own particular branch of life, Frank Thiess takes up his own highly individualized attitude toward all modern culture. On the film he addresses Paul Wegener, on architecture Hans Poelzig, on education Gustav Wyneken, etc. The two finest and most profound essays are perhaps those on journalism (to Theodor Wolff, editor of the Berlin "Tageblatt") and on learning (addressed to Rector Gustav Röthe of Berlin University). In the latter he unfolds a brilliant polemic against the specialization of learning, carried today to such limits that research for research's sake has practically superseded all real creative attempt to become wise (in contradistinction to the common attempt to acquire learning). Journalism, that monster without a soul, delivered over to the preservation of "interests", Thiess calls "the Church of our age", and compares the brilliant editors of the great journals to the mass molding preachers of the Middle Ages. But he complains that whereas the preachers at any rate had above them an image of God which they banalized, the journalistic giant and molder of the mob has nothing above him but the "interest" which is one today and another tomorrow. This is going it aggressively, the stimulating character of these onesided discussions is infectious. An anthology of the replies, if they could be induced, would also make interesting reading. The book is published by J. Engelhorn, Stuttgart.

A queer, disorderly novel, leaping untidily from past to present, from one person to another, making strange confusion of thought and reality, yet lit with the spark of greatness, is "Der Bürger" (The Citizen) by the prominent pacifist, Leonhard Frank, famous for his "Der Mensch ist Gut". The publisher is the Malik Verlag, Berlin. The book has, of course, since Frank is the author, strong moments where social injustice, pity for the proletariat, come to the fore, or where the cowardice and hesitancy of the citizen soul, cushioned in the comfort of inherited ideas, are vigorously cudgeled. The end, however, is peaceful. A remarkable book.

A. de Nora, whose clever and witty short stories and stylistic romances gave only here and there a hint of the poet, has written a verse cycle, handsomely bound in black and gold, which discloses him as a poet of real talent. The book, called "Madonnas" and published by L. Staackmann, Leipzig, is a series of studies of motherhood in many phases and many situations. It contains very strong dramatic work, and is full of a profound, passionate poignancy which shows that this usually *mondain* writer is capable of exalted emotion and wide, warm human feeling.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE BOOKMAN'S outline of contemporary drama, which began in the November issue, consists of studies of the following playwrights:

November: Augustus Thomas, Owen Davis, Edward Sheldon, Eugene O'Neill.

December: Susan Glaspell, Zoe Akins, Rachel Crothers, Alice Brown, Zona Gale.

January: Louis K. Anspacher, Charles Rann Kennedy, Lewis Beach, George Cram Cook, Theodore Dreiser, Gilbert Emery, Arthur Richman, Algernon Tassin.

February: James Forbes, David Belasco, Eugene Walter, Elmer Rice, Jesse Lynch Williams, George M. Cohan.

March: Avery Hopwood, Langdon Mitchell, George Scarborough, J. Hartley Manners, George Ade, Mary Roberts Rinehart.

April: George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, George Middleton, George Kelly, Philip Barry, Frank Craven.

The committee has met several difficulties in preparing this outline. In the first place, there are innumerable dramatists whose work should be examined for an understanding of the real theatre of America. Then, how should these dramatists be divided? After various classifications had proved unsatisfactory, the committee decided upon a purely arbitrary division.

A word of warning. Many clubs when they study the drama are likely to stick closely to what is generally known as "closet" drama, often historical or poetical dramas by intellectuals of one sort or another whose plays have seldom been produced with success. We urge you not to sniff at the commercial theatre. It is, after all, the root of drama.

For each of the following dramatists we give a selected list of his published plays, as well as the names of any easily procurable magazine articles dealing with him and his work. As a general bibliography the following books are suggested:

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Our American Theatre. Oliver M. Sayler. BRENTANO.
The British and American Drama of To-day. Barrett H. Clark. HOLT.
The Changing Drama. Archibald Henderson. STEWART KIDD.
The Modern Drama. Ludwig Lewisohn. HUEBSCH.
The Drama and the Stage. Ludwig Lewisohn. HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Twentieth Century Theatre. William Lyon Phelps. MACMILLAN.
Seen on the Stage. Clayton Hamilton. HOLT.
The Theatre of Tomorrow. Kenneth Macgowan. BONI, LIVERIGHT.

Anthologies

Chief Contemporary Dramatists, First and Second Series. Thomas H. Dickinson. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Representative American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. CENTURY.
Contemporary American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. SCRIBNER.
Representative Plays by American Dramatists, Volume Three. Montrose J. Moses. DUTTON.
Longer Plays by Modern Authors (American). Helen Louise Cohen. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Modern American Plays. George P. Baker. HARCOURT, BRACE.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN DRAMA

Committee: Kenneth Macgowan, Chairman; Owen Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, Alexander Woollcott.

Seventh Group

WINCHELL SMITH

The Boomerang. FRENCH.
Lightnin'. FRENCH.

This enormously clever craftsman has a finish in the drama that is based on an understanding of popular American foibles and traits. His is a more sentimental gift than George Cohan's.

Winchell Smith was born at Hartford, Connecticut. His career in the theatre, after a high school education, began as an actor. Then he turned producer, and has since combined that profession with the writing of his plays. He has seldom had a failure, and the list of his plays — "The Fortune Hunter", "The Boomerang" (with Victor Mapes), "Turn to the Right" (with John E. Hazzard), and "Lightnin'" (with Frank Bacon) — speaks for their monetary success.

"But it isn't alone the excellent acting and smooth, life-like production of 'The Boomerang' which makes it popular. The fact that it tells a nice little story about nice people, that it is old-fashioned enough to recognize the claims of such people to a place in fiction, counts heavily in its favor. It is bright and gay in spirit, like the comedies which used to be seen at the old Empire, and it restores to the stage the wholesome side of our more or less leisured American life." — Walter Prichard Eaton, AMERICAN MAGAZINE, January, 1916.

"This agreeable story ['The Fortune Hunter'] is simply and easily narrated; the characters are humorous and human; and the dialogue is brightly and naturally written. But the remarkable merit of the work lies rather in its wholesomeness of tone. Everything that happens to the hero happens also in the minds of the auditors. They feel as he feels, and follow his fortunes as if they were their own. And it is no mean achievement for an author thus to make the audience a party to his play. It is the secret of charm." — Clayton Hamilton, FORUM, November, 1909.

AUSTIN STRONG

The Toymaker of Nuremberg. FRENCH.
Three Wise Fools. FRENCH.

A relative of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Austin Strong was born at San Francisco, and educated in Samoa, California, and New Zealand. He began his career as a landscape architect. His first two plays were written in collaboration with

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Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. His dramas are workmanlike, often filled with a curious workaday fantasy. The two latest successes by him have been "Three Wise Fools" and "Seventh Heaven".

"Few authors have been so successful in spinning comedy and weaving melodrama with one and the same hand. Austin Strong gave no promise of this technical skill in his earlier efforts. He must have written scores of unproduced plays in between. He is an architect by training and his first impulse should be to build rather than relate. In this play ['Three Wise Fools'] he comes into his own for his structure is architecturally compact. It ranks as a classic in present day attainment and has a tendency to lift the art." — DRAMATIST, October, 1920.

"Obviously 'Seventh Heaven' is an arrangement, as much as Dumas' 'Le Demi Monde' was, or 'The Two Orphans' or 'East Lynne' or any other of the old melodramas with street rats, rich uncles, heroes, attics, and the good curé busily understanding his children's hearts and humorously saving goodhearted but straying sinners. This play of 'Seventh Heaven' is a pleasant reversion to a type less problematic than many latter day dramas, less intellectually and geographically and sociologically pretentious. It is good, honest theatre, with bells, vice, hardships, heroism and true love. One may shed tears and eat chocolates at such a play. The reactions it affords are exciting and bracing for the heart. They involve general and healthy theatrical moods and theatrical ways of feeding our lives. One of the pleasures of 'Seventh Heaven', if you find pleasure in it, which I did in a sort of little brown jug and Ben Bolt vein of sentiment, is the assurance that you are honestly in the midst of the game, a theatre game that is always comfortably separated from life, though it may in itself be vitally moving and warm." — Stark Young, NEW REPUBLIC, December 20, 1922.

JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

Chains. BRENTANO.

Mr. Goodman has had a hand in the making of one or two of the most successful American plays of recent years. His "The Man Who Came Back" (written with Montague Glass) was one of those roaring melodramas which is still played in the provinces and will be remembered for years. His realistic drama, "Chains", was one of the numerous sex discussion plays which flooded Broadway in the season of 1923-24. Mr. Goodman was born in Gervais, Oregon. He was graduated from Harvard and studied in the postgraduate college at Columbia, where he took his M.A. degree. For a time he was an editor, then turned to playwrighting with success. He lives at Peekskill, near New York City.

"'Chains' and 'The Changelings' are not unlike in make up, though totally opposed in moral viewpoint. Both are dramatically effective. Both are discursive. Both are well acted, and neither one proves anything nor solves the problem it presents. 'Chains' by Jules Eckert Goodman, as has been pointed out by most of the dramatic critics, is an American version of 'Hindle Wakes' . . . . It is interesting but its issue is certainly cloudy. . . . As a discussion of moral values, 'Chains' is interesting." — John Farrar, BOOKMAN, November, 1923.

REFERENCE:

Vicissitudes of a Playwright. Lynde Denig. THEATRE, January, 1916.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Clarence. FRENCH.
The Intimate Strangers. Included in *Longer Plays by Modern Authors.*

Mr. Tarkington throughout his long and successful career as novelist and short story writer has remained true to his real passion for the drama. There is little question that his plays are not so good as his novels; but he has written some exceedingly charming and successful dramatic entertainments. Those who have played Mr. Tarkington's heroes range from Richard Mansfield, through George Arliss, to Alfred Lunt and Glenn Hunter. Mr. Tarkington was born at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1869. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, Purdue University, and Princeton. He has lived much of his life in Maine, where his summer home is, and from which some of his ancestors came.

"There is something unconquerably young about such plays as this antique adaptation of Booth Tarkington ['Monsieur Beaucaire'], which Richard Mansfield introduced to America and which Lewis Waller has acted more than a thousand times in England. After days of buying, selling, bargaining, and evenings spent in the contemplation of dramatized domestic discord, it is pleasant to be carried rearward to an age, whether that age ever existed or not, when life's greatest desire was to receive a red rose from a

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lady." — Channing Pollock, GREEN BOOK, June, 1912.

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Literary Club Service. BOOKMAN, November, 1922.
Booth Tarkington — Dramatist. Walter Comstock. GREEN BOOK ALBUM, vol. 2, August, 1909.

A. E. THOMAS

Come Out of the Kitchen. FRENCH.
Just Suppose. FRENCH.

An expert writer of light comedy, Mr. Thomas has given us one or two gems of satirical nonsense, such as "Come Out of the Kitchen" and "Just Suppose". He was born at Chester, Massachusetts, was graduated from Brown University, and worked as a newspaperman on various New York papers. In such attempts as his recent "The Jolly Roger" he seems to fail by an inability to seize the substance behind his original and usually charming idea. In many ways he is the best consistent writer of good comedy in America.

"To be a reporter for fifteen years is to see much. To be a reporter for fifteen years and emerge uncynical and serene, however, is something of an accomplishment. To emerge, furthermore, with a sense for style still keen, and an undimmed zest for invention is almost worthy of Peter Pan. Mr. Thomas has thus emerged with 'Her Husband's Wife' in his pocket." — Walter Prichard Eaton in his introduction to *Her Husband's Wife.*

"Mr. Thomas' neat farce, 'Her Husband's Wife', produced by Henry Miller with Miss Laura Hope Crews in the leading part, has a distinct satiric flavor: its fun is drawn as much from its intellectual tang, its ridicule of the feminine mind, as from its complications of plot. Still more in his play 'The Divorce Fund', written in a spirit of solemn nonsense, of Gilbertian topsy-turvy, the pervasive air of intellectual ridicule gives it tone and distinction. Mr. Thomas is not savage, nor sententious. He is good natured and ordinary of speech. But he has the satirist's gift as well as the playwright's knack." — Walter Prichard Eaton, AMERICAN MAGAZINE, November, 1910.

"The method of the whole piece ['The Rainbow'] is more narrative than dramatic. Time and again two characters, in dialogue, tell each other what has happened, what is happening, and what is going to happen. Yet the story is so good that this method serves to hold the interest. Furthermore, the dialogue is admirably written, with that delicate commingling of sentiment and humour that hits, at the same time, the hearer's head and heart. There is a passage in the second act, between the hero and a flashy lady whose friendship he is finally discarding because of the advent of his little girl, which is a veritable triumph of literary tact. A really human story, written with delicate taste, can always succeed in the theatre, even though it may lack, a little, the sterner stuff of drama." — Clayton Hamilton, BOOKMAN, May, 1912.

CLEVES KINKAID

Common Clay. FRENCH.
The Four Flushers. HARVARD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB PLAYS. 1919.

The author of the famous, if not brilliant, "Common Clay", Harvard Prize play in 1915, has not been prolific since the production and success of that effort. He was born at Louisville, Kentucky. He studied at Centre College, Harvard, and the University of Louisville. For a time he reported for a newspaper; he has also practised law. During the World War he was a first lieutenant of infantry. His home now is at Louisville.

" 'Common Clay' shows more fundamental knowledge of the audience than any Harvard product yet. . . .

"He has conceived a strong punch with ample popular appeal. This is a most difficult thing for the beginner. . . . The faculty Mr. Kinkaid must now cultivate is artistic restraint. There is considerable boldness in 'Common Clay' but it is not confined to the common characters."—DRAMATIST, July, 1915.

"Aside from one very well-written slice of dialogue in which the central figure of the play describes the dingy emptiness of her life preceding the epoch of her defloration, his work is a mere commonplace and shabby reflex of Coppée's 'Guilty Man' descending at times to the limit of grotesquerie."—From a review of *Common Clay* by George Jean Nathan, SMART SET, November, 1915.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

THIS day has become impossible! Here it is spring, and while a moment ago the promise of snow was bad enough, it is now snowing violently and the elevator boy tells us that there is actually four inches (or is it feet?) of snow in Maryland. Well, we just said farewell to Donald Ogden Stewart who goes off to Europe tomorrow, all by himself, to work at three books, his "Perfect Behavior in Europe", his letters to Robert Benchley, and his novel, in which he has great faith. Thomas Boyd, the brilliant young author of "Through the Wheat", has as suddenly returned and is back at work in St. Paul. "At work" is a proper method of expressing it; for he has finished the final draft of his new novel and written two more short stories. Rose Gollup Cohen writes us that her "Out of the Shadow", translated into French by L. Godet, appeared serially in a French magazine published in Switzerland and is to be published as a spring book in France. We met William Lyon Phelps on his way to the conference of the committee to award the Pulitzer Prize for the best American play of the year. We tried to extract his opinion, but failed. How about "The Changelings", Mr. Phelps, or "The Goose Hangs High"? Ah no, says our heart, not so long as "The Show-Off" is about town. However, there's no accounting for committees, even when Professor Phelps is on them! Llewellyn Jones came gaily upon us the other noon. We admire his robust countenance and his curly hair above it. He seems to have spent much time this season lecturing to Chicago ladies in their Chicago clubs. Speaking of women's clubs, we received a fascinating letter from Mrs. Marion MacCalman of Deer Lodge, Montana, not long ago, telling us of her club's study of drama according to Kenneth Andrews's outline in THE BOOKMAN of July, 1922. The plays chosen for study were: "The Fool", "The Famous Mrs. Fair", "Anna Christie", "Lady Windermere's Fan", "Will Shakespeare", "You and I", "Rain", "Loyalties", "Icebound", "The First Year", "Candida", "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary", "Mary Rose", and "The Great Divide". What pleased us most was the charming verse which Mrs. MacCalman added:

A NOTE ON ELDERLY MEMBERS OF LITERARY CLUBS

We're panting up the golden stair
With bonnets all askew,
We're chasing Old Man Culture,
We aim to ketch him tew.
We aim to grab him by the tail,
Or pin him to the wall,
But when we reach the place he's at
Why! he ain't there, that's all.

The "Boys' Life" luncheon for Douglas Fairbanks was one of the most impressive occasions within our memory. The attempt of the Boy Scout Movement to make a great boys' magazine of their official publication is praiseworthy. A recent gift of $100,000 toward supporting the publication should help, and with the cooperation of Dan Beard, Zane Grey, Douglas Fairbanks, Louis Joseph Vance, and the obviously interested group of editors and authors gathered the other noon, there should be no difficulty. Already this magazine has made astonishing progress, as Frank

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Presbrey pointed out — and the Fairbanks articles in it have aided most substantially. Dan Beard is an extraordinary figure: droll, boyish, and thoroughly charming in his old age. He called on many speakers, among them John Finley, Hamlin Garland, and George Millard Davison. Mr. Fairbanks himself was in fine form. He quoted gaily from Herbert Spencer, and proved himself a forceful and graceful speaker. Hamlin Garland was impressed by the Spencer quotation, and by the fact that he had been forced to enter the building by a side door, so great was the noonday throng awaiting Douglas Fairbanks. Dan Beard stated at the luncheon that the guests would be unable to pass the Merit Badge tests of the Boy Scouts, whereupon the publicity department of that organization sends us a challenge in the shape of the Merit Badge requirements. We were once a Scout and we humbly bow to Mr. Beard's dictum—but why, for example, couldn't some of the guests prove themselves? Surely Charles Dana Gibson could achieve a Merit Badge in painting, and possibly angling, although "bee keeping" or "foundry practise" might stump him. At any rate, efforts to merit the Badge might prove a useful game for this particular aggregation, which included such persons as Morgan Stinemetz, Melville E. Stone, Carl Van Doren, Sewell Haggard, Norman Hapgood, Robert Bridges, Herbert Hungerford, W. T. Hornaday, and many more — and they were all obviously more than appreciative of the great "Doug"!

Alvin Wright Thorne tells us that he is not a writer of poems but that he should like to disagree with Marguerite Wilkinson's attitude toward pawnbrokers, as expressed in our February issue. Now, we have always felt kindly toward the race since one of them in Flushing, Long Island, loaned us a nickel for carfare when we found our pocketbook lost and ourself far, far from home, with neither policeman nor subway attendant nor anyone else in sight even ever so slightly interested. Here is Mr. Thorne's poem, which is pretty good verse writing, we think.

God curse the pawnbrokers!
for they are greedy men.
And if they get you once,
no doubt they will again.
They never take a chance,
like you or me.
For once they have you in their grip,
they hate to see you free.
They never ask a question,
there is no need of that.
For you must lay your treasure,
three times their worth of cash.
And as you take your ticket,
as you will surely do,
You can feel their cursed eyes grining,
for they know that they have you.
God curse the pawnbrokers!
yes, all their slimy kind,
That live upon the failures
of women and mankind.

Rebecca West has given her first lecture in New York City, where she appeared one Sunday evening at the Times Square Theatre, gowned in a black satin dress, draped and cut (so our fashion editor says) in Grecian lines. Miss West moves gracefully across a stage, and though she is desperately serious, she stands at ease during her speech, leaning against the table. We cannot see that Lady Diana Manners or Rosita Forbes is one whit more beautiful than she. Alexander Woollcott introduced her with diverting anecdotes, at the conclusion of which he made a timely "recessional", as he called it. Miss West spoke on the feminist movement, and industrialism, and we were especially moved by the beauty of her remarks about

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Ireland. In the audience we found Franklin P. Adams, and the newly married John V. A. Weaver and Peggy Wood. (The public press seems convinced that Miss Wood is married to the editor of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Weaver strenuously denies this. We don't blame him.) Now that we have heard the author of "The Judge" on politics, we are looking forward to hearing her on books and authors.

Laura Bell Everett writes to say:

The birthday of Ina Coolbrith, March 10, was observed in the schools of San Francisco. Across the Bay, in the home of her niece in Berkeley, dwells the coworker with Bret Harte and Charles Warren Stoddard. In the opinion of Miss Coolbrith, the greatest of all the group that included, too, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller was the poet, John R. Ridge. Of Cherokee descent, he had the free imagination of the nature nurtured Indian, with the taste and standards derived from the best literary traditions of the English language. He is again recalled to Californians by one of the series of historical articles that May S. Corcoran is publishing in the Oakland "Tribune". He was the adviser and mentor of the California girl who wrote her poems as the birds sing their songs.

Miss Coolbrith is today splendidly vigorous in spite of her years and is doing some of her best writing. Art is long. Her interest in young writers is expressed in many ways. As keenly as she lives in the present, she looks with critical eye on presentations of the past. Her appreciation of "The Covered Wagon" is based on her recollection of coming to California as a little child through a roadless and unexplored country.

A most personal narrative is Maria Thompson Daviess's "Seven Times Seven". It is the autobiography of the author of "The Melting of Molly", and it is filled with humor, pathos, and a most engaging frankness. Miss Daviess has come on to New York City from her home in the south to say how do you do to old friends and to make, fortunately for us, a few new ones. She is practically an invalid, confined to her room by some form of rheumatism, yet with her gay eyes, her curly grey hair, her effervescent humor, she is one of the most cheerful of authors. In no sense does she

Maria Thompson Daviess

give up her efforts. She retains an enthusiasm for the drama. She will still direct plays, she insists, even though she cannot walk about; she will direct sitting — why not? Her interests are many, as can be seen from her autobiography. She is an artist, whose work has been exhibited in Paris salons, a writer of short stories, novels, plays. A strong southerner by instinct, she has yet broadened to a position of more than tolerance of the north. When we saw her she was entertaining a few people at tea. One lady had brought her some branches from the country, which she wanted to put in water in order to watch their buds turn to leaves. Another caller was Mary Austin, a loyal friend. The afternoon passed quickly and with much lively discussion. It seems Miss Daviess had just finished a new story, "In God's Pocket". Having been rescued from death's door, she is again living to the full, and enjoying it.

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For the good journalism contest we send "The Bookman Anthology of Essays" to E. F. Johnson of Auburndale, Massachusetts. We quote only in part this masterpiece of social reporting:

DELIGHTFUL CONCERT

Last Sunday afternoon a very pleasing surprise was presented at the N—— Club to its members and their guests; a surprise because practically the entire concert was given by the members themselves, with an ability it would be difficult for professional musicians to surpass. Few realize what a gold mine lies hidden in the depths of modesty, until some organization like the N—— Club digs down underneath the veil and unearths pure ore of talent. Mrs. K—— H——, a violinist that a genuine "Strad" would be proud to serve, held her audience spellbound while she seemed to unfold some wondrous story with her bow. It was so lovely that we hated to let her stop at all. But there were others to be heard from.

Mrs. A—— B—— portrayed a beautiful reading of tragic love which carried with it the holy atmosphere of the cathedral and was particularly adaptable to the day. Her naturally sweet manner so readily changing from one character to another, left everybody with the one thought, "Don't let her stop." But there were more thrills to be experienced.

Miss G—— A—— stood quietly beside the piano waiting for several glorious chords to melt away. From the moment her lips parted to send out the sweet notes of an old "Londonderry Irish Melody" to the time when she finished her song, it seemed as though all were in a trance, held there by an enchantress with whom Nightingales could not vie; even skylarks never soared as high or as easily as did Miss A—— in her beautiful song.

The annual dinner and show of the Dutch Treat Club drew the largest crowd that event has ever boasted. The entertainment was capitally executed under the guidance of Percy Waxman, and several of the songs were lovely indeed. On the edge of the crowd Morris Gest wandered vaguely. At Marc Connelly's table could be observed Irving Berlin, tanned, as was Charles Hanson Towne, by exposure on southern beaches. Charles Norris, returned from Italy and not yet departed for California, was chatting with Irvin Cobb. We always mix Ring Lardner and Grantland Rice — nor do they look at all alike, except that both are tall, broad, and one hundred per cent American. It was Grantland Rice who appeared within our view. Not far away was Rupert Hughes, with his son-in-law John Saunders, recently added to the staff of "The American Magazine", and an excellent writer of short stories. Miss Hughes, his wife, has been playing with Grace George and Laura Hope Crews in "The Merry Wives of Gotham". At the same table were Sidney Williams, of the "North American" in Philadelphia, young Mr. Scribner, Whitney Darrow of the Scribner organization, and Struthers Burt, whose "Interpreter's House" has achieved wide critical acclaim as one of the finest novels of the year. Here were John O'Hara Cosgrave, Herbert Swope, and William Johnston of the New York "World", and of course the revered president of the organization, George Mallon. At this largest gathering of literary and editorial gentlemen in the eastern parts of these United States, a good time was had by all.

The following set of definitions from "The Pathfinder" struck us as entertaining:

A British novel is a book in which two people love each other in the first chapter but the fact that the Wimbledon express is an hour late in the last chapter is a triumph for family honor and pride because the earl's son jilts the 'umble barmaid and henceforth takes his proper station in life, two paces to the rear of and one pace to the left of the Royal Draft Hunter, six paces removed from the Honorable Gen. Trotter, K. C. B., C. O. D., P. D. Q., F. O. B., B. V. D., who is "groom-in-waiting" for Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Lord of the Isles, etc., to fall off his horse.

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An American novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter but do not get each other until they go through the vicissitudes of 10 more chapters, in one of which a gang of cut-throats capture and truss up the heroine and are just about to kill the hero by putting chewing gum on his radio set when a lucky bolt of lightning knocks a pistol into his hands and he proceeds to slay the base villains, nine at one shot.

A French novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter, get each other in the second chapter and want other people through succeeding chapters.

Probably the pervading cheeriness of toastmaster Will Irwin had something to do with it. Whatever the cause, the spirit of the fifth annual O. Henry Memorial Prize Story dinner was one of gaiety and friendliness, most appropriate to the memory of that genial soul whom the Society of Arts and Sciences had gathered to honor. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, chairman of the Memorial Committee, announced the awards. We rejoiced that the first prize went to a man of such fresh charm and genuine modesty as Edgar Valentine Smith. "Plain Mr. Smith", as he designated himself, assistant city editor of the Birmingham "News", confessed to having been a lumberjack and appeared in trepidation lest his southern drawl offend an audience accustomed to "the niceties of New York speech"! (Can it be that he has never ridden in the subway?) Richard Connell, winner of the second prize, proved to be that rare specimen of author, one who talks as well as he writes. Elizabeth Irons Folsom, awarded the special prize for a story under 3,000 words, told how she forsook the pursuit of crime, in the guise of police reporting, for the short story game. Later we learned that she has been carrying on undaunted for years in the face of threatened blindness. It is impossible to give an account of all the celebrated persons who lent their eloquence or their presence to the occasion. We cherish especially the recollection of Inez Haynes Irwin, who declared that she had almost rendered herself incapable of speech by forgetting her earrings (since they were

Will Irwin

decidedly beautiful onyx and crystal ones, we have an added reason for being grateful to husband Will who remembered them in time); of Ellis Parker Butler, who related how, in an exhaustive study of half an hour, he had discovered in O. Henry ciphers proving that George Ade wrote his stuff; of those veteran editors, Robert Bridges and S. S. McClure, who gleefully told stories on one another; and of Coningsby Dawson and William McFee, representing British literature. Scattered about at the guest tables were the various ladies and gentlemen whose stories, together with whose of the three prizewinners, make

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up the volume of "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1923".

We wrote Zane Grey's secretary to find out what his new novel would be, and she informs us:

Mr. Grey's new story has a Utah-Arizona setting. It deals with comparatively modernized wild horse hunting showing the brutality of the barb wire fence method, yet for all this not disregarding the strange love of desert riders for horses.

In quest of this story, Mr. Grey during a period of twelve years made three attempts to climb Wild Horse Mesa, Utah, from the Arizona approach, in each instance meeting with defeat. The mesa derived its name from the belief of Mormons that it was the last stand of the wild horses.

Wild Horse Mesa is a grand landmark towering above the Canyon Country of southern Utah. It is like a red walled, flat topped mountain, insurmountable to all save eagles. The romance Mr. Grey had conceived depended upon his scaling this mesa, but after the last failure he decided to make this striking insurmountableness the main issue of the story and to call it "Wild Horse Mesa".

Lola Fisher, that charming comédienne who has been on tour with Leo Ditrichstein, tells us that she purchased a boxful of the famous little blue five cent books, and had a fine time reading old favorites in that microscopic guise. Which reminds us of all the little books, and the various sets of this and that, which pass across the desk each month. First of all are the bright red-backed "Broadway Translations". They create a vivid piece of shelf in any library, to which it is most profitable to go again and again for browsing. Some of the translations are better than others; but it is a capably edited series and it is more than convenient to have the "Satyricon" of Petronius along with "French Comedies of the Eighteenth Century", the really fine translation by Richard Aldington of Cyrano's "Voyages to the Sun and Moon", and many another choice bit of ancient writing. With these may properly be contrasted "The National Health Series", diminutive pamphlets attractively clothed in brown, bearing such useful titles as "Man and the Microbe", "Personal Hygiene", "The Baby's Health", etc. Speaking of babies, we want one, in order to take it to see Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad". Now, "The Bedside Series" in limp blue leather is quite another matter. These are light books, printed in clear type, really fitted for the lap of the invalid. They vary from Emerson's essays to Balzac stories. One of the finest is a really good anthology of prayers, "A Plain Man's Prayer Book". We cannot but quote Dr. Johnson's prayer "On Engaging in Politics":

Almighty God, who art the giver of all wisdom, enlighten my understanding with knowledge of right, and govern my will by Thy laws, that no deceit may mislead me, nor temptation corrupt me; that I may always endeavour to do good, and to hinder evil. Amidst all the hopes and fears of this world, take not Thy Holy Spirit from me; but grant that my thoughts may be fixed on Thee, and that I may finally attain everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Another contrast, though none the less helpful to real peace of spirit through the saving grace of laughter, is "Cobb's America Guyed Books". Irvin Cobb, plus illustrations by John T. McCutcheon, makes a combination to be praised with warmth. Thus far we do not find a volume on "Vermont", so naturally we turn to "Maine, A State of Ruggedness", and select this bit of choice wisdom:

If you weary of other pursuits in the Thoreau country you can while away many an hour trying to pronounce and memorize the Indian names of lakes and rivers and mountains and towns and islands and such. Unless you were born and bred in Maine

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you'll never succeed at this, though; you'll merely utter gargling sounds suggestive of clabber running out of a jug. There was once a visitor who memorized all the curious aboriginal names in Maine but the tax was too great for an alien intellect. His mind gave way under the strain and he went through the remainder of his life an object of universal pity, making noises like the last pint of suds in a sink. So I am credibly informed.

Ever since we were very little we have visited a home in which a Paul Cornoyer hangs in the living room, the brown toned narrow end of a Paris arch. Our first interest was purely romantic; someone in our hostess's family had bought it to help the struggling artist. Then we became fond of it. So we read of Cornoyer's death with regret, but went to the memorial exhibit at the Arlington Galleries with enjoyment. Van Deering Perrine has always seemed a painter whose work shows unusual individuality. Through the medium of a river and trees he catches the spirit of out of doors in various moods and lights and times of day. We hope that he won't mind our repeating something that we overheard him say during the time we spent gloating over his exquisite works at the Rehn Galleries: that everyone could own a painting by absorbing the essence and the spirit of it. We like that thought, but his pictures hold such an escape for the spirit that to possess one materially would be most refreshing. No exhibition in town is so steeped with the personality of the artist as the group of paintings by Pamela Bianco at Knoedler's. This much talked of young painter who was hailed in London and New York several years ago as the child prodigy, has more than fulfilled her promises. Though her work still has the freshness and unfettered imagination of youth, the visitor at her exhibition today views the work of an artist unusually mature in her technical knowledge. Another worthwhile exhibit by a woman artist is that of Georgia O'Keeffe at the Anderson Galleries. Her work is keenly intelligent and sensitive, combined with which qualities is an exceedingly beautiful handling of her medium. In the adjoining gallery hangs a distinguished group of photographs by that arch craftsman, Alfred Stieglitz. It is more than his technical achievements that puts Stieglitz's work on so high a plane. It is his instinctive ability to recognize the uncommon quality in a comparatively common subject, which becomes something vital through his masterly handling of his camera and his plate.

Prize offers increase and multiply. The five thousand dollar reward by "Pictorial Review" to the American Woman Who Makes the Greatest Contribution to American Civilization Each Year, is probably the most unique of recent announcements. The award for 1923 will be made by the end of 1924 and will be announced in "Pictorial Review" for 1925. The announcement contains the following:

> It is our hope that individuals and organizations of every kind will make recommendations in order that the judges may have the fullest information before them in making the decision.

A story competition with a thousand pound reward, and a five hundred pound advance on account of royalties for the English and American book publishing rights, is being offered by D. C. Thomson and Company, Ltd., of London. This prize is for a serial of 50,000 to 70,000 words, suitable for division into instalments of approximately 5,000 words. Manuscripts must be forwarded before June 30, 1924.

Near East Relief offers two prizes

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of fifty dollars each: (A) for the best article of not more than 1,000 words on any phase of the general subject of the orphanage work of Near East Relief, such as "How Near East Relief Feeds the Children", "Training Near East Orphans for Self Support", "Near East Relief Orphans in Bible Lands", "Near East Relief Orphans and Agriculture", and so forth; (B) for the best article of not more than 1,000 words on the subject of International Golden Rule Sunday to be observed December 7, 1924. Contestants may secure from Near East Relief material on which to base their articles, may compete for both prizes, and may offer more than one article for each prize, subject to the following restrictions: Articles submitted for the above prizes must have been *already published* in some magazine, those for Prize A in any issue between June, 1924, and January, 1925, and those for Prize B in the November or December, 1924, issue. Contestants must submit to the Editorial Department, Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York, copies of the magazines in which the articles are published. The contest closes on December 31, 1924, at 5 p. m. No paid employee of Near East Relief is eligible as a contestant.

An interesting prize is that of the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre: namely, ten dollars, a free scholarship, and a production in the Gloucester Little Theatre for the best one act play of the sea written by an undergraduate of an American school or college. The judges for the competition are: Mrs. Florence Evans, director of the Boston School of Public Speaking; Miss Florence Cunningham, of the Vieux Colombier; Robert Hillyer, president of the New England Poetry Society; and Colin Campbell Clements (author of "Plays for a Folding Theatre") whose own play of the sea, "Moon Tide", is said to be one of the best short plays written by any American. All plays for the competition must reach Miss Cunningham, 112 Charles Street, Boston, by June 15, 1924.

The author of "A Conqueror Passes" is a somewhat picturesque figure among the writers of the war

Larry Barretto

generation. He is not of the middle west, not at all as a matter of fact! From an old New York family (related it seems to the Dutch Brevoorts), he has the advantage of this steady strain of inheritance. For two years he was enlisted in the ambulance service during the war; after that he went to sea, where he engaged in a number of occupations common to seagoing gentlemen, among them that of stevedore. Presently he married and settled down on the staff of "Adventure". Now he is about to retire in order to devote all of his time to writing. He illustrates well our contention that to learn to write, a young man must do one of a number of other things. We envy him his sea experience. Our paltry

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six weeks of voyaging fades into insignificance; but if more spring days suddenly turn into deluges of snow as has this one, there will be no counting on us — we may turn up on almost any outward bound steamer, tramp or otherwise.

Another of Mr. Putnam's little burlesqueries appears, this time from the pen and brush of Ralph Barton. Mr. Barton's cartoons and caricatures are usually vastly entertaining, and his "Science in Rhyme without Reason" offers many smiles within bright green, orange, and purple covers. We like best his remarks on "Geography":

Geography has gone to pot,
It's useless for us brainy chaps
To waste our time on colored maps;
For, what with earthquakes, war and hate,
In half-an-hour, they're out of date,
And *no* one's up on what is what.

A second odd volume, bound funereally in black, is "Slapstick and Dumbbell" by Hiler Harzberg and Arthur Moss. It is subtitled "A Casual Survey of Clowns and Clowning". Now clowns are particularly fascinating to us, from Toto to Charlie Chaplin, and this slender and well illustrated volume has much information in it. We are under the impression, though, that it is just what it pretends to be, casual, and far from exhaustive. We quote one illuminating paragraph:

The outstanding types among present-day clowns are the *speaker* (classic whitefaced clown), the *grotesque*, the *august*, the *contra-august* and the *elegant*. The *august* and the *speaker* were accidental creations, the first resulting from the drunken actions of a circus stableman, and the second because of the illness of a regular clown and the consequent substitution of an interlocutory personage. The *elegant* is a typical European circus character, generally presented as a ringmaster, immaculately and faultlessly attired, and unbelievably dignified until a sudden slapstick clout puts him on his back. Mr. Gilbert Seldes, writing in "Vanity Fair" for July 1923, erroneously refers to M. Lucien Godart, *elegant* at the Cirque Medrano as an *august*. Perhaps the finest example of an *august* that we ever had in America was the Charlie Chaplin of the music hall and early cinema days. Big feet and ill-fitting clothing are important characteristics in the getup of an *august*. It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened to Chaplin if he hadn't found a medium in the movies. Circuses in America, stemming from the achievements of that immortal boob-catcher P. T. Barnum, grew to such proportions that individual clowns were swamped. A great deal of slush was recently spilled over the death of the veteran American clown, Al Miaco; it is a question as to whether the blurbers had ever been able to distinguish Miaco from his confreres in a three-ring circus which boasted a score of clowns.

Publishing changes occur frequently these days. The Stewart Kidd list of drama books and others has been taken over by Messrs. Appleton, and Harry F. Hull of Dodd, Mead sends us this note:

Following their success in taking over the publications of the John Lane Company books in America, Dodd, Mead and Company now announce they have acquired title to the publications heretofore issued by Moffat, Yard and Company, New York, and these will hereafter be incorporated in the Dodd, Mead catalogue.

The firm of Moffat, Yard and Company was organized in 1905 by William D. Moffat and Robert Sterling Yard, at that time members of Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Moffat is now editor of "The Mentor" and Mr. Yard is connected with one of the government bureaus in Washington.

We have always had a hankering to visit the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton; but although we have numbered among our acquaintances, nay, friends even, many young ladies who bought their books at this charming spot, we have never yet come within calling distance. The booklet which Marion E. Dodd sent us recently, with its inserted photographs, shows that the shop must be a most charming and unusual place. Here may be found Lesley Frost — which reminds us of a

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Frost anecdote heard recently. A correspondent of Robert Frost, who was in doubt as to the present address of the author of "New Hampshire", recently addressed a letter to "South Shaftsbury, Vt., or at whatever college he is lecturing". In due time a reply to his communication came, dated: "This time Amherst." Another spot that sounds interesting is the Galleon, St. Augustine, Florida. Its secretary, G. W. B. Witten, writes:

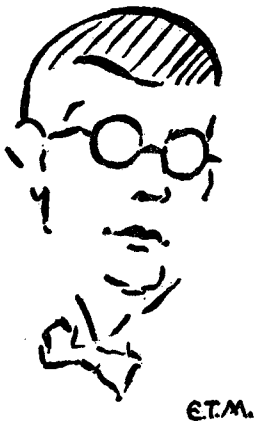
The crew of the Galleon extend a cordial invitation to you and your staff to come on board and enjoy the privileges of the club when in Saint Augustine.

Our quarters are in the old Fatio House, built by the Spaniards three hundred years ago, and the haunt of many pirates and buccaneers. You will enjoy them.

We are a band of artists and writers, who are always pleased to meet our fellow craftsmen. If there is any courtesy that we can extend to you or your staff while on a visit to Florida, please call upon us.

Sir Montague Barlow, a partner in the famous book auction house of Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge of London, recently made one of his short visits to America and visited Sotheby's American representative, Lathrop C. Harper, and other New York dealers in rare books. Sir Montague, who was minister of labor in the cabinets of Lloyd George and Sir Bonar Law, apparently showed no regret at having lost his job. He has the compensation, however, of having been recently created a baronet, and can now sign P. C., K. B. E. after his name, as well as LL.D. Which reminds us of the gift of Mr. Morgan to the public of his great library. We must go over soon to pay a call upon Belle Greene, the librarian. We hear that she has there a manuscript poem by Abraham Lincoln. We can think of nothing more fascinating to see, to touch, to read.

We accept the opinion of a young lady who writes of Carl Van Doren:



Carl Van Doren

Several of our friends are working at Columbia toward various learned degrees. They have poured into our ear many enthusiastic accounts of Carl Van Doren, so we accepted with alacrity their very kind invitation for dinner at Barnard (during which we discussed such vital topics of the day as the best way to clean suède shoes) and for Dr. Van Doren's lecture before one of the English clubs.

We had been told that he had a round head that looked square, an unusually attractive mouth, and that we should like him. To all of which we agreed.

His subject was modern writing. We particularly liked two things that he said: (1) that the deeper you go into yourself the nearer you get to other people; (2) that there is only a small peak of rational life rising above the emotional life, and that there are certain situations in which that rationality is small consolation, however logical it may be; that most of Shaw's characters used to be rational but now he has changed.

We wonder if the failure to acknowledge the smallness of the rational life does not account for certain unhappy heroes and heroines, although offhand we can think of no concrete examples to back our theory.

Now Mr. Van Doren, as we see him, is a sort of positive and highly intellectual Heywood Broun. They are much alike in manner; both tentative, both sweet tempered. That the one is a

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slightly liberal academician and the other a slightly academic liberal does not greatly alter their fundamental characteristics. We liked many things in Mr. Van Doren's latest volume, "Many Minds". Some we liked not at all, more particularly the essay on Robert Frost, "The Soil of the Puritans". The essay on Mary Austin is excellent, while that on Carl Sandburg strikes us as being the best appreciation of the poet which has yet been penned. Mr. Van Doren's summing up of an author is practically always quotable, so we quote the following:

Mr. Sandburg has trouble as well as luck with the raw materials of life which he handles and with the raw materials of language which he uses in handling them. Both his trouble and his luck come from his unwillingness, possibly his inability, to accept any help whatever. He will not see with the majority, and thus take advantage of audiences already prepared to thrill him. He will not touch customary themes, and thus take advantage of the failures or successes of other poets with those poems. He will not select his language from among the tried and prosperous words of poetry, but insists on grabbing up any or all words and hammering them into the shape he chooses. The consequences of his method are that he often strikes off sparks of a peculiar vividness and that he often throws off cinders of no vividness at all, much as their weight may be. To go through his books is to stumble again and again upon heaps of slag, ore never quite melted or ore in some way burned past any use, spread about in a large disorder. Yet here and there from these piles of slag emerge objects of a strangely authentic beauty and grace and tenderness. And over the whole field, what hot, what blue flames leap and dance!

We shall publish at least one list a month of "books that have influenced me most". Here is one from Jules Eckert Goodman, the playwright, whom we have discussed this month in connection with our club service drama program. He has been honest in his selection. In his letter, he says: "Naturally the books mentioned are not necessarily the ones I regard most highly. They are, however, the ones which have left a mark through the years." As is obvious, he has arranged them chronologically.

1. Chatterbox: because at the age of eight I was much in love with the girl who loaned it to me.
2. Swiss Family Robinson: because from the first I rebelled against its smug goodness.
3. Daniel Deronda: because it was the first "literary" book I read.
4. Shakespeare: because my mother used to tell me about Booth and Barrett.
5. Anna Karenina: because it is a great book, and possibly because I read it "on the sly".
6. A Doll's House: because it was my first encounter with the so called "problem play".
7. Peer Gynt: because it contains all the mad contrasts of human life and ambition.
8. The Divine Comedy: because I had Charles Eliot Norton for a teacher.
9. Tartarin: because of the many Tartarins I was to meet.
10. The Plays of Dumas, Fils: because he is the direct forerunner of modern drama.

We find that the Sea Sonnet Prize of "The Poetry Review", which was announced in our Poems of the Month department for February as having been awarded to Victoria Sackville-West, was in reality divided between Miss Sackville-West and Robert Hillyer; so international honors are even, Miss West being English, Mr. Hillyer being only so English as Cambridge, Massachusetts, may care to claim. Speaking of poetry, DuBose Heyward of the Carolinas drifted into the Shop this week. His wife, Dorothy Heyward, wrote the Harvard Prize play, "Nancy Ann", in which Francine Larrimore recently opened in New York City, and he had come from the gentle breezes of Charleston to brave New York weather and a first night audience. His own volume of poetry, fruit of ten years' labor, "Sky Lines and Horizons" (reviewed in the Editor

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Recommends), appears almost simultaneously with Mrs. Heyward's play. DuBose Heyward is a slight, determined man, whose poetry means much to him. We were deeply impressed by his account of how he arranges his life in order to turn out the greatest amount of work. He is, by profession, an insurance man. He says that he prefers to work the major part of the year as hard as he possibly can at that profession, rather than to spend all of his year doing something more nearly in line with his literary work. As it is, his business leaves him several months a year to spend in meditation and in good hard work on his poems. This work, he has often done at the MacDowell Colony, and it was here that he met his wife. Heyward collaborated with Hervey Allen in the writing of "Carolina Chansons", as you will remember. This volume of poetry has had a remarkable circulation, some three thousand copies, which is unusual for a book of poems. The more we consider the writing profession, the surer we are that if it is necessary to earn a living in some manner, the real artist had far better seek work unrelated to his art than to turn sidelines of his talent to bread and butter uses. Being a success in writing is, obviously, a matter distinct in itself. We print here an opinion from Mr. and Mrs. Claude Peake, voiced by Mrs. Peake:

"Our theorems are subtle — quite.
But God! The shoddy stuff we write

Who slather words across the page
And call it an Augustan age"

said John McClure in the January BOOKMAN.

I have often heard the claim made—chiefly among those who sell most of their stuff — that what they write is greatly inferior to what they could write if there was any market for it. The writers of adventure stories say they turn out theirs per so many thousand words according to the formula of the magazine for which the story is intended. The writers for the sex magazines — love and romance so called — label their stories salacious rot. If only the reading public cared for the real things, what quantities of high art they would turn upon the market.

I heard the above claim made not long ago, by a man who sells an average of two stories a month to the adventure magazines. And they are corking good stories too — of their kind. To illustrate his point, he read us an unsalable story of his, which, he said, was the kind he really wanted to write — life as it really is. A bit in the line of Chekhov, he suggested. Alas, it was drab and anæmic.

This incident illumined for me a truth of which I have been dimly conscious for some time. We, all of us, scrubs and drudges as well as writers of best sellers, are writing the best stuff of which we are now capable.

Robert W. Chambers and Harold Bell Wright are often cited as the awful examples of men who sold out art to commercialism. If I were one of these gentlemen, I should very much like to believe it. But I'd have to face the humiliating facts. High art was never in me or I should not now be writing jaded emotionalism in the one case or sticky emotionalism in the other.

No. Pity, but don't blame us. "The shoddy stuff we write" is the best that is in us.

We continue being forced to restrain this child familiar of ours. He insists on writing madly in all of our best books: such silly verses, too. He is hungry or lovesick, or something. What he needs is a spanking; but alas, we're a fond parent and spoil him constantly. He wrote this in Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories" the other day:

If I were a wooden Indian,
I'd want to run and play;
I'd never be content to stand
Before a shop all day.

Unless, perhaps, you came along,
All in your Easter gown,
And showed me marked attention
Before the watching town.

And wouldn't they be anxious?
They'd nod and jump and start,
If you should carve your golden name
Upon my wooden heart.

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